BRITANNIA
and
EVE

A Monthly Journal for Men & Women

VOL 3: No.8
AUGUST
1931

"A HOME for TWO"
and complete Woman's Section

PAMELA FRANKAU

HANNEN SWAFFER

"TRAGEDIES and COMEDIES OF HISTORY"

1/-

C. PATRICK THOMPSON

"QUEEN VICTORIA'S CHILDREN"

"BLACK IVORY"
Tales of the Slave Ships

GEORGE FROXFIELD

This fashionable fitness

Mayfair sponsors these new health-salads——

Have you tried the new " health-salads "—those delightful little " individual " salads that look so smart on the table and are so uncommonly good to eat?

A few weeks back one rarely met with them outside Mayfair. To-day it is evident that they have appealed to a far wider circle of hostesses.

Their ingenious harmonies and contrasts of fruits and vegetables first astonish and then delight. Equally astonishing is the discovery that one must use a *sharp* dressing with them—and because of its smoothness and subtle suggestion of " tang " there is no more perfect dressing for these new health-salads than HEINZ SALAD CREAM which you can buy at 6d., 10d. & 1/1½d. a bottle.

Send name and address to H. J. Heinz Ltd., London, N.W.10, who will send you a Recipe Folder of Salads.

HEINZ
SALAD CREAM

Raw vegetable salad

Ingredients. Carrots and turnips, chopped or spring onions, green peas, cucumber, radishes, watercress, tomatoes, lettuce, young dandelion leaves, white cabbage heart, celery (when in season), apple, and Heinz Salad Cream.

Instructions. Wash all ingredients thoroughly, cut into small pieces and mix thoroughly with Heinz Salad Cream. Put into bowl and sprinkle with chopped parsley or sieved yolk of egg.

Grape-fruit, pineapple, banana and grape salad

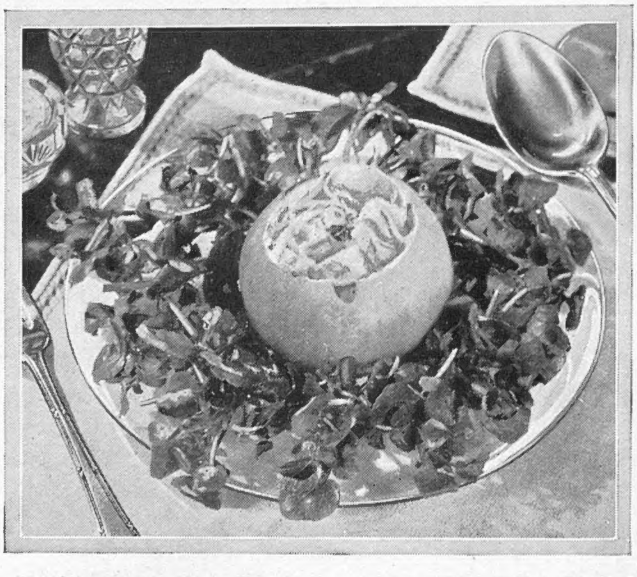
Ingredients. Grape-fruit pulp, cubes of pineapple, grapes and bananas in equal quantities, Heinz Salad Cream.

Instructions. Prepare all the fruit, taking great care to remove all skin and pips. Mix thoroughly with Heinz Salad Cream and place in glasses or grape-fruit cups. This salad should be served as a sweet and may be decorated with a few whole grapes or a spray of crystallized leaves.

Apple hors-d'oeuvre

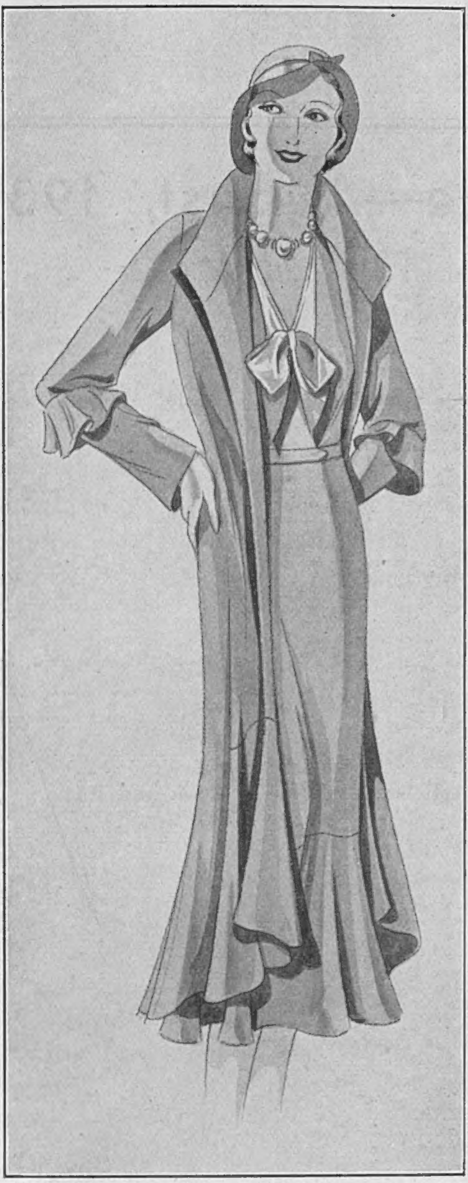
Ingredients. Ripe red apples White grapes Salted almonds Watercress Heinz Salad Cream.

Instructions. Polish the apples with a clean cloth. Skin and seed the grapes. Cut a piece off the top of each apple and scoop out as much of the pulp as possible, carefully. Remove core and pips, chop the apple pulp and mix with the salted almonds and grapes, a few of the washed and dried watercress leaves and Heinz Salad Cream. Fill the apples with the mixture. Arrange watercress on each salad plate and place a filled apple on top.



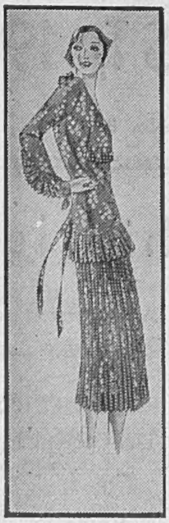
ENJOY YOUR SALAD DAYS—THESE THREE NEW WAYS!

choose a **corot** model and pay for it by instalments



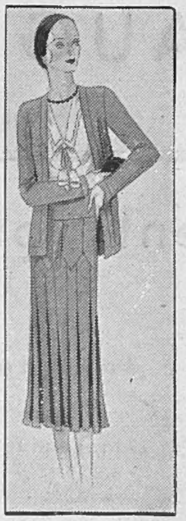
" en tout cas "

an excellent choice for the warm, sunny days of the holiday, is this two-piece in a heavy-weight suede crepe, that comprises a sleeveless gown and matching coat, the original in a new spring green, has the inset yoke vestee in beige. in many other shades.
cash 4½ gns. **13/6** monthly



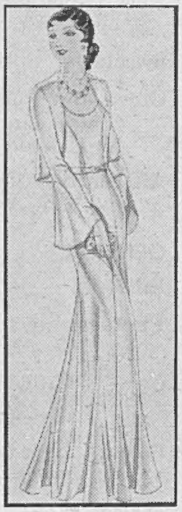
" the ritz "

a printed crepe-de-chine frock is simple in line, and uses pleats very cleverly on the skirt and to provide the trimming on the side jabot and sleeves. in many prints.
cash 3½ gns. **10/6** monthly



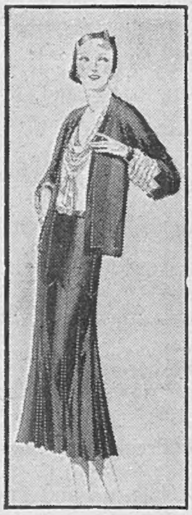
" alberta "

a three-piece suit that will be ideal for the holidays has skirt and cardigan coat in wool crepe with suede georgette sleeveless blouse to tone. in many colours.
cash 3½ gns. **10/6** monthly



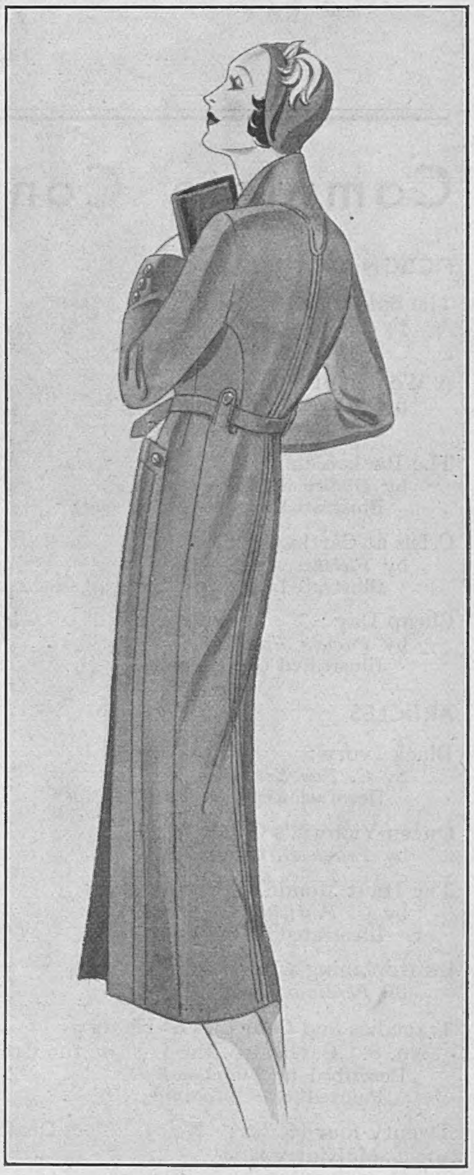
" baccara "

an evening ensemble in supple satin excel has an empire line frock with matching coatee with long sleeves. in black and colours.
cash 6 gns **18/-** monthly



" la visite "

a smart afternoon ensemble consists of a sleeveless frock in heavy black silk crepe with bodice in coral pink suede crepe. coat in black.
cash 6 gns. **18/-** monthly



" lonsdale "

for holiday travelling, and the cooler days, an ideal choice would be a coat in a novelty wool weave in a straight slim style that is practical and that does not crush easily. the back is worked with self strappings in a new effect and the belt held by self tabs defines the higher waistline. in new green, beige, etc. lined throughout. cash 5 gns. **15/-** monthly

every style for the holiday season is shown by corot of bond street, and may be purchased on their convenient instalment account plan. here one may choose delightful day and evening gowns, useful ensembles, sports costumes, beach and holiday frocks, travelling coats, suits, etc., in designs that are smart and becoming and that are most reasonably priced. if it is not possible to call at the showrooms at **yardley house, 33, old bond street, london, w.1, send the coupon below for illustrations and details.**

there is no extra charge for payment by instalments

corot
(dept. b.44c)
33, old bond st., london, w.1.
regent 0731.

post this coupon to corot to-day

corot ltd., 33, old bond street, london, w.1.

free please send me full details of your instalment plan and illustrations of the latest corot models.

name ....

address ....

....

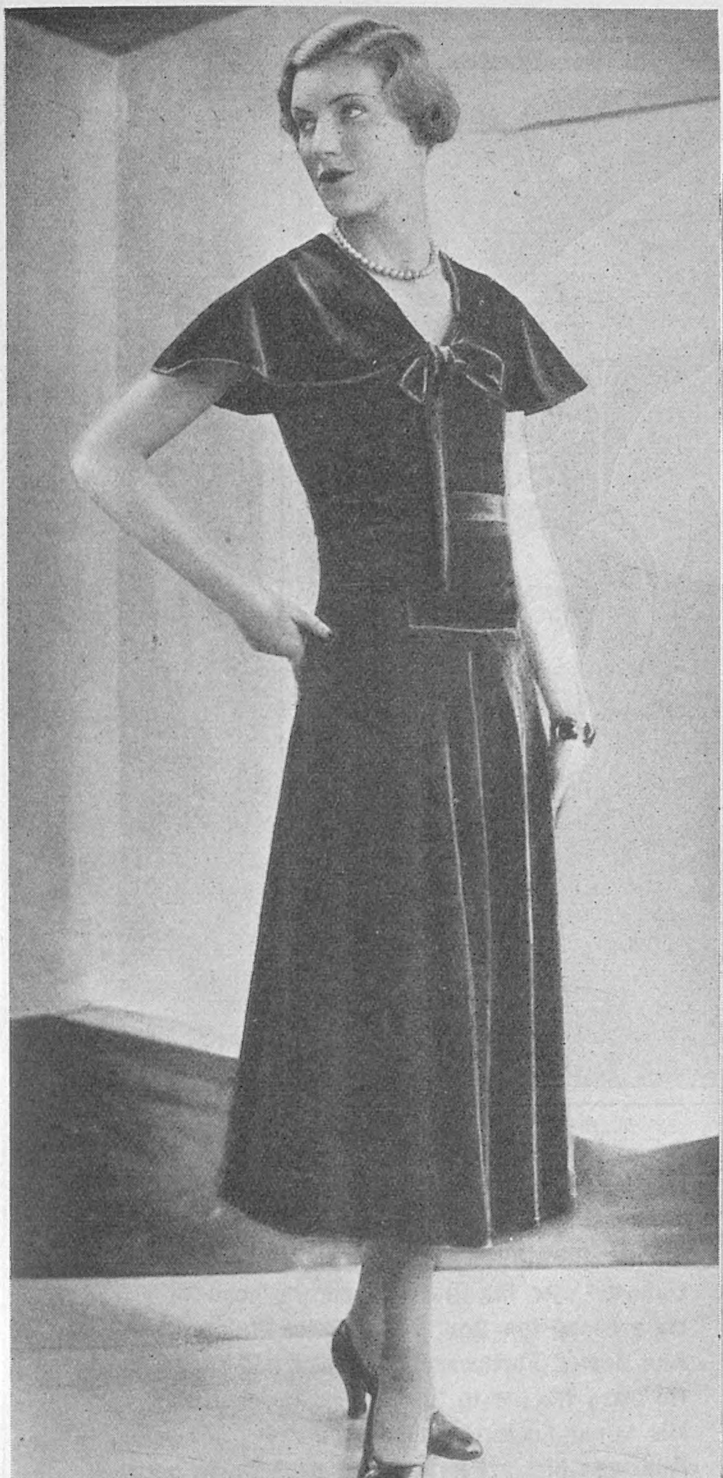
i am particularly interested in.................................b.44c

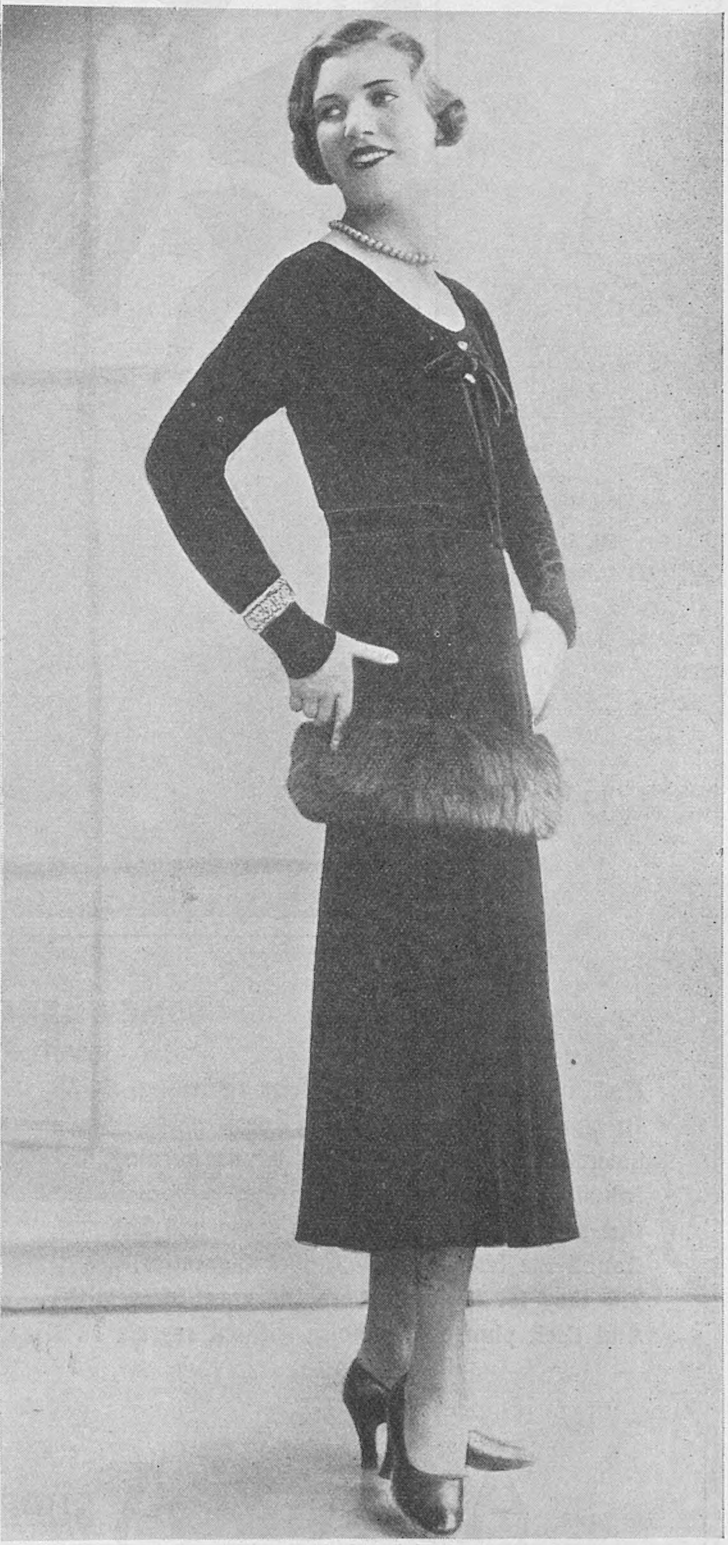
This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

VELVET TEA FROCKS

For SCOTLAND

A Tunic bordered fur, with slightly shaped panel at back and front, and separate semi-circular skirt composes this delightful Velvet TEA FROCK, specially designed for early Autumn wear. In black, sapphire blue, leaf green, beech brown, wine red, rose, and other colours. **6½ Gns.**



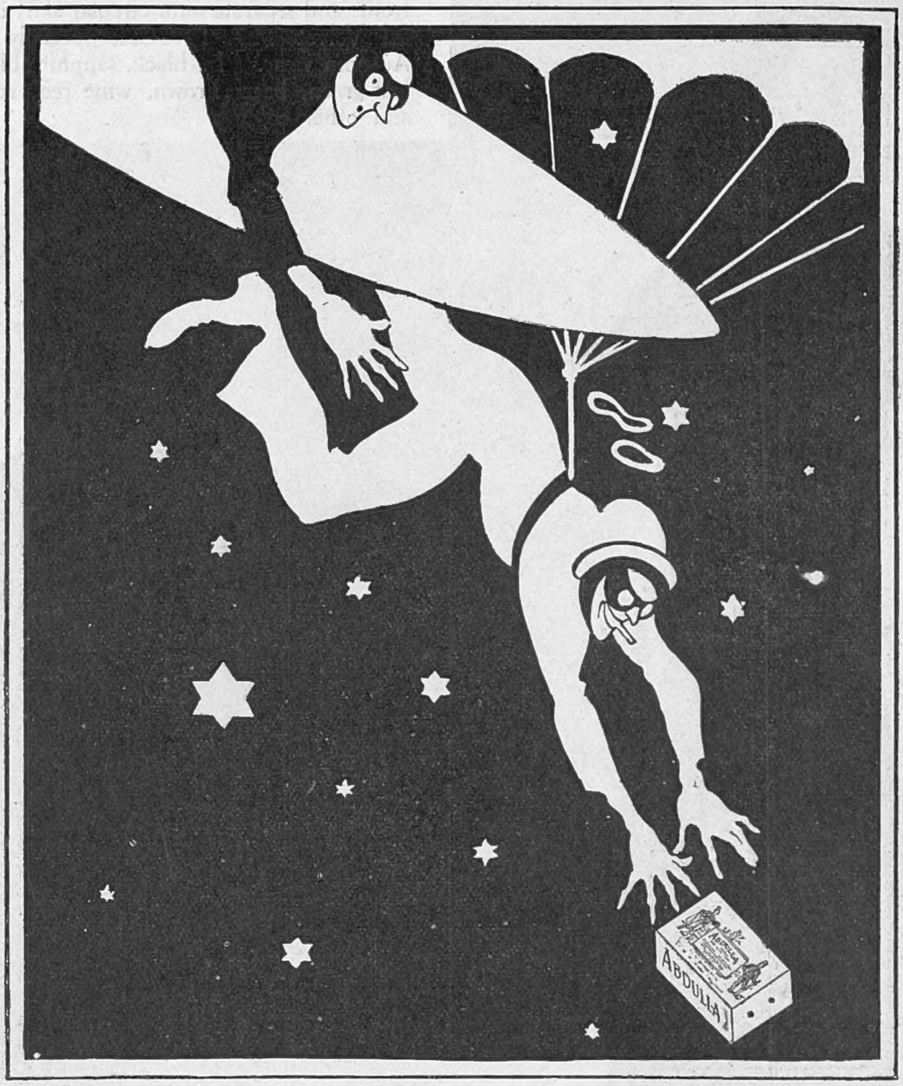


Velvet is used for this practical TEA FROCK, which has a fitting bodice and can be worn with or without a belt, the cape is detachable and follows the neck line of the frock. In black, sapphire blue, leaf green, beech brown, wine red, rose, and other colours. **98/6**

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY, Wigmore Street London W.1

(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)

"Thrillers" by Abdulla



SOMEWHERE IN SPACE.

Dick and Garth from the Moon returning
In an Aero-Rocket of strange design,
Steered day and night with Abdulla burning,
Inhaling deeply the smoke divine.
But a quarrel arose that was tense and bitter
Round the last loved Boxful of Cigarettes,
Till they let it drop where the great Stars glitter,
And Dick plunged headlong without regrets . . .
Ere the Parachute from a Fond Relation
Unfurled o'er the Brave Explorer's head
He grabbed the Box with a fierce elation,
And floated Earthward till weeks had sped;
He owed his life to the Smokes he cherished—
His Lunar Lectures had charm and grace
And won him a Peerage—but poor Garth perished,
Abdulla-less and alone in Space!

F. R. HOLMES.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

VIRGINIA TURKISH EGYPTIAN

BRITANNIA & EVE

Vol. III, No. 8 *A Monthly Journal for Men and Women* August, 1931

Editorial

The Be-*sitting* Sin

AN English clergyman has just sat in the sun for twelve hours for the purpose of securing badly needed contributions to his church funds.

He is disappointed because he was given only £10. He bore the burden and the heat of the day, it is true. He must have found the task unconscionably tedious. But there is significance in the fact that he sat still. Had he chosen a more active method, he might have obtained not £10, but £100. Had he stood on his head, and been a Bishop instead of a parish priest, it is conceivable that £1,000 would have resulted, the "gate" for gaiters being higher as a matter of course.

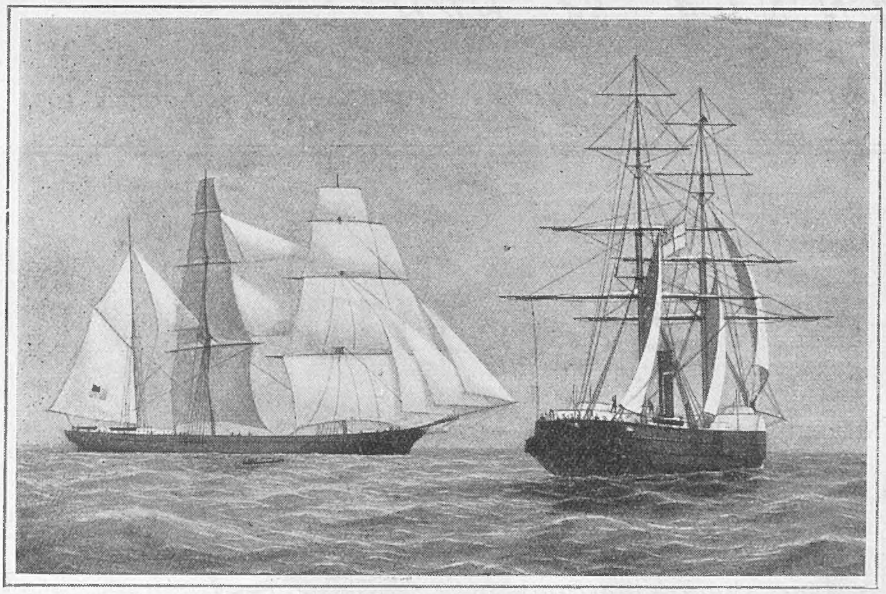
With the dignity, or the lack of it, of a Church of England clergyman sitting outside his church mutely expecting alms, as a beggar on the steps of a Continental cathedral, one is not concerned. But the moral lies deeper than that. The days when manna dropped from the skies as the result of no apparent effort on the part of those for whom it was dropped are more distant in 1931 than ever they were. Nor will they return. Whether support is needed for a deserving charity or money is needed for the most deserving charity of all—oneself—sitting still will not bring it in. The only people who can obtain money by sitting still to-day and doing nothing for any length of time are those strange Americans who take up a temporary abode on the top of a flagstaff or a tall tree, and here the market is sadly overcrowded.

There are far too many people in every sphere of life who are "sitters." They brood over their troubles like hens, yet never hatch anything. If they have influential friends and feel that it is desirable and even necessary to do some work, they expect those friends to bring them a job on a silver salver for them to accept while lounging gracefully in an armchair. If they are not so fortunate, they are apt to expect the community to provide one, as a matter of course.

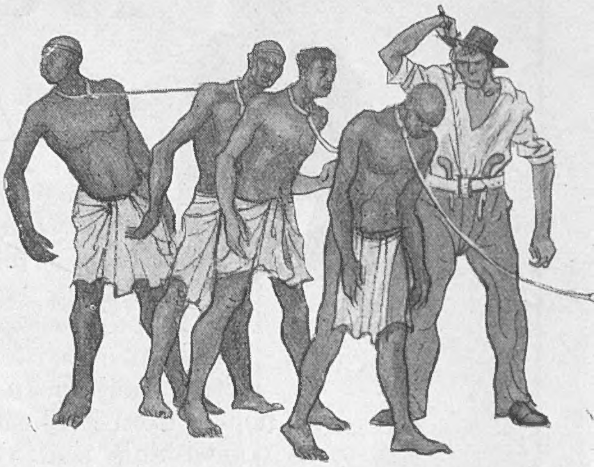
Only the negligibly few have ever in this world obtained what is wanted—money, power, or the object of one's adoration—without trotting round in the sun instead of basking in it tranquilly. That everything comes to him who waits is as true as most proverbs. But one must not wait sitting down.

Black

Tales of the

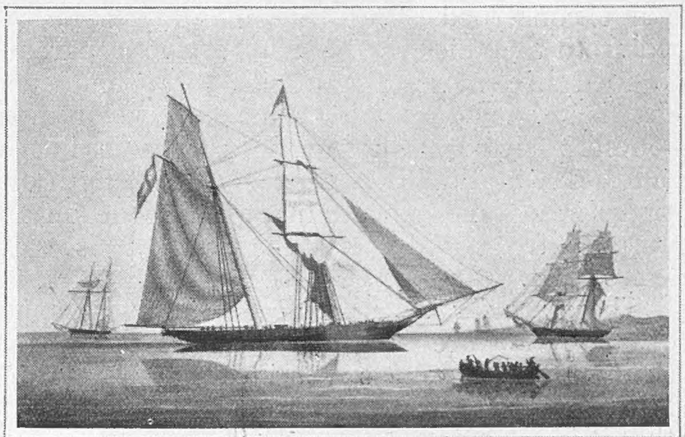


THE celebrated American slave ship "Orion" surrendering to the "Pluto," a four-gun paddle sloop. The ship had 888 slaves on board of whom 146 died before the vessel reached St. Helena. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Halton & Truscott Smith, Ltd., publishers of "The Golden Age of Sail"



WHEN Queen Elizabeth first heard the story of Captain John Hawkins's voyage for negroes to the Guinea Coast, she broke forth—if all the tales be true—into wrathful denunciation of his proceedings. But she spoke, if so she did, in a spirit surprisingly in advance of her times.

A great deal of water was to flow under the bridges before the general conscience awoke to the idea that there was anything morally wrong about the absolute possession of one human being by another; and during the greater part of the three centuries which elapsed between Hawkins's Guinea voyages and the final extinction of the slave trade in the eighteen-sixties, the traffic in negro flesh and blood formed one of the principal branches of oversea trade. "The slave trade," wrote John Newton, the friend of Cowper, himself once master of a slave ship, "is accounted a genteel employment, and is usually very profitable"; and the influences of "custom, example and interest," which in his own case "blinded his eyes" to its evils, easily reconciled most people who had individual qualms of conscience or who shrank from its sordid and revolting details.

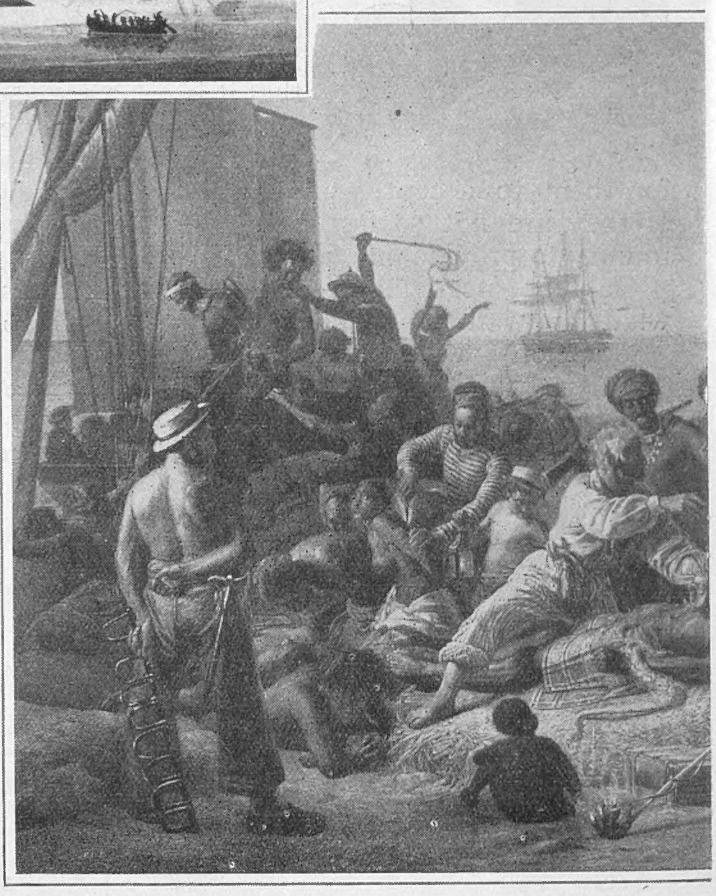


THE piratical slaver "L'Antonio" in the Bonny River. (Reproduced from the print in the possession of Messrs. Thomas H. Parker, Ltd., 28, Berkeley Square, W.1)

Liverpool and Bristol in the Old Country, and Newport in America, were the chief centres of the English slave trade in the eighteenth century, and most of their respected merchants and shipowners saw nothing in the least degrading in being concerned in it.

THE slaving voyages always consisted of three passages: the first from the home port in England or America to the slave coast, then on from the slave coast to the West Indies or the North American plantations, where the living cargo was disposed of, and back from the market home again. It was the second side of the triangle thus described which was the notorious "Middle Passage," whose name stands for such bitter agonies of human suffering and death. The Bristol and Liverpool ships bartered cloth and hardware along the coast, the New Englanders rum, obtaining in exchange a certain amount of palm-oil, pepper and gold dust, but chiefly slaves.

At this time the old Portuguese "castles" at Cape Coast, Elmina and elsewhere had passed into Dutch or English hands, and were maintained as trading posts in charge of factors, and the ships trading to the coast bought their slaves either from the "castles" or direct from the native chieftains.

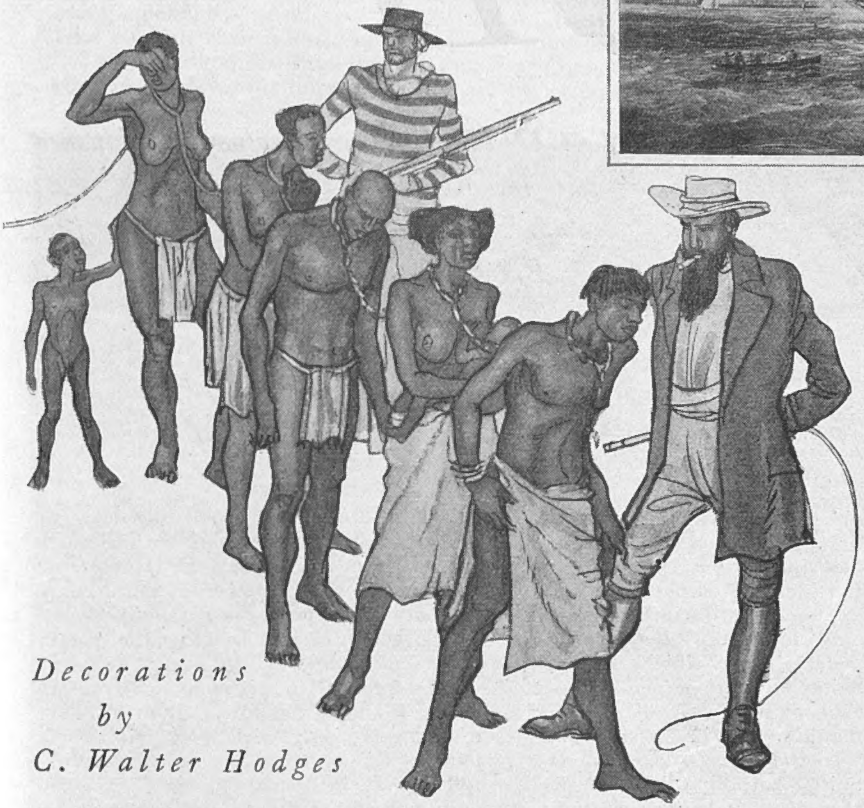


A SLAVE scene on the coast of Africa. (Reproduced from the painting by A. F. Biard from an engraving in the possession of the Anti-Slavery Society)

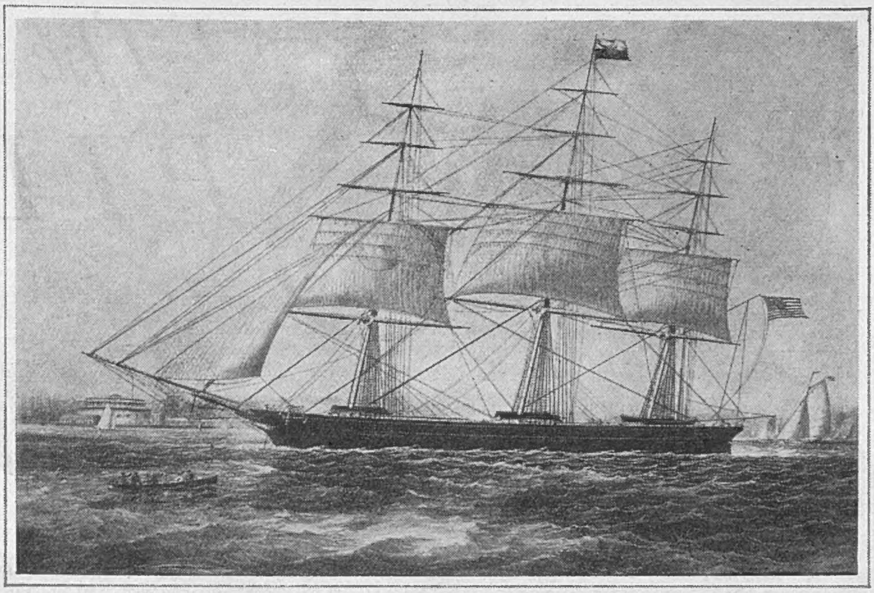
A pamphlet published in America a few years ago gives some interesting details from contemporary documents of the voyages of the sloop *Adventure* of Rhode Island, owned in partnership by two members of the family of Champlin, a name well known in Newport annals. A large number of itemised bills have been preserved relating to the fitting out of the ship, and

Ivory Slave Ships

By C. Fox Smith



Decorations by C. Walter Hodges



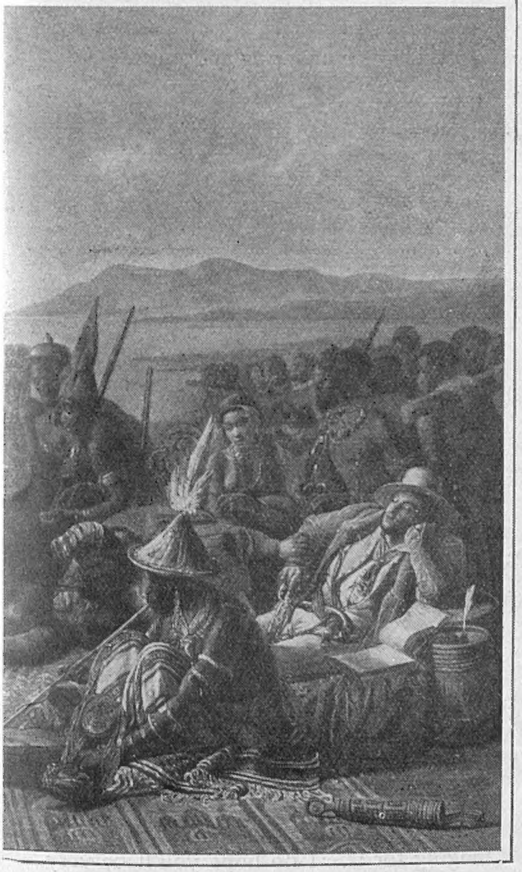
"THE NIGHTINGALE," American clipper built at Portsmouth, N.H., in 1851, for bringing passengers to the Great Exhibition but eventually used as a slaver between Africa and Havana. (Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Halton & Truscott Smith, Ltd., publishers of "The Golden Age of Sail")

these include such suggestive particulars as a pair of swivel guns and a hundred grape-shot, a variety of "double warded secret padlocks," these, no doubt, a precaution against release of the slaves by treachery, twelve pairs "Hand Cufs and Shackeles," and twenty-six gallons of vinegar, used to sweeten the reeking 'tween-decks where the slaves were stowed.

"Stowed" is literally the right word to use in describing the method in which the unfortunate negroes were accommodated, for the cubic space allotted to a cask "bung up and bilge free" was probably a good deal greater than was allowed to a full-grown slave.

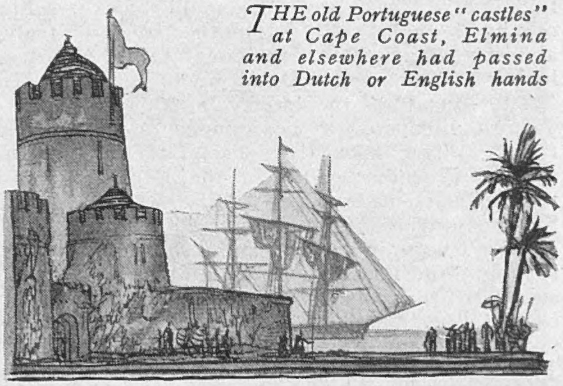
A new slaver built at Warren "in the county of Bristole, in the colony of Rhode Island," is specified as having "ten feet in the hold, with three feet ten inches between decks"—this latter space being that in which the negroes were carried. The average height of the 'tween decks in the Liverpool ships was five feet two inches, but this included a sort of shelf fitted midway which was closely packed with slaves.

The men were ironed together in twos, the women and children being left unfettered. The irons were secured to chains or rods rove through staples in the deck, and the men lay so tightly squeezed together that the average space for each was only sixteen inches wide by five and a half feet long—a good deal less than the traditional "six feet of earth" which is humanity's final portion.



AFTER the trade was made illegal in 1807, conditions became even worse than before. Most of the ships employed were small single-decked vessels, which posed as palm-oil dealers when challenged, and since the presence of a permanent slave-deck would have given the show away at once, loose planks were laid on the top of the barrels in the hold just before the slaves were brought on board. Sometimes they were simply piled in on top of the barrels, with no planks at all—and that so closely that they had to lie "spoon fashion," breast to back.

THE old Portuguese "castles" at Cape Coast, Elmina and elsewhere had passed into Dutch or English hands

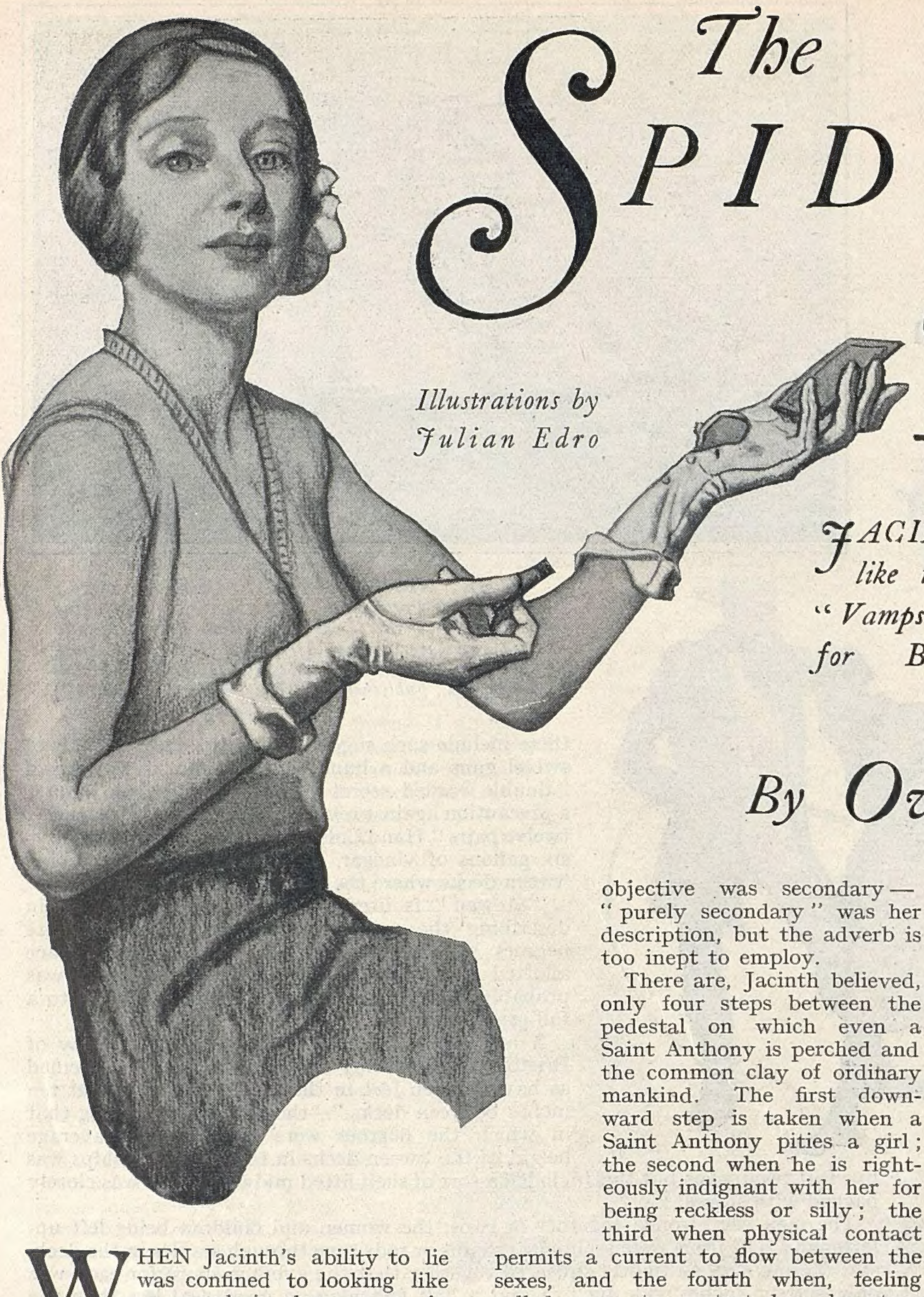


The trade books of the *Adventure's* voyage in 1774, under Robert Champlin, one of the partners in the enterprise, give a good idea of a typical slaving cruise of the period.

She made the outward passage in five weeks, and called on the Windward Coast to buy rice, but no blacks, the negroes of that region being considered less desirable than those of the Gold Coast and Whydah. Rum, of course, was the medium of payment, and the excess of that genial spirit expended over the amount shown in the cargo invoices indicated that the excellent Robert Champlin was not above watering down his trade rum.

(Continued on page 88)

The SPIDER and BRUCE



Illustrations by Julian Edro

JACINTH, soft and clinging, blushed like the Rose but with a purpose. As "Vamps" go — she went . . . too far, for Blackmail is an ugly word

By Owen Archer

WHEN Jacinth's ability to lie was confined to looking like an angel in her pram in Kensington Gardens, she was conscious of the pull her looks gave her. Nearly every man she encountered—uncles, doctors, policemen and errand-boys—subsequently taught her that a fortune lies in red-gold hair with gilt high-lights, big eyes of the sunlit blue of viper's bugloss, and a mouth that is almost a scarlet "O"—as though Cupid had drawn his bow to the elbow.

The legend of the pretty milkmaid Jacinth discovered to be founded on a fallacy. The fact that her father's speculative career ended in the Bankruptcy Court made nobody hang back. She was sixteen when she first said "No"—with remorse in her eyes and a show of surprise—and huskily told an infatuated subaltern that she hadn't dreamt he cared "like that."

Relations and friends prophesied that Jacinth would make a fortune in Hollywood. Jacinth continued to attend the Metropolitan Institute of Secretaries. She had noticed that an orchid, which may be a commonplace in its tropical habitat, can make London millionaires itch for possession.

Jacinth meant to marry money and, possibly, a title, though the latter objective was secondary—"purely secondary" was her description, but the adverb is too inept to employ.

There are, Jacinth believed, only four steps between the pedestal on which even a Saint Anthony is perched and the common clay of ordinary mankind. The first downward step is taken when a Saint Anthony pities a girl; the second when he is righteously indignant with her for being reckless or silly; the third when physical contact permits a current to flow between the sexes, and the fourth when, feeling called upon to protect her, he steps down to her level.

Her prentice hand Jacinth tried on a rising playwright whose secretary she became. She wasn't in earnest. Rising is a precarious state, as Jacinth and every cake-maker knows. So, having subjugated him, she withdrew and, in truly British fashion, handed him back self-government.

Her second venture, in the house of Eric Rowden, a young politician, almost ended in disaster. It was positively indecent, Jacinth complained, for a man who had debts, wife and two babies, to go in off the deep end over anybody in such a barefaced way. She got tired of reiterating "Darling, you mustn't!" and eternal "Don'ts."

Cunningly Jacinth contrived to get Eric's wife, Kitty, to pull the strings that installed her in her third place.

SIR BRUCE PEMBERTON-BRASSEY, Kitty Rowden's cousin, was immensely well off. He was forty. Jacinth called forty the "nice age" for a man. To her the "Roaring Forties" were not a stormy ocean tract between latitudes 39° and 50°, but that period in a man's life when, being dragged by Old Time from the garden of youth, he grabs at any pretty fingers within reach.

Bruce she disarmed at their first interview. She knew he had heard rumours of Eric's crass stupidity, so, biting her lips and twining the pretty fingers she stared at, she said:

"I—I have to give up my present post. I was happy in it—at first. Now it's—sheer misery. All I want is to—be left alone."

Then Jacinth had flushed—she had only to hold her breath and constrict her abdominal muscles to flush most prettily—hung her head still more humbly, set her shoulders quivering and muttered:

"Sorry. But I—I'm so—so silly."

Bruce perceived that she had been slandered. Eric, the young swine, had taken advantage of the poor girl's dependent position. He could quite well "do" with a secretary. Jacinth's qualifications were adequate. He engaged her.

In June Bruce took Jacinth down to Uphurst Park, his place in Sussex, where it thrilled even Jacinth, who already possessed the phlegm that alone carries the adventuress through life, to stroll into the great drawing room and be introduced to the wife whom she was determined to supplant.

Sunlight, lighting Lois, streamed in over a terraced rockery of Bathgate stone. Short, slight, dark, Lois was duskily pretty, Jacinth admitted. But her wistful eyes, set in a filigree of faint lines, the texture of her lips, and the sagging skin beneath her chin stamped her *passée*.

Jacinth and Bruce surprised Lois bending over a bowl of honeysuckle. She started and flushed, was evidently momentarily disconcerted, then swiftly recovered herself.

"How d'you do?" said she, with hand stretched out and welcoming smile. "Tea's waiting. I knew you'd be longing for it. I do hope you'll be very happy here, Miss Balfour, and that you'll be a great help to my husband."

"I'm going to try—very hard," said Jacinth, whom little Mrs. Eric Rowden had been devoted to for at least a month. "I'm ever so grateful to you both for giving me the chance."

Tea was wheeled in. Later on, in the friendliest fashion, Lois took Jacinth to her room, made gay by bowls of Alice Cuthbert, the very last word in yellow roses.

"The gardener sent in red roses, but I'd heard of your colouring," said Lois. "I wonder if you've everything you want? If not, ring. I've told Hilda off to wait on you. She's young, but she's training splendidly. And——"

Lois paused, then added, smiling:

"Once I worked for my living. I was a governess. I wasn't impressed by the treatment I got from—dowagers in big houses. Please try to feel at home."

"You're just ever so kind," exclaimed Jacinth, with that calculated impulsiveness that made women initially like her. "It's sweet of you. But anybody could see you're that."

Then Jacinth coloured (by her own secret process), looked abashed, and seemed afraid she had said too much.

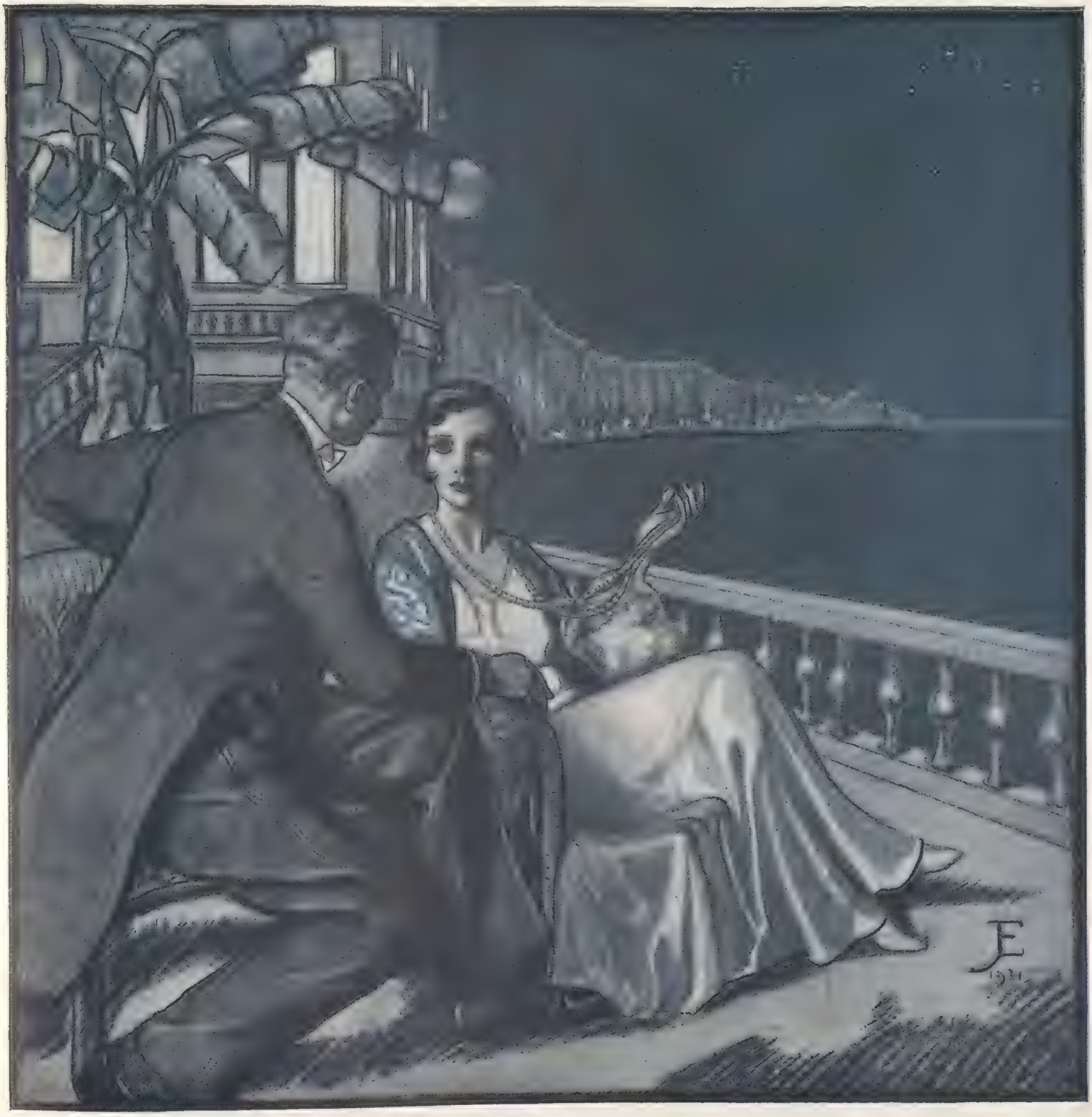
THAT night after dinner, after showing Jacinth over part of the huge house, after 10 o'clock tea and desultory talk, Lois made Jacinth choose a novel from the circulating library's box and went up with her to her bedroom.

Jacinth was in bed, reading, when someone knocked, waited for Jacinth's "Come in," and opened the door.

It was Lois come to see if Jacinth had everything she wanted and was sure she didn't feel nervous in a strange room, to put a bowl of fruit on the bedside table and ask, the country always seeming so cold after London, if she would like an eiderdown.

Jacinth did not hurry herself over Bruce's subjugation. She knew he admired her immensely. She didn't doubt that, given an inch, he would react the proverbial ell.

But there was no need for haste. The country suited her, she decided one morning two months later, as she gazed at herself in the long old-fashioned cheval-glass when she had finished her morning exercises. Only—Jacinth stroked herself and turned sideways—only she would have to be careful. Little exercise and gorgeous meals turn concavities into convexity.



IN a secluded corner of the moonlit garden Jacinth, in seeming reluctance, made lying admissions and listened to Bruce's lecture on the folly of gambling. "I won't—ever again," she murmured, looking up at him with woebegotten eyes

The house, however, was seldom without guests, and all the youngsters of the neighbourhood seemed suddenly to have made Uphurst a Mecca. Jacinth found tennis, squash-rackets (Bruce's favourite game: he was teaching her), dancing, and a little extra time and vigour spent on her morning exercises kept her *svelte*.

Her work for Bruce was so light and simple that Jacinth volunteered to help Lois. The more faithless a husband is, Jacinth had already discovered, the more he likes other people who make much of his wife. Besides, women are so amazingly blind to the faults of people they like. And, presently, Lois would have to be blind or kind or—go berserk.

In the autumn the Pemberton-Brasseys went to the Hôtel de la Belle Aurore in a pine and eucalyptus wood three miles from Saint Raphaël. There Jacinth sighed over being unable to swim till Lois suggested Bruce giving her lessons. Bruce tried to teach Jacinth the breaststroke by putting two fingers under her chin. Jacinth declared she felt "miles too nervous."

"Put your hands there," said she, clasping his wrists under her arms, "and please—please—don't let me sink."

Ten days later Bruce discovered Jacinth in the Casino and carried her off (on her untruthfully confessing that she had lost more than she could afford) to two wickerwork chairs under a palm, in a secluded corner of the moonlit garden. There Jacinth, in seeming reluctance, made lying admissions and listened with bowed head to Bruce's lecture on the folly of gambling.

"I won't—ever again," murmured Jacinth, looking up at him with woebegone eyes. "I promise faithfully."

Then he patted her knee and said, "There's a good kid!"

Jacinth thought Bruce the darlingest old-fashioned stick not to dream of hinting at even lending her a penny, but to send Lois to her room at the hotel that night with the money to recoup her pretended losses.

"He says you *are* to take it," said Lois. "And you're to say nothing more about it."

Jacinth disobeyed, and mentioned it while having her swimming lesson next morning. Bruce murmured "That's all right," gave her a friendly little squeeze, and then said, "Now strike out as if you meant it, and do keep your latter-end down."

"You *are* awful!" said Jacinth, laughing. "But awfully nice."

BACK in London for Christmas, Jacinth thoroughly enjoyed herself till Eric Rowden began positively to haunt Bruce's house in Belgrave Square, waylaying her on the stairs, and even one night pursuing her to her room when Lois had insisted that she looked white and had driven her to bed early.

There was no "Darling, you mustn't!" this time. Jacinth was furious. She felt in real jeopardy—a sensation much more dangerous nocturnal adventures had never made her experience before.

She ordered Eric out. She tried to coax him out. She threatened and pleaded in vain. And then she heard Bruce's dry little cough down below and realised how seeming disaster could be turned to triumph.

Slamming the door behind her, she pattered down to Bruce's dressing-room, burst in, and whimpered "He's upstairs. In my room. Make him go. Please—*please*, make him go!"

Bruce met Eric slinking downstairs and shut himself and the young fool in a spare bedroom. Jacinth hovered about till her patience was exhausted, and then returned to her bedroom.

Early next morning when Bruce and Jacinth were in his den "doing" his correspondence, he said:

"Jacinth, my dear, I'm frightfully sorry a thing like this has happened under my roof. Eric won't ever molest you in any way again. I guarantee that. But I'm tremendously anxious to keep the whole affair a secret between us three. It would finish things between him and Kitty. A scandal would do for him politically. It would upset Lois terrifically. D'you—d'you think you can—sort of——?"

"I'll do anything you tell me," said Jacinth.

"You're—out of the top drawer," said Bruce. "You really are. You don't know how I've worried."

"You don't know me if you think I'd tell a soul. I feel so desperately ashamed as it is. D'you—d'you blame me for—for bursting in on you?"

"My dear, it was absolutely the right thing to do—the only thing."

"I knew I'd be safe," she said simply, "with you."

"Thanks, Jacinth. That's a very dear thing to hear said of one."

"It's true," she said. "You're—just wonderful!"

Then she shook her head, shut her eyes, sighed and, seemingly on impulse, shot out her hand across the table. Bruce took it. Her fingers clung and seemed trying to give his a manly grip.

"A foul shame!" he said. "A sweet little person like you!"

At that Jacinth blushed—a huge internal strain produced a scarlet flood. Bruce got hastily up, went to her, patted her shoulder and added, letting his heavy hand lie:

"You mustn't worry, dear. I'll look after you."

At that Jacinth hung her head sideways so that her hot cheek caressed his hand.

Their secret, Jacinth felt, was a chain about Bruce's neck. When Eric's name was mentioned she always glanced at Bruce, and once, when someone spoke of Eric at a bridge-table, she laid—as though carried away by an irresistible impulse—her hand on Bruce's leg above the knee. Bruce put reassuring fingers on hers. Jacinth's fingers pressed that muscular leg and were withdrawn.

She felt a milestone was passed.

IN January a move was made to Murren, where Jacinth, at the hands of Bruce and others, learnt

to ski, skate and luge. She now felt quite certain of Bruce, old-fashioned thing of inhibitions and repressions though he was, and even experienced a novel and quite pleasant sensation of pity (but not remorse) when Lois insisted upon personally attending to the grazed knee that was the result of its collision with the disc at the end of Bruce's pole.

To sit leaning back on the edge of Lois's bed, hands splayed out behind her on the quilt, and watch Lois, crouching at her feet, fingers nimbly at work on her knee, seemed to Jacinth deliciously prophetic and symbolical.

But it wasn't till they were back in London and the Derby was a thing of the past that Jacinth began to grow impatient. Bruce, she felt sure, was ripe to explode, but was too inert to detonate without a priming. It was time, decided Jacinth, for a frontal attack: her gas-clouds and saps and mines having done their work, the line (the one Bruce apparently drew at anything in the nature of philandering) must be broken. He was, she had come to perceive, one of those men who not only set their faces against an intrigue under the home roof-tree, but also must be definitely off with the old love before they are on with the new.

And then Fate played into Jacinth's hands.

Lois had heard Jacinth on the stairs one evening just before dinner, called her into her room and said:

"I've just unearthed this. Only chrysoberyl and pearl. But green stones suit you so wonderfully, and it's rather quaint and pretty, isn't it? Would you like it, Jacinth?"

Jacinth, while extravagantly admiring the little pendant and iterating "I'd *love* it," noticed that the door of Lois's safe let into the wall by the fireplace stood ajar for the first time in Jacinth's experience.

"Put it on," Lois was suggesting, when Bruce shouted upstairs, "Lois, Kitty wants you on the phone!"

Lois, with a "Wait a sec!" hurried away. Jacinth eyed the safe. She gravitated towards it, an intense curiosity making it seem worth while to run any risk. Not that there was much risk, she realised. Bruce always stamped upstairs as though trying to advertise the fact, and Lois was one of those distressing people on the telephone who never know when they've finished.

In the safe were leather cases obviously housing jewellery, in which Jacinth wasn't interested, and bundles of papers and letters fastened together with string or elastic bands, and one tied up with blue ribbon.

Jacinth sniffed and, leaning forward, peered. A faint smell reminded her of the gigantic bowl of honeysuckle that had appeared rather mysteriously two mornings ago on the little table of Lois's favourite chair in the drawing room.

Jacinth had wondered about that honeysuckle. She had first noticed it when, going in, she had surprised Lois bending over it, flushed, looking quite girlish, eyes—even hair—seeming lit.

Now she vividly recalled the first time she had seen Lois in Uphurst's drawing room, bent over just such a bowl of honeysuckle, flushing in disconcertion.

Under the ribbon that made the one bundle of letters conspicuous had been tucked a sprig of honeysuckle, now limp and dying. Jacinth felt her heart-beats delightfully quicken.

Love letters.

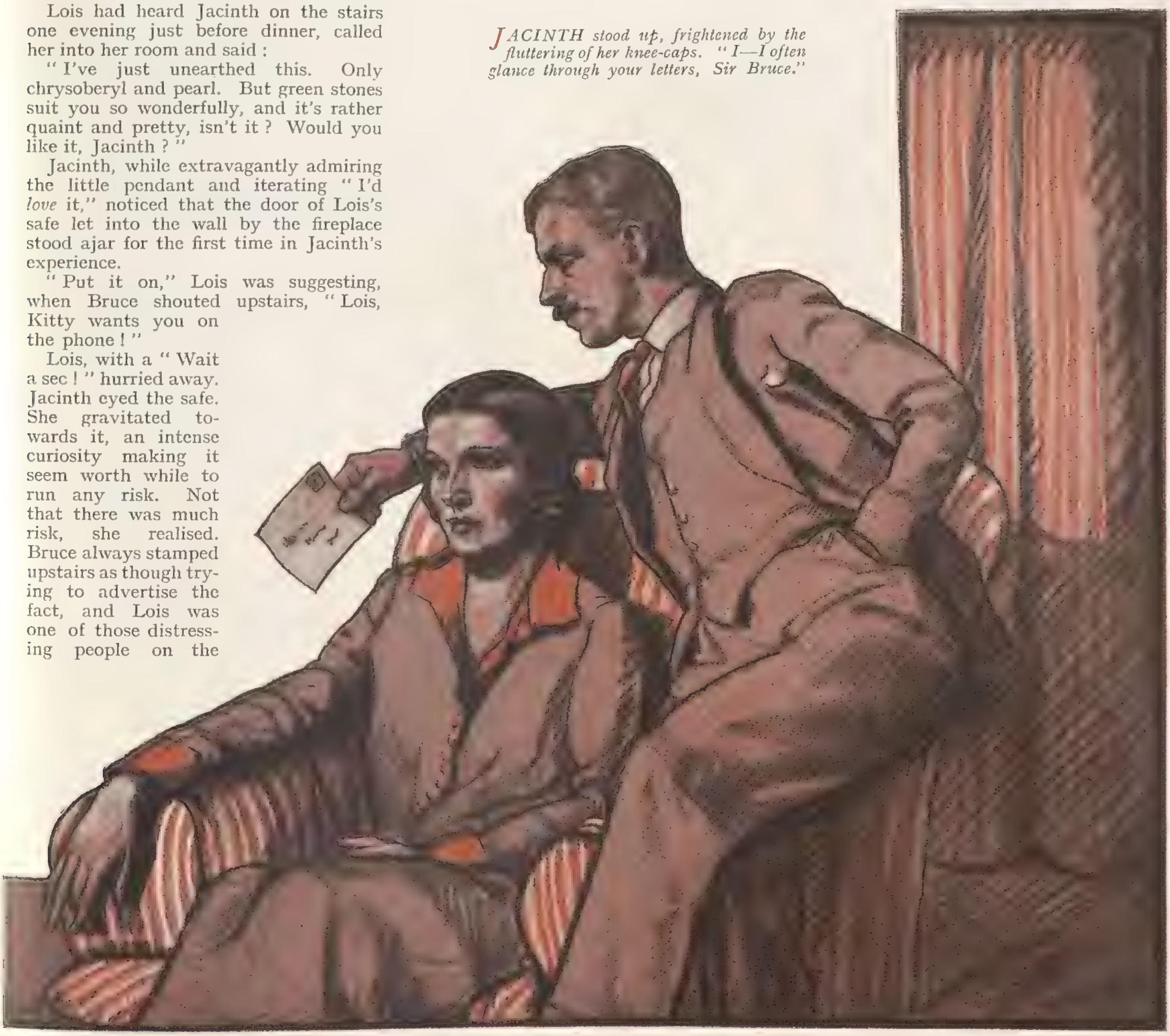
That oaf of a cousin of Lois's—the solicitor—Martin—pretending to be so staid? Or her old trustee—what's-his-name? Or the curate of St. Peter's at the gates of Uphurst—the dark one with the melancholy eyes, who kept calling—nominally, anyhow, to beg.

Jacinth felt she *had* to know. Thoughts of the death penalty wouldn't have deterred her. She whipped the bundle out, drew out three envelopes at random, hitched up her frock, slid them down her stocking, put the bundle back in its exact noted place, set the door ajar again and had had time to grow cool and even bored before apologetic Lois found her at the long glass with the necklace round her neck, apparently gloating over it.

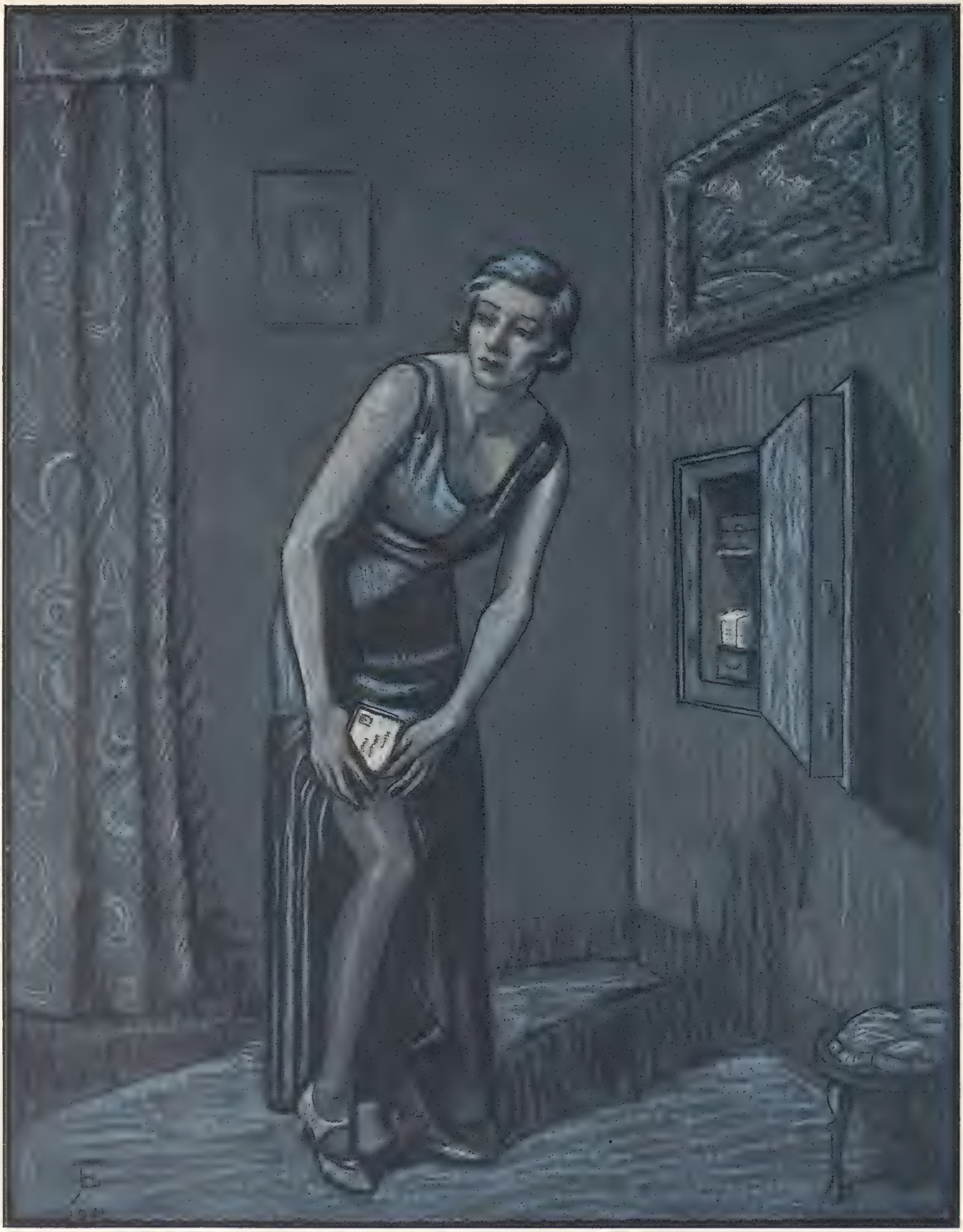
IT was Jacinth who pleaded a headache and went to bed early that night. Locked in her room—Lois would certainly come tip-toeing to suggest remedies—she drew the first note out of its envelope.

The handwriting was so execrable that Jacinth decided it must be a clumsy attempt at disguise.

"Darling," Jacinth read, "seeing you is all I live for now. Only I do wish to God you would come out into the open. It's hell to me to think of you legally belonging to another man. You tell me I needn't be jealous. But I am. I



JACINTH stood up, frightened by the fluttering of her knee-caps. "I—I often glance through your letters, Sir Bruce."



SHE drew out three envelopes at random, hitched up her frock, slid them down her stocking . . .

suffer horribly. Suppose he altered? Husbands do. Suppose you had to submit to some ghastly indignity? Sweetest thing, it's not fair to yourself or me—or even him."

No beginning. No end. No address. No signature. Was the letter even meant for Lois? Must be—why else should she keep it? And it—the affair—was still going on. The limp sprig of honeysuckle in the safe and the huge bowl of it below proved that.

She opened the second letter.

"Our love deserves honesty. In a year, say, we could be free to marry. Will I wait? D'you even ask yourself the question? Haven't I been patient? I'll wait till I'm dead if necessary. Lois . . ."

The name had been scored through, again and again, but still was legible.

"My darling, I'll never let you down. I'll always remember what you're facing for my sake. I swear that on my love for you."

Who could the man be? Not the melancholy curate. No. Ben Heald, their neighbour at Uphurst? Too lazy even to steal another man's wife. George Barrow, then? No. Too young. Percy Seymour? Couldn't be. He hadn't the wit to appear so offhand as he always was.

Who then?

Lois's tap interrupted. Jacinth most drowsily made answer. Nearly asleep she said she'd been.

"I'm so dreadfully sorry, dear," apologised Lois, and tip-toed away.

The third envelope Jacinth's cool fingers explored.

A mere scrap of paper preserved in an unused envelope—a piece torn from a bridge score-block.

"Love me?" written in Lois's unmistakable handwriting.

"With all of me," printed in pencil, laboriously, the letters ill-formed.

The scrap was crumpled. It had been clutched, Jacinth rightly guessed, in Lois's hand. Against it, later on, Lois's heart had beaten, Jacinth realised, as she sniffed at it and detected the smell of the jasmine powder that Lois had said she always used.

Bridge. Heald often came in for bridge. So did Charlie Parminter. Parminter? A brain-wave that.

Teddy Parminter, the cousin, who was a bigwig at Scotland Yard!

But it didn't really matter, decided Jacinth, who the man was. Any man would do for her—and do for Lois too.

Here was the necessary primer to detonate stolid Bruce. No one could imagine his being complacent. Beyond dreams that. It was thrilling to lie in bed with the three notes on the sheet beside her and realise that any one of them was bombshell enough to end the regime here.

To approach Bruce, to run the least risk of hers being suspected as the hand that dealt this blow to his pride and aplomb, would be, Jacinth perceived, a fatal error. He would connect that hand with his humiliation and hate it. To take any immediate action might make Lois remember the telephone call from Kitty, the open safe and trumpery little pendant, and so put two and two together. However impatient she might feel, she must wait.

Jacinth waited exactly twenty-one days, and on the morning of every one wondered if Lois had discovered the loss of the three letters. Obviously Lois discovered nothing. Obviously she had no suspicion.

THAT afternoon Jacinth, having explained that she had some shopping to do, and obtained ready leave of absence, travelled to Morden by tube and posted one of the three incriminating notes in a blue Woolworth envelope addressed to Bruce in capital letters.

Although awaited, the postman's rat-tat that night might have been beaten on Jacinth's heart. The footman brought up the letters. Lois took the three on the left of the salver and Bruce the pile on the right.

Jacinth longed to stare, but was too prudent. Deep in a novel she seemed.

"Eric and Kitty are going to Kintyre in August," announced Lois.

"Grouse," said Bruce. "Lucky dog! They bagged over 150 brace last year and a couple o' dozen black game. Lord, the chancel roof's still leaking, Lois! A wail from the vicar——"

Jacinth had glanced up at Eric's name. Bruce faintly smiled. There was, she noticed, one blue envelope at the bottom of the pile. She was yawning as Bruce opened it. His face expressed huge surprise as he stared at its contents. Then, without a movement of his head, he glanced at Lois and thrust the letter into his pocket.

Obviously it hadn't come as an overwhelming shock. It had been a surprise, but no bombshell. He must have suspected, then. Bruce couldn't have been play-acting. Too simple-minded he was. Jacinth watched him surreptitiously. Intensely disturbed he was, fingering his chin, glowering into vacancy.

"Letters," he said, abruptly standing up, and added as Jacinth stirred, "No. Too late. Shan't want you, Jacinth."

There was apparently no explosion that night. Jacinth purposely left her novel downstairs, went down late to fetch it and hovered about on the landing below. Silence reigned in bedroom and dressing room.

Bruce, Jacinth divined, meant to give Lois rope to hang herself. Next morning he interviewed the head of a Private Inquiry Bureau (Jacinth overheard him on the telephone making an appointment). Lois was being watched, Jacinth felt sure, all those ten days before she posted Bruce the second of the stolen letters.

This one Bruce opened in his den after breakfast with Jacinth, pad on knee and pencil poised, ready to take down in shorthand his letters. For a full thirty seconds, seeming long, he stared at the sheet, then replaced it in the blue envelope, stuffed it into his pocket, and opened the next letter in the waiting pile.

Jacinth wondered. Surely any detective could have found out Lois's little game by now?

The third note arrived by the first post three days later and awaited Bruce in his den. Directly he saw the blue envelope he pounced on it, glanced at its contents, hurried to the door, opened it and shouted for Lois,

"It's come!" he exclaimed, as Lois came in. "Here it is! The last of 'em!"

"Oh, Bruce, what a relief!" cried Lois, then turned to Jacinth. "We've been horribly worried. We didn't tell you, because this sort of thing is so dreadfully unpleasant and upsetting. But now it's all over. Dear little Jacinth, I'd like you to know the whole story."

WHEN Lois had settled herself in Bruce's chair and he had perched himself on the arm of it, Jacinth heard how Lois had married at nineteen after earning her living as a governess for two bleak years. She hadn't loved her husband. A selfish, wicked little fool she'd been, and had deserved all she got.

"Nonsense, darling," broke in Bruce, slipping his arm behind her head as a pillow. "He took advantage of your being alone in the world and penniless and unhappy. Don't be ridiculous. He was a swine, Jacinth. Drank. Bullied her. Directly I met them I felt like outing him."

"Poor, sweet, kind Bruce!" said Lois. "He was home from the war—shot through the right wrist, poor darling. I couldn't help falling in love with him, could I, Jacinth? He was all I'd hoped my husband would be—and all he wasn't. But we didn't—didn't——"

"We were splendid friends and nothing more, Jacinth," said Bruce gravely. "But I could only write wretched letters laboriously with my left hand. That's a hard way for a lover to express himself. And I grew impatient. Men do. Men are such beasts."

"You weren't. You were all that was fine and helpful and considerate," Lois said, and caught his hand in hers. "But at last we decided to—face the music. Everything was settled—ready—when my husband died, very suddenly, in his office. His heart. No one had dreamt that he was in the least ill. It was in June. I was to have met Bruce in secret in the copse near my old home that evening. I had to write to him instead. I sent him some honeysuckle from the copse with my letter. Ever since—on the anniversary of that day—he's given me a huge bunch."

"And always will, every year he's above ground," said Bruce, "in memory of the sweetest, truest, dearest, onliest girl in the world, who'll always be sweet and twenty in his eyes."

JACINTH understood the meaning of a person's gorge rising. A foul exhibition the two old fools were making of themselves! Bruce's letters! Dismay seemed awash in her like water in the bilge.

"Lois's safe hasn't been tampered with. None of her jewellery's missing. But somehow three of my letters to her were stolen," Bruce went on. "I guessed somebody would try to extort money out of me—blackmail, you know—with a threat to expose our unsuspected love story. But nothing of the sort's happened. Weirdly enough, the letters have all come back—separately—anonymously—posted from Mitcham."

"Mor——" said Jacinth, and bit the end of the place off. Jerked out of her. Fool! "I saw the postmark, I mean." Oh, bigger fool! Leave it alone. Lois was looking at her. "Blue envelopes, weren't they?" Change the subject. Say anything. "Isn't it hot all of a sudden?"

Sudden? Why sudden? Only the remark was. And it wasn't hot. It was chilly—growing chillier.

Bruce was staring at Lois and Lois was staring at Jacinth, who stood up, frightened by the fluttering of her knee-caps and the trickle of fear like an icy liquid being distilled drop by drop in the pit of her stomach.

"I—I often glance through your letters, Sir Bruce. Before you come in in the morning, you know. To-day I noticed the printed way that one was addressed. So unusual. And the cheap blue envelope. So I looked at the postmark——"

Bruce picked up the envelope and stared at it, and observed:

"You're a very clever person if you can read this postmark."

Lois took the blue envelope, glanced at it, and then eyed Jacinth, who suddenly felt that those tired eyes were penetrating her.

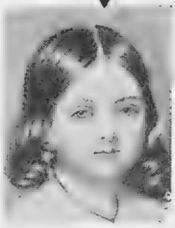
"It must have been the other one," Jacinth said. "The one you had a few mornings ago."

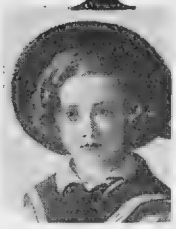
(*Continued on page 96*)

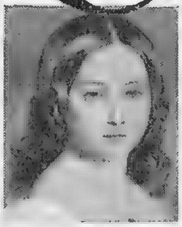
Queen VICTOR

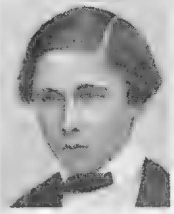
Child

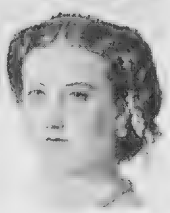
By Frank

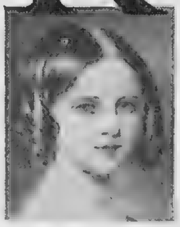

Victoria, The Princess Royal, born 1840

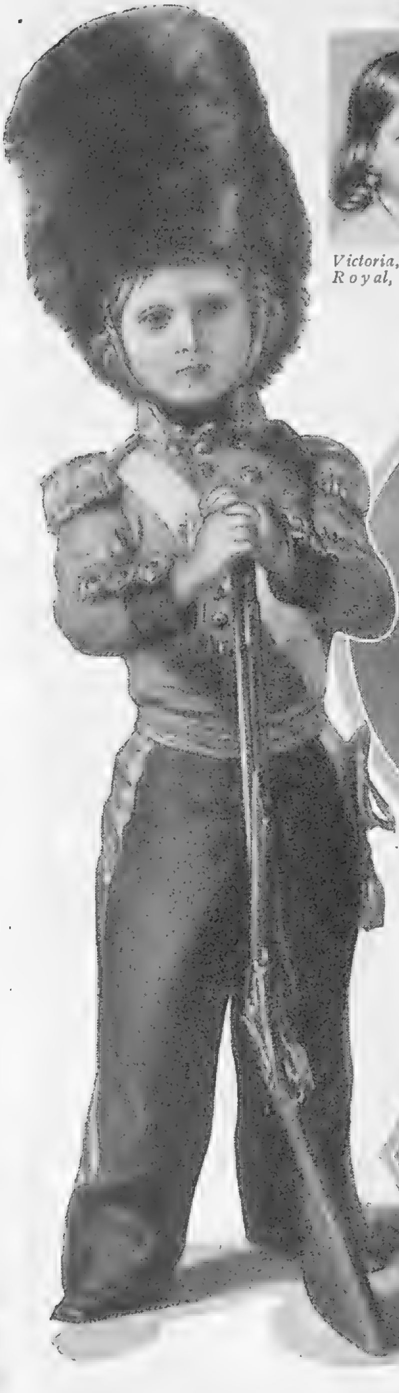

Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, born 1841

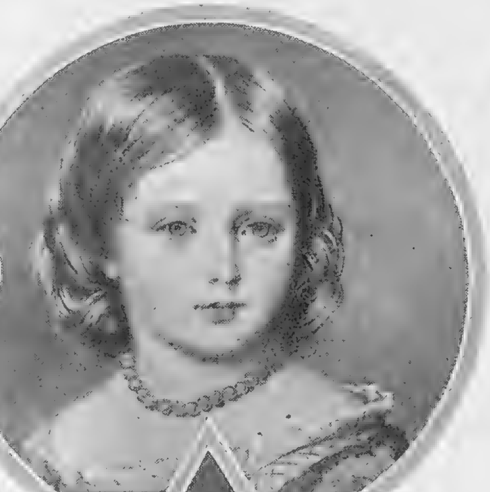

Princess Alice, third child, born 1843

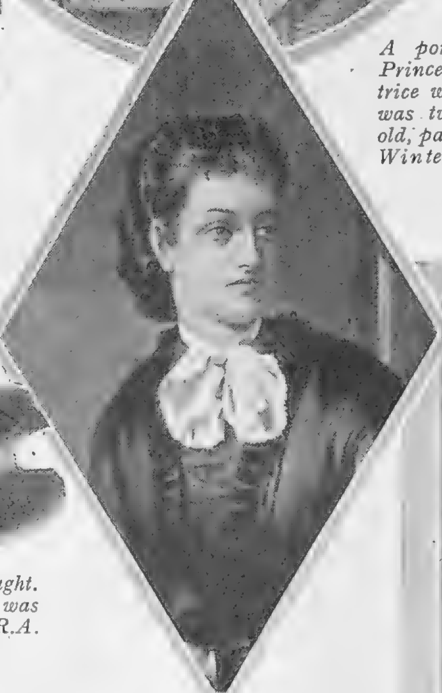

Prince Alfred, fourth child, born 1844

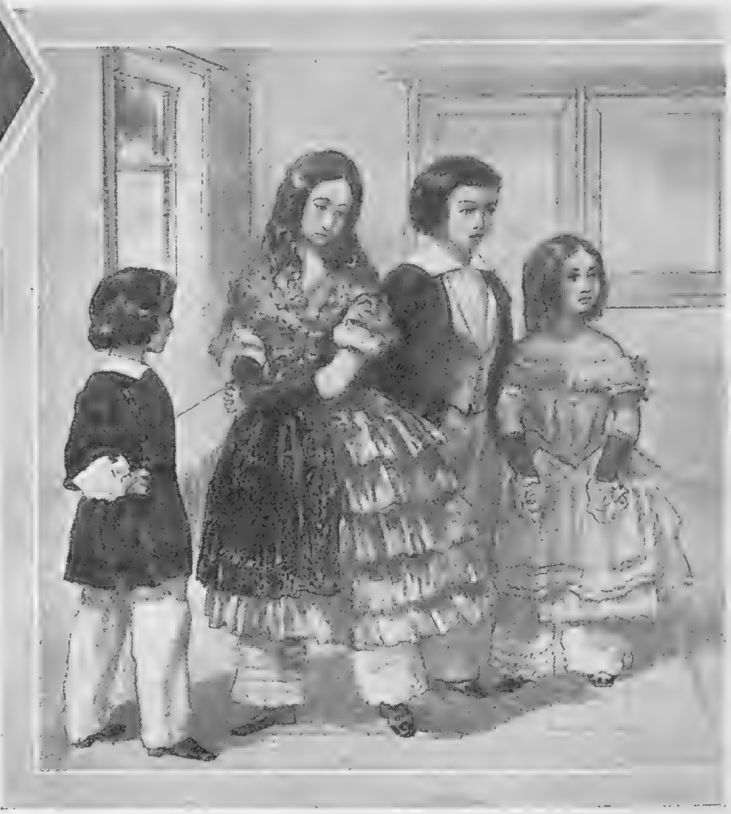

Princess Helena, fifth child, born 1846


Princess Louise, sixth child, born 1848


Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught. A portrait painted, when he was three years old, by R. J. Lane, R.A.


A portrait of Princess Beatrice when she was two years old, painted by Winterhalter


Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll. A portrait painted by Holyoake


A drawing by Queen Victoria of six of her children acting in a charade

WRITING to his beloved niece, Queen Victoria, on the occasion of the birth of her first child, King Leopold of the Belgians prophesied that she would in due course become the mother of a numerous family. His prophecy was correct, for nine children were born to the Royal couple.

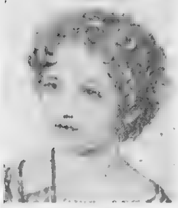
They were Victoria (1840), Albert Edward (1841), Alice (1843), Alfred (1844), Helena (1846), Louise (1848), Arthur (1850), Leopold (1853), and Beatrice (1857), three of whom survive to-day, namely Princess Louise, the Duke of Connaught and Princess Beatrice.

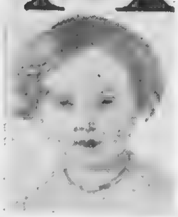
Queen Victoria and her husband in their rôles as parents were typical of their period. Indeed, it might be said that they founded the type, since they were largely responsible for the methods of bringing up children which prevailed among the upper classes of English people in our own grandparents', and to some extent in our parents', day. For, in spite of the fact that their particular positions in the world necessitated that in many ways the childhood of the Royal family should be spent somewhat differently from that of other children, yet the general principles which ruled their nursery and their school-room were those which obtained in other well-to-do households.

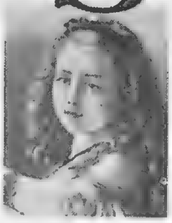
It so happened that their father was a born schoolmaster, and what better opportunity could a pedagogic parent be provided with than nine children of his own upon whom to

B. Chancellor

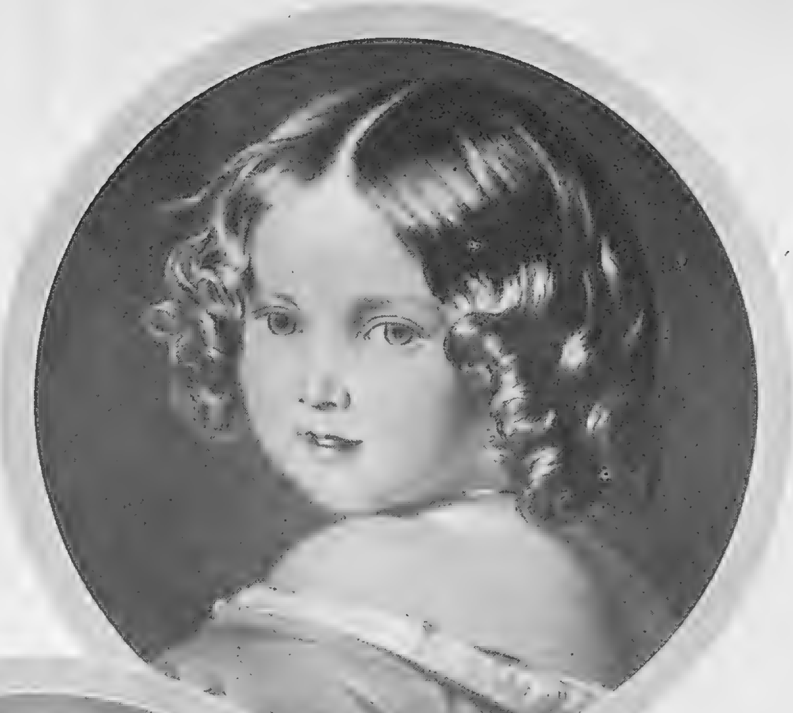
IA'S

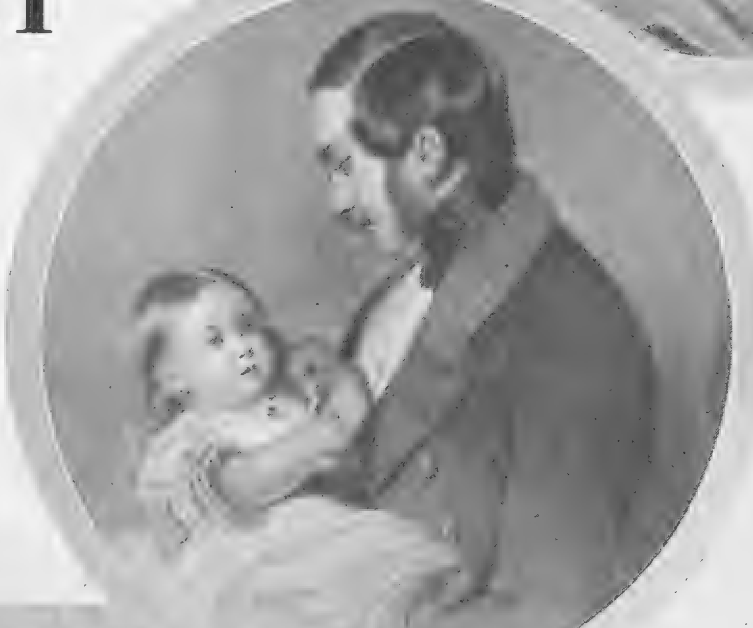

Prince Arthur, seventh child, born 1850

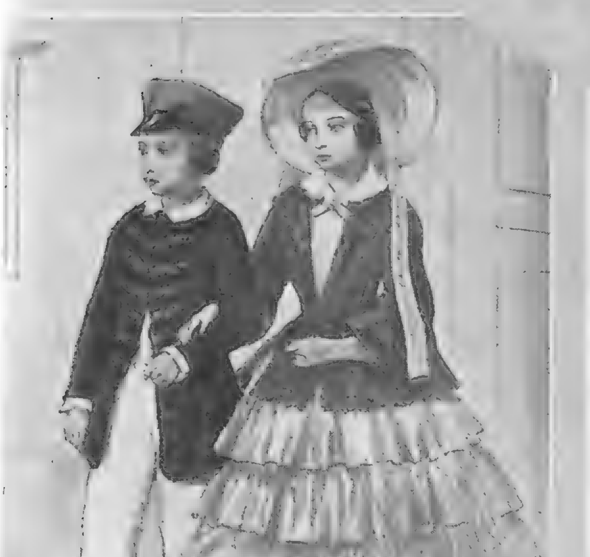

Prince Leopold, eighth child, born 1853


Princess Beatrice, ninth child, born 1857

ren


A portrait by Winterhalter of Princess Helena, painted in 1849


The Prince Consort with the Princess Royal when she was two years old. From the painting by Holl



test his theories and impress his ideals? No less definite in her opinions, but to a large extent accepting them ready made from her husband, was their mother. Thus, in the case of this particular family, the children found that they were up against parents whose united front was little likely to yield before their immature revolts.

It was, of course, their eldest son, Albert Edward, who, in virtue of his great future, naturally merited and indeed received the full blast of parental solicitude, but the others were by no means neglected, and to each of them was accorded his or her full share of Prince Albert's educational methods.

But, until they started their lessons, the Queen was chiefly responsible for their welfare; she was admirably suited for the part. There must be, she declared, perfect discipline in her nurseries. "*The* nursery gives me more trouble than the government of a kingdom would do," one of the Queen's oldest and most valued friends once remarked. But to Her Majesty no trouble could be too great in order to ensure that her children were fitted physically and mentally for their positions in the world.

SIMPLICITY was insisted upon. The nursery appointments were good and ample, but never luxurious, while any signs of extravagance were quickly quelled. There is a story told in illustration of this to the effect that, when only two years old, the Princess Royal was greatly pleased with two little frocks sent to her as a Christmas present by her grandmother, the Duchess of Kent. In addition, the Queen was always ready to take a hand herself, and although the nursery staff was, to say the least, more than adequate, Her Majesty was accustomed, whenever she could, to bathe the last baby herself.

To this family their parents were not distant beings who lived in another world and whom they saw only very seldom, but very real people with whom their contact was at once both full and practical. It was, in fact, rather fuller than is perhaps usual, for the Prince was certainly more assiduous in his attendance upon his children during their early years than are the majority of fathers.

But while intimacy with their parents was encouraged, any contact with the outside world was definitely deprecated. Many members of the Court, indeed, scarcely knew the Royal children save for occasional glimpses of them walking in the garden with their parents, while the acquaintanceship between the Royal and other children was strictly limited and rigidly supervised. This rather peculiar segregation was not relished by the victims, and since it was enforced, especially in the (*Continued on page 102*)

The Haut Monde

Illustrated by Relf

WHEN news broke that a gentleman had been arrested in Philadelphia on a charge of prizing something over one million pounds by unlawful means from the pockets of "a high British personage" and some others, the C.I.D. people at Scotland Yard looked up in surprise and said, "Aha!" and their colleagues of Paris and Berlin doubtless also elevated their sophisticated eyebrows and made exclamations suitable to the occasion.

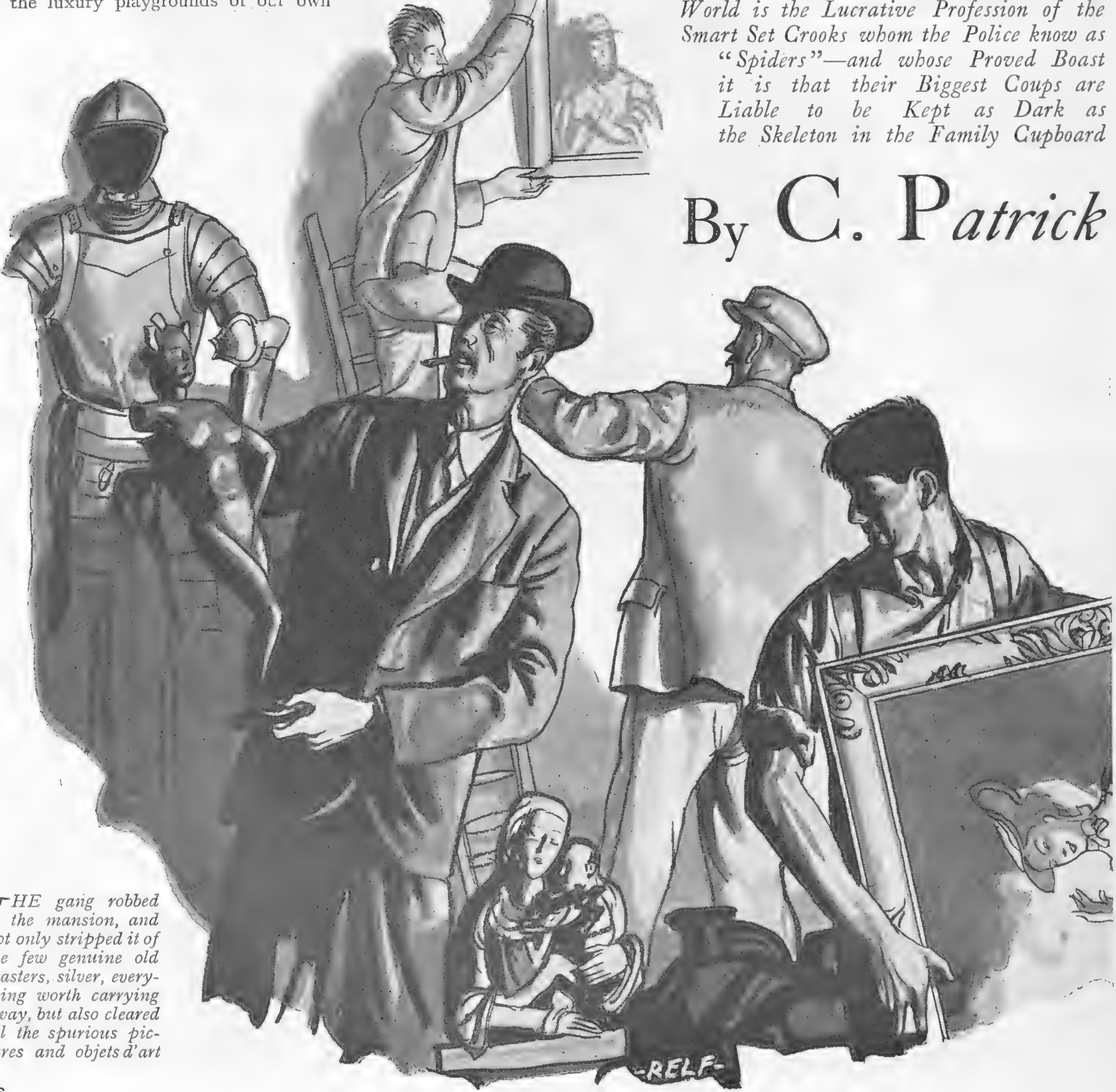
For this looked like a spider crime; and among the specialists who study the ways of this most delicate, fastidious, aloof and elusive of all the denizens of the international underworld, it is generally accepted that spiders are not found in the United States, indeed that they only desert the favourable environment of the luxury playgrounds of our own Old World in order to spin a little web and pull something particularly soft into it on the transatlantic ferry, heading east again by the next boat nosing out of New York docks.

Here let me say that a spider is something more than a gentleman, or, it may be, a lady, who spins a little web with intent to lure therein some wealthy person and strip him of a portion of his bank roll. Before he qualifies for the title in criminal investigation department circles (where they make subtle differentiations) he must be a high flier and he must operate in the international sphere and in high life, the term "high life" in this case including the plutocracy along with the aristocracy and upper circle of the *demi-monde*.

There are spiders—and spiders. They range from the astute brain which wove a web around the celebrated "Mr. A." and stripped him of a quarter of a million, to the genius who played the American, whom we must call Mr. X., for twelve months before selling him an Elizabethan country house full of spurious antiques and old masters painted the previous year in an attic "factory" on the left bank of the Seine; and from the siren who began to spin in a Florida hotel the web in which she eventually caught her Chicago banker in a compromising situation in a London hotel, and took five

Fleecing the Wealthy on Holiday or Pleasure Bent in the Luxury Playgrounds of the World is the Lucrative Profession of the Smart Set Crooks whom the Police know as "Spiders"—and whose Proved Boast it is that their Biggest Coups are Liable to be Kept as Dark as the Skeleton in the Family Cupboard

By C. Patrick



THE gang robbed the mansion, and not only stripped it of the few genuine old masters, silver, everything worth carrying away, but also cleared all the spurious pictures and objets d'art

# of Crookdom

thousand pounds from him without leaving any bitter feelings, to the Greek gambler who patiently went on weaving a web around the wealthy English Jew art dealer for two years before he caught him in it in the stateroom of a transatlantic liner, and, after the expert banditry, asked the victim smilingly what he was going to do about it, and got the furious but inevitable answer: "Nothing!"

THE sophisticated will understand why the crimes of the spider (crimes? it seems a rough, hard word) are an Old World phenomenon, rarely known in the United States. The federated states of North America compromise a rich new land which sends wealthy travellers forth for long sojourns in the capitals and beauty spots of older lands, but does not in like manner receive the wealthy pleasure seekers and holiday makers of the Old World, except perhaps to some extent in Florida, whose attractions as a winter resort the rich and highly-placed of England discovered at about the same time as Mr. Al Capone.

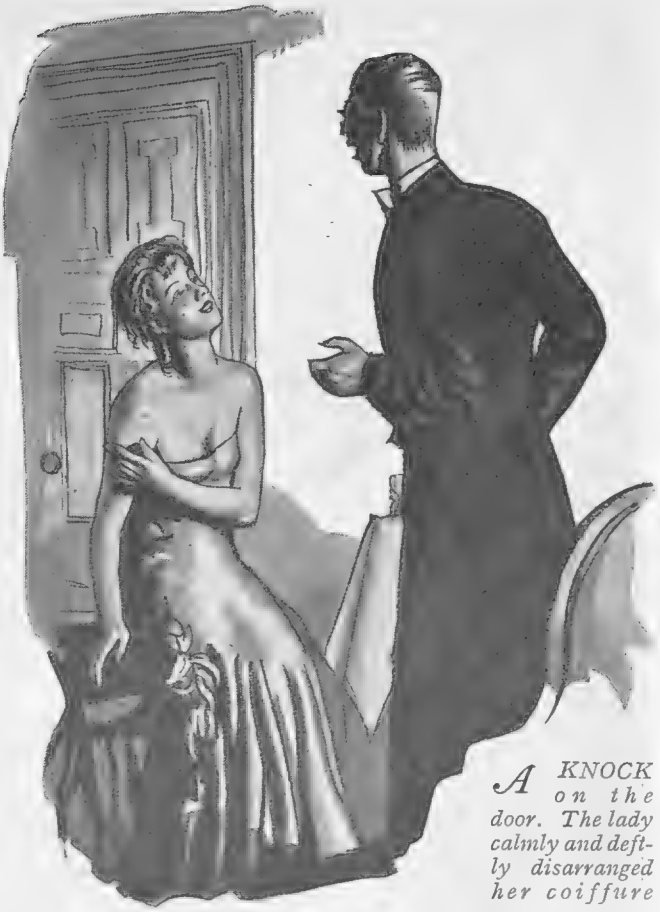
Thompson

As both a psychologist and a romanticist, the spider is aware that so long as his potential prey remains at home, amid familiar surroundings and people and scenery, he may spin endless webs, yet the fly will never come into his parlour. But once get the millionaire, the wealthy aristocrat, the banker, the merchant prince, the potentate, the rich woman with a reputation to lose, get any one of these away from family mansion, ancestral castle, summer estate, and the office, and waft him off for a playtime session to some foreign paradise—and who knows what may happen?

These are the times when the blood quickens, the eye brightens, the old sense of adventure comes alive again. The protective crust is off. Normal defences are weakened. In short, and to borrow the inexcusably crude phrase of one spider (it destroyed his web just as it was completed and all ready for the fly—serve him right), "the bacon is ready to be fried."

The case of "Mr. A.," now the Maharajah of Kashmir, who was pulled into as pretty a spider's web as has ever been woven, and paid a vast sum to get out of it, is one of the classic cases of a typical spider crime. I have known crime specialists to go into ecstasies over that affair.

Here we have a young Indian prince, heir to a throne and millions, on holiday in London and Paris. At a London charity ball he meets an attractive lady; in Paris she comes to his room—and so, at the moment considered correct in these comedies, does the lady's husband. Two hundred and fifty thousand pounds will assuage the husband's wounded feelings and save the prince being cited as co-respondent in a divorce suit. The prince, in a panic, pays. If this gets out, it may ruin him. His uncle, the maharajah, is strait-laced. He has only adopted his nephew as heir to his kingdom, and fortune, anyway, and there is a strong rival on the scene already. All the factors and circumstances are perfect. It would all look like a dream, too good to be true, but for the steely fact that spiders deal in dreams and weave their webs of such fantasies—they can do nothing with the threads of the commonplace and the everyday.



A KNOCK on the door. The lady calmly and deftly disarranged her coiffure

There was only one thing wrong with that job. Too many spiders were needed to spin the web, between India, London and Paris, and between the hotel suite, solicitors' offices and the bank which cleared the cheque. The subsequent quarrel of the spiders over the division of the spoil, and the proceedings in court which followed, and the way the truth came out—this is a strange tale still well remembered.

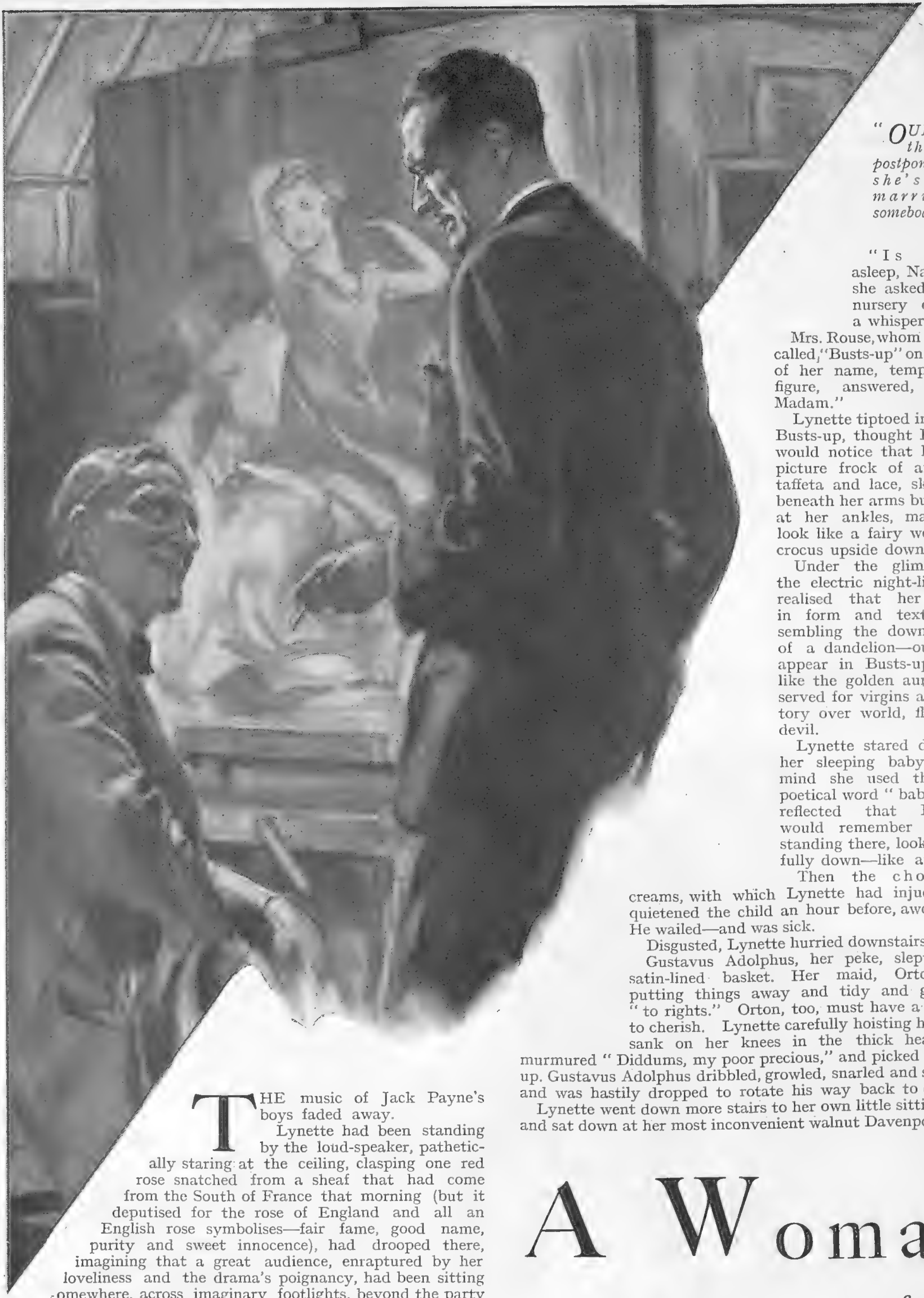
SPIDERS figure more prominently in the private files of police departments and family lawyers than in the published records of crime. Some of the neatest and most artistic jobs have never got into the newspapers or brought their perpetrators into the dock. For example:

On a dull day in April last, one of the most interesting women in Europe set sail from Liverpool, *en route* for one of the smaller and more tolerant South American republics. Two of the higher officers of Scotland Yard saw her off at the gang plank. She rather appreciated the compliment. Under the shelter of the dark roof she looked out at the grey drift of rain and wrinkled a noticeably provocative nose, and shrugged. But she extended a slim hand to each of her escorts in turn. "Charmed," she smiled, "charmed." Men standing near glanced over with envy and curiosity, for this was (*Continued on page* 106)

A Woman

Triangular proof that Something to their

By George



"OUR trip is therefore postponed—till she's safely married to somebody else"

THE music of Jack Payne's boys faded away.

Lynette had been standing by the loud-speaker, pathetically staring at the ceiling, clasping one red rose snatched from a sheaf that had come from the South of France that morning (but it deputised for the rose of England and all an English rose symbolises—fair fame, good name, purity and sweet innocence), had drooped there, imagining that a great audience, enraptured by her loveliness and the drama's poignancy, had been sitting somewhere, across imaginary footlights, beyond the party wall of the drawing-room.

No sooner did she hear the opening words of the weather forecast than she heaved a profound sigh and tossed the rose disdainfully aside.

The scene was over. Lynette muted the announcer in the middle of the word "depression" and made for the door. Scene II was to be staged in the nursery.

Upstairs she went, her frock hitched high in front.

"Is baby asleep, Nanny?" she asked at the nursery door in a whisper.

Mrs. Rouse, whom Lynette called "Busts-up" on account of her name, temper and figure, answered, "Yes, Madam."

Lynette tiptoed in. Even Busts-up, thought Lynette, would notice that her new picture frock of amethyst taffeta and lace, skin-tight beneath her arms but belled at her ankles, made her look like a fairy wearing a crocus upside down.

Under the glimmer of the electric night-light she realised that her hair—in form and texture resembling the downy clock of a dandelion—ought to appear in Busts-up's eyes like the golden aureola reserved for virgins after victory over world, flesh and devil.

Lynette stared down on her sleeping baby (in her mind she used the more poetical word "babe") and reflected that Busts-up would remember her so, standing there, looking pitifully down—like an angel.

Then the chocolate creams, with which Lynette had injudiciously quietened the child an hour before, awoke him. He wailed—and was sick.

Disgusted, Lynette hurried downstairs.

Gustavus Adolphus, her peke, slept in his satin-lined basket. Her maid, Orton, was putting things away and tidy and generally "to rights." Orton, too, must have a memory to cherish. Lynette carefully hoisting her frock, sank on her knees in the thick hearth-rug, murmured "Diddums, my poor precious," and picked the wisp up. Gustavus Adolphus dribbled, growled, snarled and snapped, and was hastily dropped to rotate his way back to oblivion.

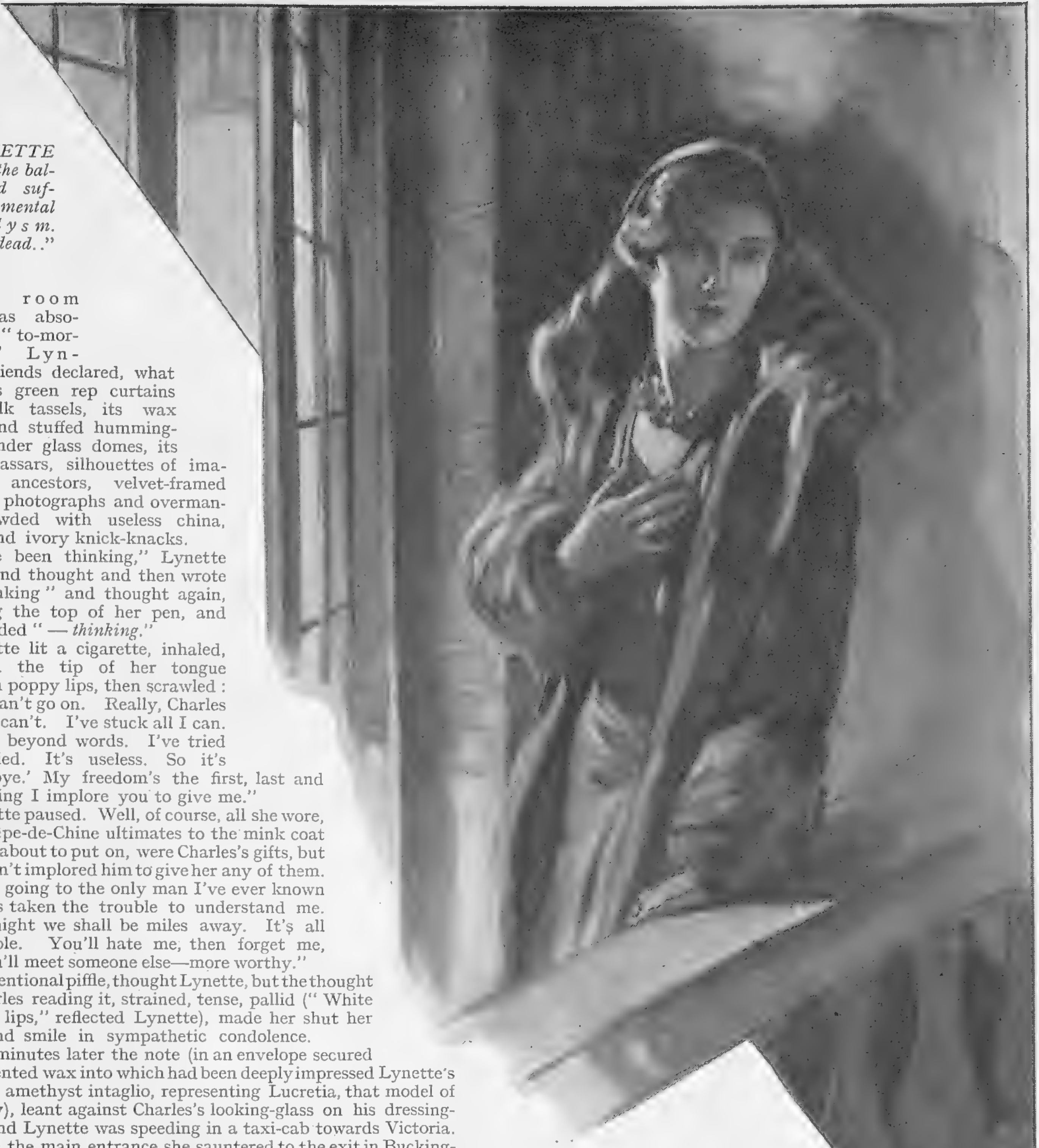
Lynette went down more stairs to her own little sitting-room and sat down at her most inconvenient walnut Davenport.

# of Parts

Listeners sometimes hear own Advantage

Froxfield

"LYNETTE on the balcony had suffered a mental cataclysm. Charles dead. ."



Illustrated by Elizabeth Earnshaw

THE room was absolutely "to-morrowish," Lynette's friends declared, what with its green rep curtains with silk tassels, its wax fruits and stuffed humming-birds under glass domes, its antimacassars, silhouettes of imaginary ancestors, velvet-framed cabinet photographs and overmantel crowded with useless china, silver and ivory knick-knacks.

"I've been thinking," Lynette wrote, and thought and then wrote "—thinking" and thought again, nibbling the top of her pen, and then added "— *thinking*."

Lynette lit a cigarette, inhaled, waggled the tip of her tongue between poppy lips, then scrawled :

"It can't go on. Really, Charles dear, it can't. I've stuck all I can. I'm fed beyond words. I've tried and tried. It's useless. So it's 'good-bye.' My freedom's the first, last and only thing I implore you to give me."

Lynette paused. Well, of course, all she wore, from crêpe-de-Chine ultimates to the mink coat she was about to put on, were Charles's gifts, but she hadn't implored him to give her any of them.

"I'm going to the only man I've ever known who has taken the trouble to understand me. By to-night we shall be miles away. It's all inevitable. You'll hate me, then forget me, and you'll meet someone else—more worthy."

Conventional piffle, thought Lynette, but the thought of Charles reading it, strained, tense, pallid (" White to the lips," reflected Lynette), made her shut her eyes and smile in sympathetic condolence.

Ten minutes later the note (in an envelope secured with scented wax into which had been deeply impressed Lynette's seal, an amethyst intaglio, representing Lucretia, that model of chastity), leant against Charles's looking-glass on his dressing-table and Lynette was speeding in a taxi-cab towards Victoria.

From the main entrance she sauntered to the exit in Buckingham Palace Road, engaged another taxi and, having so covered her tracks, was driven to Cremorne Street, Chelsea.

At the foot of the wooden staircase in Velasquez Studios, Lynette paused. A dramatic, pregnant psychological moment it was, she reflected. Like burning boats, casting the die or crossing the Rubicon, walking up these stairs would be. But there was nobody to see her shrugs, frowns, swift smiles, or hear her sighs or the quaver of caught-at breaths, and it was gloomy and draughty, so up she went.

Outside the door of No. 12, Lynette once more paused, then lifted the bronze knocker, a miniature copy of a gargoyle from Notre Dame with its hideous face between its hands. No one answered her light tap. She tapped again, waited, opened the door a few inches and called softly "Osbert," and more loudly, "Os-bert !"

No one appeared. She went in and shut the door behind her. On an easel stood a canvas. Osbert Burritt had painted it while staying at Leathurst a few months before. Charles was to pay 250 guineas for it. Lovely, it was, thought Lynette.

There she lay on a green satin overlay, which had been draped over a divan, green satin cushions piled behind her, dressed in the emerald panne frock that Charles admired so much, her hands behind her head, her feet towards the observer.

LYNETTE couldn't help smiling. She remembered Osbert, almost a stranger, then, telling her a story about two portraits (of a very lovely Duchess lying on a sofa) that hung in the Prado at Madrid. One, clothed, had been painted for her husband, the Duke, Osbert had told Lynette. The other, in the "altogether" for her lover, the artist.

"Alas!" Osbert had muttered, "history never repeats itself."

Lynette had thrilled but pretended not to hear. But times had changed. Osbert could paint that other picture now whenever he pleased. The siege—that wondrous time of audacious advances, sweet saps and night attacks and of repulses that had cost so much—was over. She was ready to capitulate.

He knew he could—march in.

Lynette perched herself on his stool and stared at the portrait. More or less happy with Charles in an unquestioning sort of way she had been then. An ignorant little fool lay on the green satin cushions. Having a baby needn't mean that a woman has loved. Osbert was wonderful — wonderful. She was rather wonderful, too, she thought—for having held out so long.

Voices on the stairs made her twist round, slip from the stool, stare apprehensively, forgetting burnt boats, cast die and crossed Rubicon, remembering only that she was Mrs. Charles Allardyce of Eaton Square and Leathurst.

Footsteps resounded. She glanced round at the bedroom door and towards the archway that led to kitchen, bathroom and the rest. She kept her head. To be found hiding was to confess guilt. But to be found on the balcony this warm spring evening compromised nobody.

The studio was empty then, when Osbert Burritt opened the door, peered in, then stood aside, let Nicol Fleming pass by and followed him in.

"A damned fine thing this," Lynette heard Nicol say. "The best bit of work you've ever done."

"My heart was in it," said Osbert. "Remember Goya's 'The Maja Nude' and 'The Maja Clothed'? I had hopes of the same kind."

"Had?"

"Till the 6.15 news bulletin," Osbert answered. "It bereaved me. You may have noticed that I wasn't exactly cordial about your coming upstairs. It's unusual, too, for a host to peer into his room before letting a guest enter, isn't it?"

"Dear lad, I can always clear out."

"But you needn't—at least, I don't think so."

Lynette heard Osbert go to his bedroom, then the clatter of his shoes on the tiled floor of the passage, kitchen and bath-room.

"The coast is clear," she heard him announce. "Nicol, to look at her you'd think her—wouldn't you?—a mere wisp of dandelion fluff ready to float off at a puff. Not so. She has the mind and self-control of the virgin daughter of a Tooting oil-and-colourman."

"I'm frightfully dense," said Nicol, sighing. "I'm afraid you'll have to be explicit if you want me to get you."

"Some months ago I was sure she—liked me rather," said Osbert. "But she—hung back. She wouldn't even permit a kiss under her husband's roof—and that included the sliding top of the family limousine. She wouldn't come here alone. It had, I perceived, to be all or nothing. So at last I made up my mind to take her away. Beckwith has lent me his house at Haarlem, off the Groot Markt."

"The beginning of the end," said Nicol. "Your marriage will follow the divorce. You will only differ from Beckenham benedicts in that they tire of their wives after marriage and you'll be tired of yours before."

"Not a bit like it," retorted Osbert. "I said to myself 'Charles Allardyce is a barrister—a Chancery barrister, than which nothing more respectable exists than old crusted port. He is an Anglo-Catholic and a vicar's churchwarden, a member of a rural district council, president of Boy Scouts, local football and cricket clubs *et hoc genus omne*. He has publicly stated on innumerable occasions that he discountenances divorces. He will prevent my making an honest woman of his wife and breaking my vows of celibacy."

Nicol laughed, said, "I ought to have guessed that there was more in it than met the eye," and asked when they expected to leave England.

"To-day. Now," said Osbert. "I expected to find her here—until I heard the 6.15 news bulletin."

"I abominate riddles," grumbled Nicol, "especially when the answers don't concern me."

"She's not coming," said Osbert. "If I had found her here, I'd have bundled her home incontinently in a taxi. I'd have told her it was all off, that I hated her. I'd have said I had the plague."

"I'd credit your having it rather than believe you suffered from sudden scruples," quivering Lynette heard Nicol observe. "Why d'you keep harping on the 6.15 news bulletin?"

"Her husband has been in Iceland," explained Osbert. "On business—technically termed, I believe, 'Taking evidence on commission.' He was expected home to-day. But at 6.15 the B.B.C. regretted to announce that the s.s. *Volsunga* had been in collision off Vestmanna Island in a fog yesterday, and had sunk within a few minutes, with the loss, *inter alia*, of six British passengers, amongst whom was Mr. Charles Egerton Allardyce. So, Nicol, you perceive that there is no one now to forbid the banns. Our trip is therefore postponed—till she's safely married to somebody else."

LYNETTE on the balcony had suffered a mental cataclysm. Every preconceived opinion, every roseate hope and glowing opinion had been submerged in a spate of hatred from which only one other stark fact emerged.

Charles dead.

She saw him, momentarily, and shuddered and felt sick, struggling in black swirling waters. She saw him at their dinner table, at the wheel of the car, penned in the Leathurst pew beside her through interminable compulsory services, back on the great day at the chancel rails, so nervously happy.

Charles dead.

"She's not coming," she heard Osbert lightly say. "Her loud speaker has told her she has become a merry widow. She will enjoy acting the part of a broken-hearted woman. I shall drop her—temporarily. Widows, as Mr. Weller said, are dangerous. Nicol, didn't you tell me you were off to Santander?"

"To-morrow, yes."

"If you'll invite me I might come with you."

"By all means. But, Osbert, take care you aren't left with that portrait on your hands."

"No danger. The executors must pay up. A commission, me boy. A little memento of me for Lynette. Santander! Never been there. Never loved a Spanish woman. Come along, old boy, and dine at my club and talk things over."

Thereafter Lynette heard their talk no more except as an inarticulate murmur—a grey background to her vivid thoughts.

Charles dead.

There would be no funeral. Couldn't be. There would be photographs of her in all the papers. Thank God, it had happened in time—no, not that—poor, *poor* Charles!—that Osbert had heard in time; then, that she had come to know in time, that nobody knew how nearly she had come to making a fool of herself.

Charles dead.

She heard Osbert's laugh as the studio light was put out. The outer door was slammed. Into the shadowed street below there emerged presently two figures, who shone beneath a lamp-post and sauntered on out of sight.

Lynette stepped into the studio. She had reached the door when she remembered the portrait. She hesitated. By now Osbert would have reached King's Road. She switched on the light. The executors pay £250? No. There were tubes of paint handy. She squeezed out worms of colour over the painted face and spread them with a brush. His palette knife caught her eye. She picked it up and scraped. Scissors lay on a table. She used them as a dagger, then joined jagged hole to hole. In dripping tatters she left the canvas.

BACK home she found her note to Charles propped against his looking-glass. In the drawing-room grate she burnt it and beat its ashes into so fine a dust that it floated away and was deposited as a film.

Mrs. Rouse knocked, entered, stared, screwed up her eyes, came stumblingly forward and said:

"Oh, ma'am, I see you've not 'eard! You must be very brave for your pore baby's sake. Orton's with him, ma'am. The sweet mite's sound asleep."

Busts-up was making hideous faces.

"You mustn't give way, ma'am," said she and hiccoughed, ejaculated "Manners!" and burst into tears.

So, officially, did Lynette learn that she was a widow. Busts-up produced three evening newspapers. There was little in any of them. Presently Lynette was amazed to find herself seated on the sofa with Busts-up's motherly arm about her and Busts-up's murmured platitudes resounding in her ears.

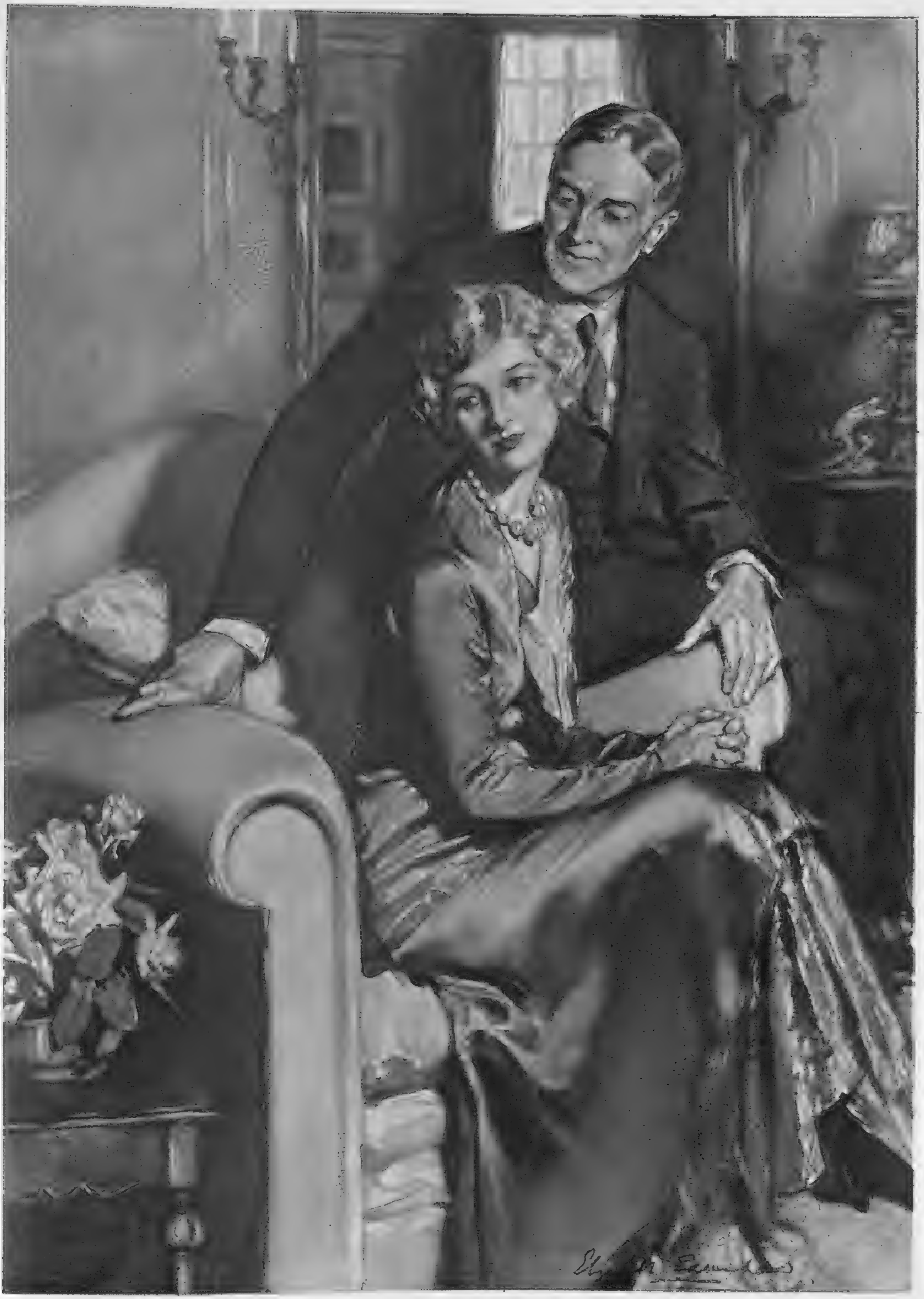
At last somebody unusually knocked. Busts-up lumbered up, went to the door, spoke in whispers with the footman, then came back to Lynette.

"Mrs. Belew, madam. But I'm sure you'd prefer——"

Lynette broke in. She wouldn't see anybody. Busts-up had upset her. She had begun to cry because Busts-up had kept on murmuring, "There, dearie, let the tears come. A good cry will do you a world of good. Don't keep 'em back, my poor lady."

Lynette curled up on the sofa. Busts-up put out all the lights but one—a heavily shaded

(*Continued on page* 120)



"I DID suspect the fellow," confessed Charles. "I was swine enough to—to wonder about you. Lynette, it's been worth it all to hear you tell that cur off. I—I've never been happier in my life"

This England . . .

TWO Devonshire beauty spots. *Above: Lynmouth. Right: Clovelly and its wooded cliffs*

In the Lorna Doone Country: Bagworthy Water

Camera Studies by J. Dixon-Scott

J. Dixon-Scott

E. O. Hoppe

OLD Houses at Exeter (left) provide, with the photograph below, a comparison in steps, Man's and Nature's. Above: Land's End

...of Ours

Redruthan Steps, Cornwall

J. Dixon-Scott

HIGH-HATS for the high heavens. Dr. Piccard (right) with Madame Piccard, their two children and M. Kipfer, the Professor's assistant, taken before the first and unsuccessful attempt on the Stratosphere

Stratoplaning with Piccard

By Ferdinand Tuohy

The Stratosphere

Term coined by Bort, a Frenchman, thirty years ago to indicate the space above the Cirrus, or cloud line (35,000 feet). Here the temperature is nearly constant at 60° below zero. There is no water vapour and human life is impossible. An altitude of 10 miles, Piccard says, is sufficient for present-day scientific research

NOW let us come up into the Stratosphere.

I have just been there for an hour with Professor Piccard, in his Brussels drawing-room, giving off the Avenue Lloyd George in the *Bois* quarter. Lots of people apparently thought at first that the Stratosphere was the aluminium globe into which Piccard and Kipfer crept prior to shooting up at 30 m.p.h. from Augsburg; and I was of this number, one of the "profane" ones (to use the Professor's own term), not of the Clan Sciences. However, school days reminded that before facing a professor, 'tis meet to cast an eye o'er one's subject, and so, as I strolled along the Avenue Lloyd George, I was able to run over the Stratosphere with a certain amount of assurance—certainly with more than ever was so in the case of Latin verse. Because one was keen about this Stratosphere, this *something new*, this getting away from a fuddled, muddled, quarrelling world. Had not the Professor himself whimsically pointed out, "At least we are the first to leave the earth—and return to it!" That was appetising enough of itself. Why ever come back to it? Without doubt, that must have run through the minds of all, or nearly all, who happened on the conceit. "You must miss the calm and tranquillity of the Stratosphere" was Burgomaster Max's way of putting it.

Did I say, "something new"? Of course, the Stratosphere is not new—that is where the "profane" comes in. Even the very word has existed thirty years, coined by a French *savant*, Bort, to indicate space above 35,000 feet, above the Cirrus, or highest cloud line, that ribbed, fluffy white ceiling we see on summer evenings. Below, the Trotosphere, whose moisture and atmospheric pressure enables us to carry on in this Vale, and where all can be violence in the ether, and change and uncertainty. Above, the Stratosphere, where only horizontal winds blow, whose temperature is nearly constant at sixty below zero, and whose air (or what there is of it) is crystal-clear. Definitely, one could say in or of the Stratosphere, "It's going to be fine next Tuesday—magnificent day."

THE man I should presently see did not "discover" this cricketing paradise for us. What he did do was to draw back the curtains, communicate to us profane ones, and so vividly, what men of science had so long mounted jealous guard over; and incidentally, I imagine, thrill us as no one of the air has done since Lindbergh. There was something splendid about this Professor, this family man, this laboratory bird, this kind of person we associate with test tubes and testiness and rows of figures, and proof that other persons could do wonderful things if they but dared, squeezing into his own contraption and showing us the way himself.

For twenty years Piccard had longed and striven for that day, and the certitude he brought to the experiment, far from subtracting from the heroism, only gave the latter added lustre. Behold a Man complete: a very high form of brain at the service of pure courage. To fling off half a bottle of whisky, kill six of the enemy, and single-handedly capture a machine-gun, is one form of bravery; here was another. And done to help; almost impersonally; to guide on the fervently served one. Had Piccard and his young aide, Kipfer, been shattered to

DID you scoff at Professor Piccard's balloon ascent? Some people did. Did you say "He only went up ten miles—why all this fuss?" Did you say "This vague talk about Cosmic Rays is just an excuse for a stunt by an eccentric theorist"? Are you one of those who think the "Stratosphere" is the aluminium globe in which the Professor and his assistant, parched and naked, escaped death by ten minutes? If so, read this article. It will amaze you, kindle your imagination, and set it soaring—with the long-distance airplane—on flights of Kiplingesque fancy which soon may be proven scientific fact

smithereens, which they very nearly were; had they suffocated gasping for air, which they very nearly also did, it would have been for Science. Serenely, the two went up to where human life was not sustainable, where lungs were useless. And what they went up in! I am 5 ft. 11 in., and could just stand up in it. It was shot with posts to cling to or holding (suspended direct from the balloon) the sort of tray on which the two aeronauts stood, the frail aluminium being thereby relieved of their joint weight, and what the interior of that sphere must have been like with all the gadgets in place, plus the two men and their trappings, can be imagined. A flying laboratory. Or, rather, a leaping one. For up that laboratory leapt, ten miles in under half an hour, after which it was to remain next thing to stationary for sixteen hours. Professor Piccard told me he only covered about 110 miles in that time, or a drift of eight miles an hour. Also, that he knew exactly where he was all the time, could see the earth, the Alps, constantly out of his nine portholes, though not the full 270 miles in every direction, which should be visible to the naked eye at this altitude, on account of mistiness below. Oncoming range of the Stratosphere.

To go up over London and see simultaneously Denmark, Touraine, Dublin, the Border.

But let us, first, recapture that rocketing ascent and subsequent pioneer occurrences in that wafer-thin

PROFESSOR Piccard and his assistant, Kipfer, shortly after their perilous adventure. The Professor has promised his wife (they have four young children) not to repeat the experiment

The Balloon

120 feet high: 99 feet across: capacity 14,000 cubic metres.

The Globe

or "Flying Laboratory." Half painted black, to attract sun's rays, half white. Thin aluminium, 7 feet in diameter. Set of instruments outside and in; former (100 yards of pipe, trickling alcohol, to generate electricity) to measure the density of Ions

The Ascent

10 miles in under half an hour. Then almost stationary for 16 hours. Distance covered 110 miles, or a drift of 8 m.p.h.

Scientific Quests—

1. The Density of Ions.

2. The Electrical State of the Atmosphere.

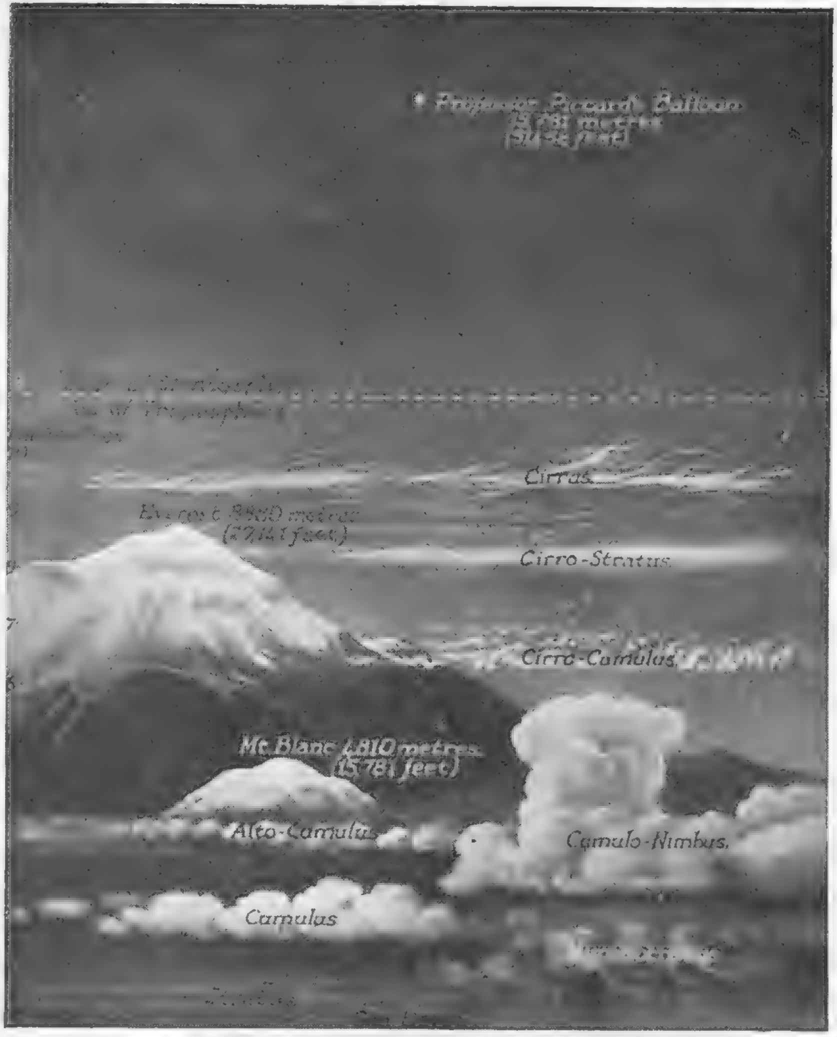
3. Cosmic Rays—what are they and whence do they come? Not from the Earth, but from above. Yet not of the Sun—probably not of the Stars, for preliminary results suggest that Cosmic Rays have their origin in matter of very little density because their secondary rays are longer at an altitude of 5 miles than at 10

aluminium globe of seven feet diameter, which was able to weather an atmospheric pressure one-tenth of our own.

PUT yourself in a lift going up at 30 m.p.h. Hardly the moment for calm analysis? Well, Piccard and Kipfer weren't exactly analysing either. They were busy with physical things. Unwell? No. Piccard is an experienced balloonist, with several Gordon Bennett ascents; Kipfer, a young man in the bloom of well-being. But they were knocked about, and in one of the swayings a barograph fell and smashed and its mercury ran out on the floor and *under* the floor on to the aluminium below, which its properties normally ate through and where the two men could not get at it. The tiniest hole and infiltration from without would bring gasping death.

For sixteen hours the occupants of the sphere had to face that prospect. But the possible breakage had been foreseen. Piccard had varnished over the bottom of the globe, and this held. Then, scare number two as the monster balloon—sixty yards high and thirty-three across—still shot skywards. A faint hissing. The two aeronauts glance swiftly at one another. Their ears begin to buzz. Quickly! Not a second to be lost. A leakage somewhere. The unbreathable "nothingness" without is creeping in. That air-lack, of death. The Professor and his aide swiftly search the aluminium with ears pressed close, cotton wool with vaseline in their hands. Ah! The Professor finds it—the hissing point. And dabs it. And the desperate hissing stops. And up they still shoot.

Now all is calm, stationary. It is four-thirty in the morning. Work. Over their instruments, in their laboratory suspended ten miles above us, these first humans to breathe and live outside of the zone heretofore allotted men, proceed as had they been in Brussels University. They shall stay up five hours. They are not chiefly or even closely concerned with future long-distance flying in the Stratosphere. The approach of that is already proved. Have not "sounding" balloons, with instruments attached, already been up over twenty miles? And has not the American Soucek actually already flown in the Stratosphere, just in? Still, he only stayed there for a moment, at a hundred miles an hour, and frozen and all covered with oxygen apparatus. Not much good, that. Here one could work leisurely in one's sphere. Einstein (ah, what an Einstein fan is Piccard!) had asked for so many data. The super-Newton should have all that could be got. (That data is not yet published, so I am mercifully absolved from floundering.) Piccard is really interested in the electrical side, and his intended researches have caused him to install two sets of instruments, inside and outside the sphere respectively. He desires to know, very specially, the density of ions, the electrical state of the air outside his balloon; and later, at differing heights, as he descends. These measurements will bear upon the mystery of cosmic rays. Those are what he is really after. What are they? Whence do they come? In order to quench them, the American Millikan had to bury a vase, containing air, 150 ft. below water in a lake of the Andes, equivalent to saying that the rays could penetrate up to five solid yards of lead, and which also meant that the rays did not come from earth: extinction resulting from vertical immersion. They came from above. As the rays are present by day and night they are not of the sun; as the state of the stellar heavens does not affect them they are probably not of the stars. Probably not. That is one of the things Piccard wants more data on. As the rays are proven of the ether, not of the earth, Piccard will go up, up, to inquire into them—not down, down, as Millikan did, only to get farther and farther away from the hidden force, until extinction came. Piccard will get nearer, nearer. He takes up a variant of the vase inside the sphere. And, in order to assess the electrical condition without, several million volts different from within the sphere, he trails a hundred-yard-long pipe, trickling alcohol as a generator. As they descend presently, up will come through that pipe electrical current which he will be able to check with his instruments.



A DIAGRAM by Rudaux, the French astronomer of Professor Piccard's balloon ascent. The balloon is shown one quarter its right size. The Troposphere (about 35,750 ft.) is that part of the atmosphere in contact with the earth's surface and contains water-vapour, and, at known levels, the various kinds of clouds, compared in the diagram with the summits of Mt. Everest and Mt. Blanc. The figures on the left represent heights above sea-level in kilometres. A kilometre is, roughly, five-eighths of a mile

Meanwhile it grows oppressively hot in the sphere. One-tenth of this heat emanates from the bodies of the men themselves. A good deal of the balance, which had not been expected, comes from a fault in construction plus ignorance of the solar temperature at such a height. Black attracts heat. Piccard painted half his sphere black, the other half (making for cold) white. He had hoped to be able to make his sphere revolve by means of a machine:

The Risks They Ran—

1. Corrosive Mercury from a broken barograph ran under the floor. The smallest hole in the aluminium meant gasping death. Luckily the varnish held.

2. Leakage in the aluminium fabric of the globe.

3. Faults in construction of the globe. Machinery to make it revolve did not work. Temperature 100° Fahrenheit. Water supply exhausted.

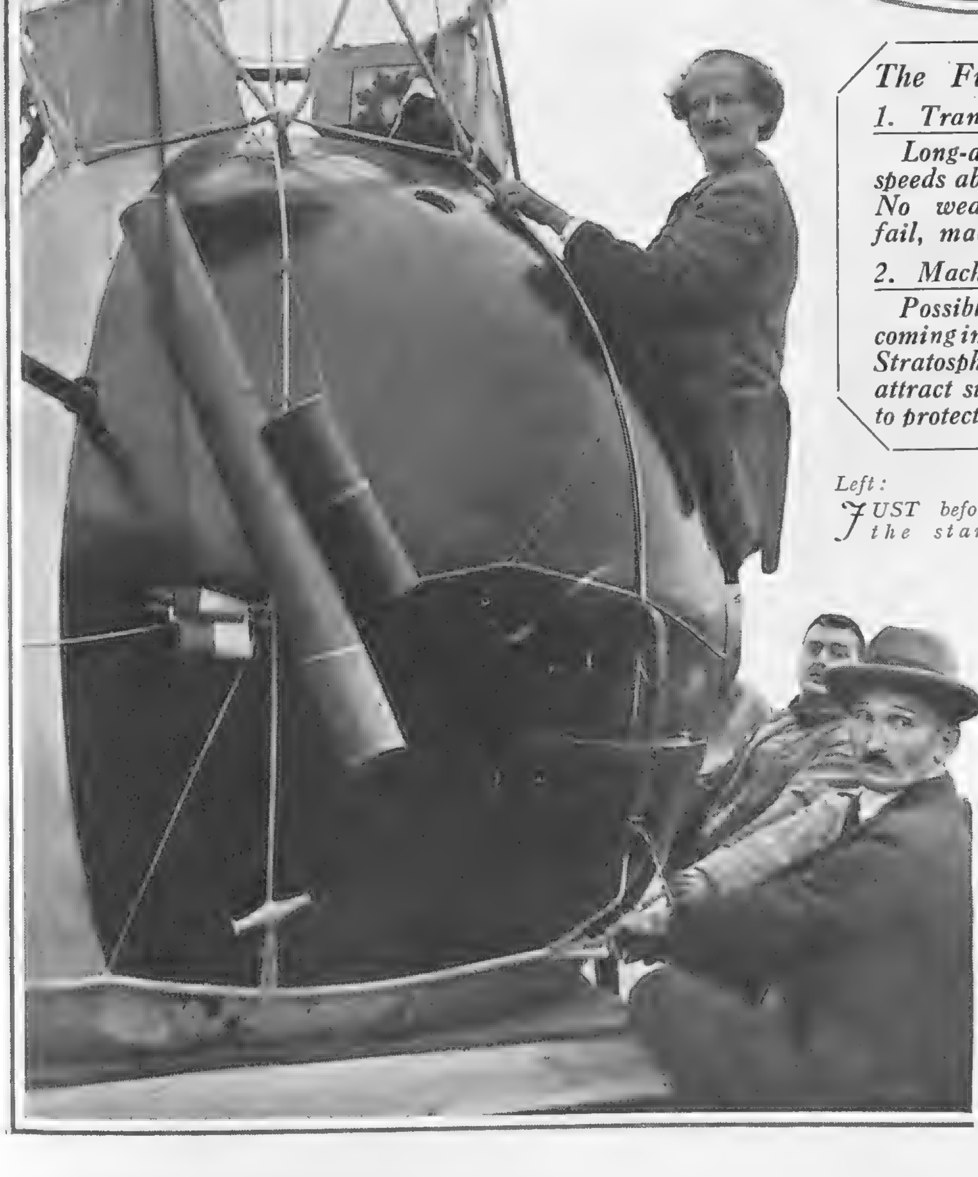
4. Gas-release valve cord did not work. Death escaped by 10 minutes.

a temperate mixture of warmth and coolness alternately resulting as first the black faced the sun, then the white. The revolving machine does not work; and for long hours they remain with the black facing the sun, drawing in heat all the time. The thermometer reaches 100 degrees Fahrenheit. They have drunk their scanty supply of water. Already they are parched. They strip. And, perspiring, continue their investigations. Never mind! Soon, at ten o'clock, they will be coming down. Slowly, and taking soundings on the way, through their dangling tube. The data Einstein wants.

Right:
A GLIMPSE of Professor Piccard through one of the nine portholes in the wafer-thin aluminium globe

TEN A.M. They are pretty well played out. The cord of the valve is pulled. It does not work. Attempt to put a finger outside and the sphere and all within it would be blown to Kingdom Come in the rarefied atmosphere. There is nothing to do but wait until the balloon descends in the normal way. And that does not occur until nearly nightfall. All day long Piccard and Kipfer crouch naked and doing nothing, their tongues swollen compulsorily in the hot room of a Turkish bath, as it were, but the atmosphere—kept breathable on the same system as in the submarine—ever growing fouler. Fortunately, an extra supply of oxygen has been brought, as a last thought, or they would have died about tea time. However—they may die yet, and so Piccard compiles rough notes and writes to the mother of his four young children. They came to within ten minutes of dying. Piccard told me that. Had they reached the 12,000 feet line, where they were able to open their portholes and breathe, ten minutes later, it would have been too late. After that, "it was easy." They came down in Tyrol, hopped a glacier (who said Piccard was not an expert aeronaut?), sucked down snow, slept in their sphere, and were perilously trying to gain a village below next morning when they were espied. The world had given them up for dead. "Foolhardiness."

(*Continued on page 91*)



Left:
JUST before the start

The Future and the Stratosphere—

1. Trans-Continental Flight.

Long-distance aircraft flying at colossal speeds above the breathing line (12,000 feet). No weather vagaries. But—if engines fail, machine blown to bits.

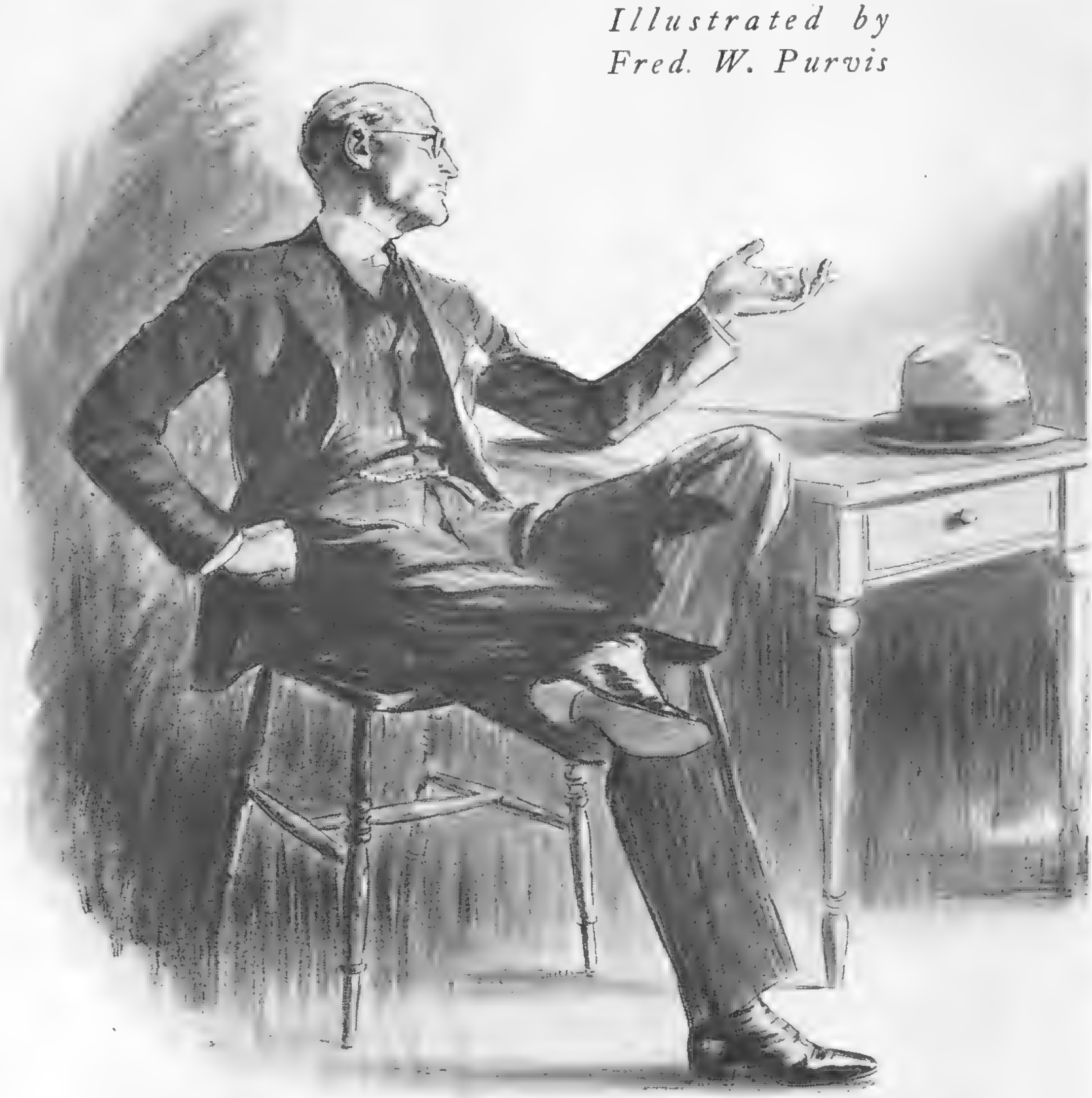
2. Machines of the Future.

Possibly half-aeroplane, half-rocket, latter coming in with effect of a super-charger when Stratosphere is reached. Must be all black to attract sun's rays. Special devices necessary to protect passengers from intense cold.

The Racketeers

A *modern* Melodrama of B*roken* Hearts, S*tolen* Cars *and* Blackmail, *in* which Cupid *and* Chance *play* their *own* game *of* "Smash *and* Grab"

Illustrated by
Fred. W. Purvis



OUT of the heart of London came a car, a sleek black panther of a car, travelling fast but warily, nosing its way with effortless rushes through the baulking traffic of the city into the afternoon sunshine. The hard-faced young man at the wheel was its only occupant.

He turned the car out of the Fulham Road, twisting it this way and that through narrow, cheap streets, between rows of little red houses cut from the same pattern and glued together; until he drew up at last in a deserted *cul-de-sac* before two high and decrepit doors across which was painted an old partly obliterated sign: "Jno. Faithfull, Builder and Decorator." And here he let the klaxon speak, in two sharp, staccato barks.

Immediately there was a noise of bolts being drawn, and the two decrepit doors swung outwards suddenly, and as suddenly were closed again as the car was thrust past them. The driver switched off his engine and crawled out.

Mr. Faithfull's covered yard was large enough to have held perhaps half a dozen of his vans; but Mr. Faithfull had long since departed, leaving only some of the refuse of his trade piled against the leaky walls. In a corner facing the door stood a long grey Mercédès touring car, a "*type* SS, Grand Sports." It seemed to crouch there sullenly, as though enraged at finding itself in a small builder's and decorator's yard instead of outside the Palm Beach Casino at Cannes, for example. Oh, yes, cars have their feelings right enough. . . .

The man at the door finished with the bolts and came across. He was a tall, spare, slightly bald man. His clothes were neat and unfashionable; he wore that outward sign of a certain respectability, a stout gold watch-chain across his waistcoat. He might have been a cashier of an old City business; in fact, he would have been if some of the cash had not stuck to his fingers. Mr. John Marriner wore glasses, not because he was shortsighted, but because he was sharp enough to realise that they helped to veil an incongruous and perilous feature: he had a gambler's eyes, those cold eyes that apparently never sleep.

"I got a good one, boss," said the driver of the car. Name of Bert Thomas, one of a million other Berts and a million other chauffeurs. That and no more. Not much intelligence. But Marriner had the intelligence.

"Yes," he answered. "Where from, Bert?"

"St. James's Square. I watched a bloke leave it. He asked if it could stay more than two hours. See? The park man went away round the square, and I takes a smart walk and comes back and jumps in and off. Good for a coupla hours, see?"

"I see."

"Where'd the Merc come from?"

"Jerry just brought it in."

"Too flashy-looking," said Bert Thomas. "They'll be after that quick."

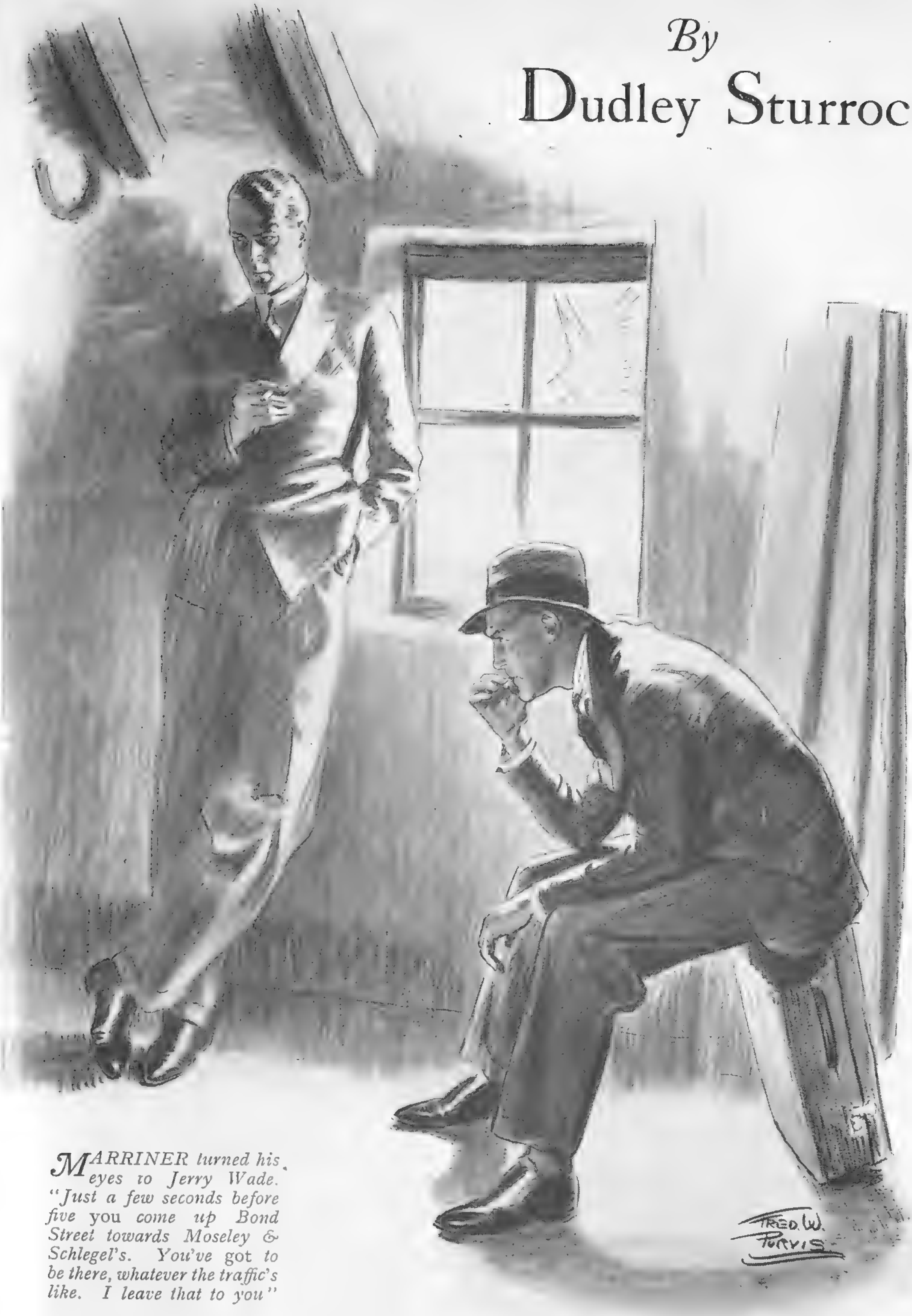
"Not till the Yank who owns it comes back from Paris. Jerry's been watching it. Took it from a lock-up."

"Oh!"

"Come upstairs," said Marriner rather peremptorily. He moved away to a ricketty ladder by the wall and mounted it. Bert Thomas followed him. They entered a small loft, one behind the other, stooping at the door.

HERE, in what had been Mr. Faithfull's office, a young man sat on a bare table swinging his legs. A capable-looking and athletically built young man, wearing an old but well-cut flannel suit. A pleasant enough face. But, again, the eyes betrayed it, although they differed noticeably from Marriner's. He

By
Dudley Sturrock



MARRINER turned his eyes to Jerry Wade. "Just a few seconds before five you come up Bond Street towards Moseley & Schlegel's. You've got to be there, whatever the traffic's like. I leave that to you"

smiled with his lips when the two entered, but his eyes remained bitter, reckless, terribly weary. Weary from looking back along the countless centuries that separated him from Trinity and those other remote places peopled by his own world. . . .

"Hullo, Jerry!" said Bert Thomas.

"Hullo," Jerry Wade answered. He slid from the table and stood up, and Marriner took the only chair, sitting down briskly.

"Now, Bert," he said. "You picked a good car?"

"Oh, yeah. A peach!"

"Talk English," Jerry Wade cut in. "If you ever get to America you'll be able to teach them their own lingo."

"If you ever get to America," Marriner commented, "you'll starve to death on this racket, both of you."

"Perhaps," said Jerry Wade. "What's the car, Bert?"

"Six-litre saloon, black."

Jerry Wade wrinkled his forehead very slightly. "I don't know that I like six-litre saloons."

"Why?" Marriner snapped.

"I don't know. Too conspicuous, perhaps."

"Rubbish! There's dozens of them about. You ain't driving it anyway. Going yellow?"

"No," said Jerry Wade thoughtfully, "I'm not going yellow. At least, I don't think so."

Marriner took out his respectable gold watch from his waistcoat pocket and glanced at it. "Three-thirty. Well . . . Listen here now. This jewellers' shop. Moseley & Schlegel. Know it, Bert?"

"Yes. Bond Street."

"At one minute to five you pull the six-litre up as near the end of Grosvenor Street as you can."

"Facing which way?" Bert Thomas asked.

"Towards the Park, you fool. Ain't you got to make a getaway? Or were you thinking of——"

"All right, all right."

Marriner, the capable business man, tapped his fingers on the table. "You jump out and go into the tobacconist's there for a packet of fags. Why? It gives you a *reason*. People don't sit about in cars for nothing near jewellers' shops. Get that?"

"Yes."

"You've got the right change handy, see? You come out back to the car just on five o'clock." Marriner turned his eyes to Jerry Wade. "At the same time, just a few seconds before five, *you* come up Bond Street in that Mercédès towards Moseley & Schlegel's. You've *got* to be there, whatever the blasted traffic's like. I leave that to you. And you *don't* shout 'Cheerioh!' to Bert when you see him either!"

"Don't be funny," Jerry Wade said coolly. "Carry on."

"Well, I'm walking quietly up towards Moseley & Schlegel's. I'm *there*. *You're* there in the Merc. Bert's round the corner in the 'six.' All set. I take out the one-inch spanner from under my coat and crash the window just in front of that tray of sparklers—the second tray—and grab as much as I can. There was five thousand quids' worth there an hour ago. You, Jerry——"

"Yes?"

"You've *got* to get that Mercédès close to me and make your getaway. Over, or through or under. Any blasted how, see?"

"I see. And if the street's blocked? I mean I can't get through a London General."

"That's what Bert's for. If you're stuck, I run to Bert." Marriner twisted round to Bert Thomas and frowned. "Oh! I'd forgotten . . . Your door's just open, Bert. See? It's just those little things. . . . You make for the Bath Road by-pass. Staines. Out to the New Forest. Whichever car I don't take follows. A man I know in Bournemouth—he don't know you two, don't worry—meets us there in his Hillman. We dump the two big cars in the Forest, and lie up till morning. Then we drive to Folkestone, put the Hillman on the Southern cargo-boat and cross in *that*. Todd's got the Hillman cleaned for France. Passports are all in order. We leave this blasted yard for good. And there's a man in Amsterdam who's waiting for those sparklers. Cash. It ought to work," Marriner said judicially, tapping his fingers again. "The police don't know us—*yet*. It's got to go slick though."

Jerry Wade moved towards the door.

"Where are you going?" Marriner called after him.

"To look at those cars."

Jerry went down the ladder and Marriner sat tapping his fingers. They heard Jerry walk across the yard below and stop.

"Good kid," said Bert Thomas earnestly.

Marriner looked up.

"Well . . . may be too good for us."

"Aw, he's not like that."

"I don't mean that. . . . Anyway, you picked a driver when you brought *him* in, Bert. He can certainly cut fancy figures with a car, that boy."

"He was too good to be washin' cars in a garage, like he was when I found him, boss. And he's straight. He won't double-cross us, boss."

"Worrying over something, isn't he?" Marriner asked, shooting a keen look at Bert Thomas. "That landlady's daughter, perhaps, Bert?"

"How do you know about that?"

"I went there with him once."

"Well, it ain't that," Bert Thomas said slowly. "There's nothing in that racket, believe me. If anything's eating Jerry, it's something you and I don't know of. *And* we won't be told, neither."

"Well, he hasn't let us down yet, Bert. Not at Putney. Nor on that Lewisham show. But this is bigger. Well, I don't know."

Marriner looked at his watch again. Jerry Wade came up the ladder. His face was colourless and he flung a question at Bert Thomas before he was off the ladder.

"Where'd you get that car, that saloon?"

"I told you. St. James's Square. A guy and a swell Jane."

"Oh, talk sense."

"Well . . . a man and a girl, a good-looker, left it."

Marriner stood up, frowning. "What the hell, Jerry——"

"Look here," said Jerry Wade. "You want me for this job, I suppose?"

"Haven't I been telling you?"

"I mean you're counting on me?"

"Of course. Do you think," Marriner said scathingly, "I can go out and hire a driver from Harrods?"

"Very well. Then I'm going to drive the six-litre."

"Why? Bert can't manage the Merc."

"Sez you!" Bert Thomas retorted.

But Marriner was silent, watching Jerry Wade.

"I can't tell you any more," said Jerry. "Except that if it wasn't for double-crossing you, I'd drop the thing now, and take that six-litre back. I won't do that. But I must drive that car myself."

Marriner hesitated. "All right," he said suddenly.

"And after this," Jerry Wade went on, "I'm leaving this racket."

"What is it, Jerry?" Marriner asked in a surprisingly quiet voice. "We'll chuck it now, if you like. You want your nerve for this job. Looks to me as if yours is dicky just now."

"No. Why the hell I care I don't know. I'll go through with it. But if you don't jump in the six-litre, it's good-bye. I shan't follow you. You can divide the stuff between you."

"I'll get yours to you," said Marriner. "I'll find you, somehow."

"Are you threatening me? Well, I don't care——"

"Why, no, boy. If you want to be left alone, we'll leave you alone. There's no double-crossing here. Is there, Bert?"

"No," said Bert Thomas. "There ain't."

Jerry Wade laughed suddenly. "You're an odd bloke, Marriner, but I like you. I'll be there at Grosvenor Street at 4.59. Buying gaspers."

Marriner nodded, and took out his watch for the third time. "Well, I must be catching a bus for Bond Street. So long."

He went quietly down the ladder.

JERRY WADE drove quietly towards Grosvenor Street.

"Why should I care?" he asked himself. "Why should I care?"

FRED W. PURVIS

"*I SUPPOSE you make heroes of splendid, reckless gunmen with haloes*

For a moment he took his eyes from the road to glance at a little nickel plate, inscribed with a name and address, in a corner of the facia-board :

MRS. BURTON LASKER,
15, BATH STREET,
LONDON, W.1,
ENGLAND.

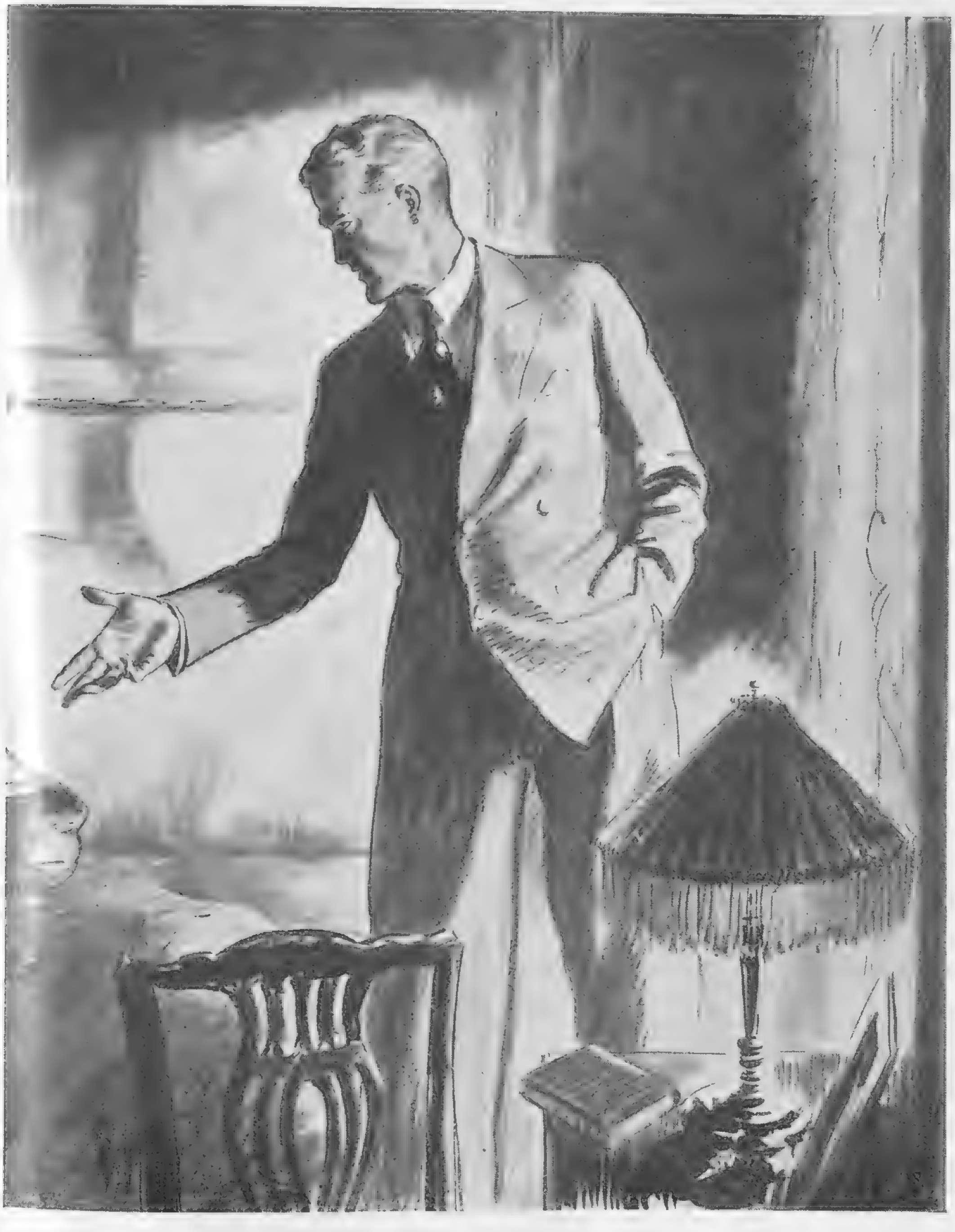
" But I do care," he said savagely. " Like hell ! "

Grosvenor Street was fairly clear of traffic. Jerry drove down slowly, turned his car, and stopped it facing up towards the Square. Ten yards behind him lay Bond Street. Pretty crowded, he thought, but not too bad. He got out and went into the tobacconist's ; bought some cigarettes with a shilling ready in his hand. But this did not appear to be necessary ; as he came out the point policeman in Bond Street was not looking in his direction. He glanced at his wrist-watch as he stepped into the car. Just on five o'clock. The policeman's arm dropped, and the traffic surged past. Three buses, roaring on low gear, then came the Mercédès. The gears of the long grey car were changed, steel jarring against steel until they meshed.

" Oh, Bert, Bert ! " Jerry muttered. " Bad boy ! You'll never learn to handle these big fellows."

He pressed his clutch and slid his lever into first.

Over the thunder of the traffic came a sudden, loud crash of shattered glass. Shouts . . . An urgent, horrific roar of a great engine . . . A woman's agonised scream . . . More shouting, and a police whistle . . . Sounds of running feet . . . Shrieking brakes, then the roar of the engine again, opened wide. Jerry Wade waited a few seconds longer. In case Marriner wanted him. No one took any notice of him ; the point policeman had disappeared. In those few moments the tremendous note of the Mercédès dwindled, faded, sank to a distant drumming, was merged in the lower chord of London. Jerry Wade let in his clutch.



fellows like me. You think we're
of revolver smoke over our heads"

WHEN dusk fell that evening Jerry Wade was sitting in the window of his shabby ground-floor bedroom, in a shabby lodging house behind Victoria. His head was propped up on his right hand, and he looked out with his bitter eyes on to the sleek black car standing against the kerb. How or why he had driven back to that dingy room, when every instinct of safety should have warned him to get rid of the car, he didn't know. His brain was numb : so dead to the outside world that a tap at the door of his room never stirred him. But at a second tap he raised his head.

" Come in," he said.

The door was opened and a girl stood with her hand on the knob.

" Hullo, Molly."

" Would you like some tea, Jerry ? "

" No, thanks."

" Shall I turn on the light ? "

" No."

The girl stood quite still. She was pretty ; white-faced, rather, with big restive eyes ; dressed in a plain cheap black frock that clung round the lines of a pretty figure.

" Can I come in, Jerry ? "

" Oh, yes," he said absently. He got up and stood, hands in pockets, looking away from her.

" Jerry—— "

" Yes ? "

She came in and shut the door.

" Jerry, what is it ? What's wrong ? "

" Nothing, Molly."

" Oh, yes, there is," she said quietly. " What is it ? Oh, what is it ? "

Jerry Wade glanced at her. " Molly, I'm going away."

Her big eyes flinched. She asked in a small, passionate voice : " Where, Jerry ? "

" I don't know. Just away. Anywhere. I'm chucking all this."

" All this ? " she repeated. " And—me ? "

There was a long pause. The girl shook her head suddenly, fiercely, as if throwing off a blow.

" Jerry," she said. " Take me with you."

Jerry Wade stared at her.

" Yes, take me with you."

" But—why ? There's been nothing like that, Molly."

" I know."

" I *can't*, Molly."

She just stood there, silently, her slim body pleading with him.

" I can't," he repeated gently. " You've been a good pal to me. Going out with me. Pictures and all that. You don't know it, but —sometimes you've saved me from suicide, Molly. You know what I am, don't you ? "

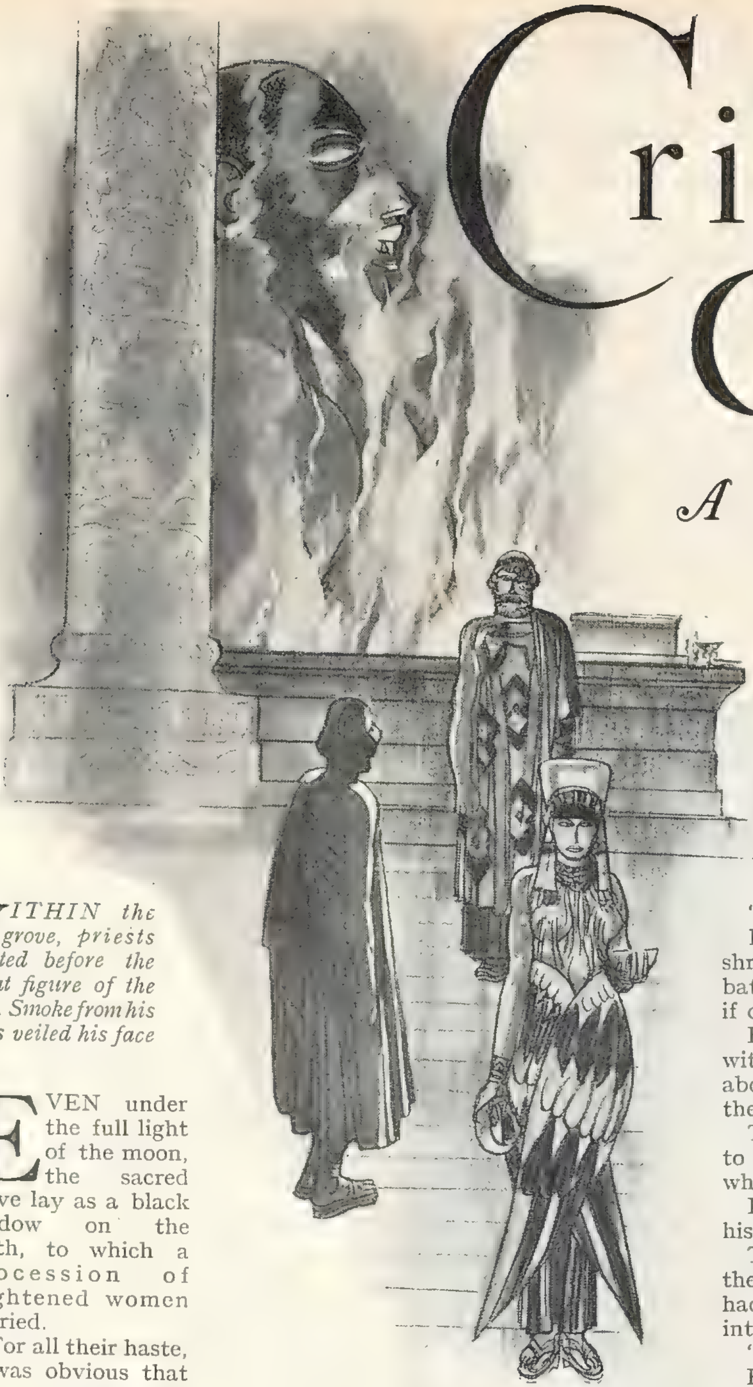
She nodded faintly. " Yes, Jerry. You've told me things. And when you brought Marriner here, I—I didn't like his eyes."

" Well, then . . . why do you want to go with me ? " His voice rose savagely. " I suppose you make heroes of fellows like me. You think we're splendid, reckless gunmen with haloes of revolver smoke over our heads. Well, we're *not*. I don't carry a gun. I'm not even as big as that. I'm just a dirty little sneak-thief. This is life, Molly, (*Continued on page 92*)

Crisis at Carthage

A drama of Suspense and two-fold Sacrifice when Baal's Altars ran red with Blood

By Fletcher Allen



WITHIN the grove, priests waited before the great figure of the god. Smoke from his fires veiled his face

Illustrated by Spurrier

EVEN under the full light of the moon, the sacred grove lay as a black shadow on the earth, to which a procession of frightened women hurried.

For all their haste, it was obvious that only a panic urge overcame their reluctance, for they carried children in their arms.

Each knew she would return empty-handed. Baal was demanding sacrifice, and this time brooked no deception; no slave children might be substituted. The city was in peril, her enemy sweeping through the country, drawing ever nearer.

Within the grove, priests waited before the great figure of the god. Smoke from his fires veiled his face, his outstretched arms offered a cruel embrace. His ministers bowed before him as they advanced to meet the oncoming women, and with insane tenderness took their children.

The shadows echoed with wailing. There was no other sound, nothing of triumph, nothing of derision. No voice spoke in consolation. The priests were silent.

In his palace, overlooking the two harbours, the admiral watched the dark outline of his fleet that lay manned and ready, waiting for news.

On the walls sentries paced, scanning the distant hills for beacons, and below in their stone stalls elephants and horses grew restless, sensing the strain upon their masters.

Ten thousand men stood idle, waiting for orders, but none came.

Soldiers returning from the sanctuary trod slowly along the streets, not speaking, offering no salute. The light of the moon glinted on their short swords, their bracelets and their necklaces.

Suddenly, none knew how or whence it came, the whisper began to spread:

"Baal is displeased!"

It carried to the admiral, who, blunt seaman that he was, shrugged his shoulders. He was for action. There had been battles won in the face of the god's displeasure, might be again if only the council would act.

He looked again at his ships, great, high-banked triremes, with the crews in place, the officers ready, and the troops aboard, and, as if he would speed the command, turned towards the city on the hill.

The dull red glow of clustered braziers told him all he wished to know. The Committees were still arguing, trying to decide who should command if Barca persisted in his refusal.

He knew well enough that Barca was difficult to replace, but his obstinacy could so easily be overcome.

The admiral let his thoughts run. He would put an end to the delay, if only they would give him a free hand, even if he had to drag the woman by the hair of her head and throw her into Barca's arms.

"Baal is displeased!"

He laughed scornfully, but the whisper spread. The sentries heard it, the soldiers repeated it among themselves, to their disheartening. Elephants trumpeted and horses whinnied in their stables in the walls.

THE city was still, still as a hare in long grass waiting for the falcon to strike.

The "Hundred and Four" heard it. The "Thirty" heard it, but it made no difference to them. They had told the priests to whisper it, in the hope that that might make some difference to Barca.

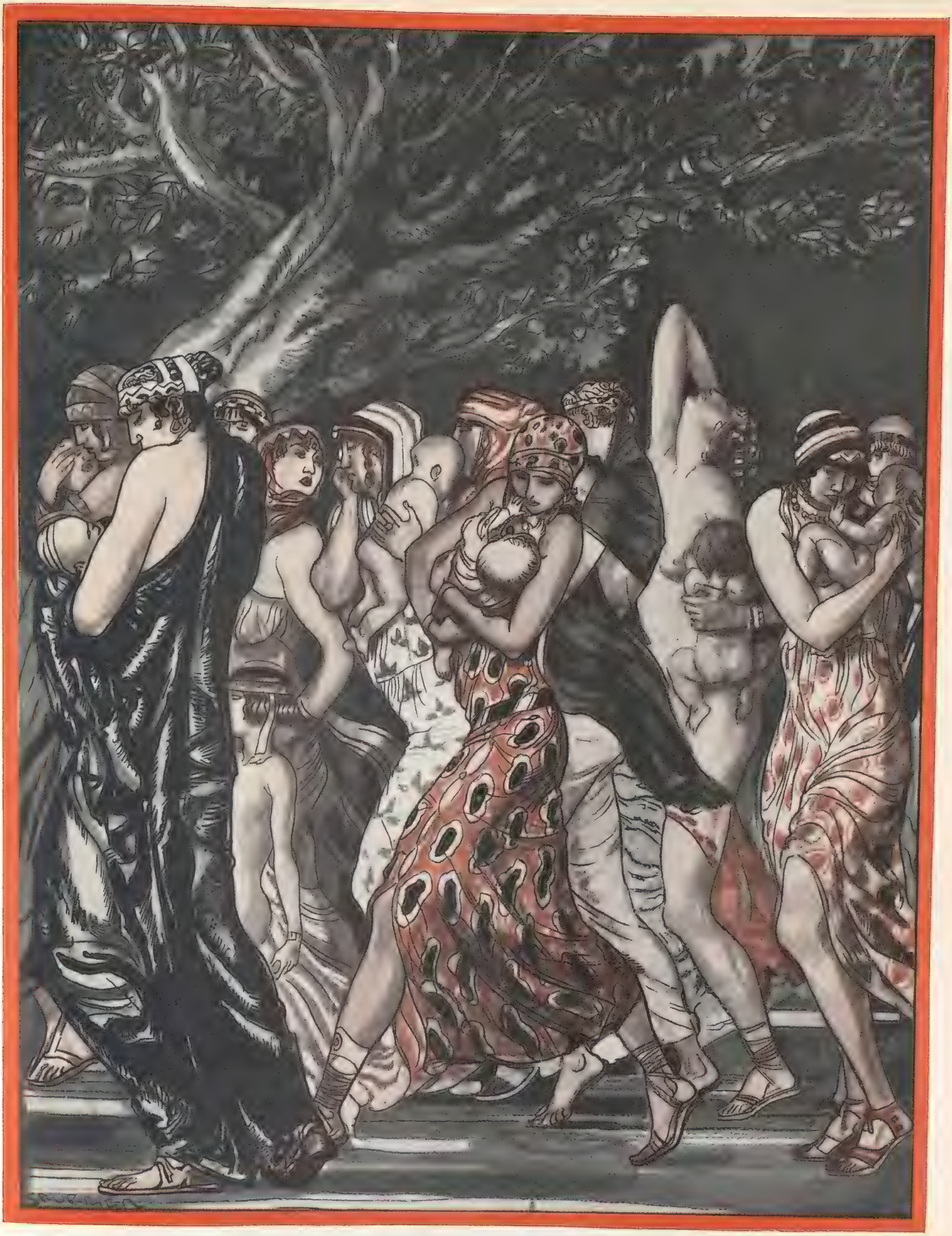
Barca heard it, and scorned his ears. He was of the Hundred and Four, and knew the tricks of politics and priesthood. Religion was only a bit of statecraft, a useful rope to bind the common people more closely to their burdens. He could tell all that had gone to the making of the whisper, even the wailing women carrying children to sacrifice.

The picture of that procession almost moved him; but not quite. For a moment there stirred in him an old passion nearly strong enough to overcome the new. He had an instant pity, forgetting himself and the strange lethargy that had descended on him; the lethargy of obsession, the obsession of Miriam.

He sank back into indifference, stretched his legs, eased his jewelled sword-belt, threw his sword on to the cushions. Carthage meant nothing to him, the enemy less.

In the place of meeting the Governors were divided in advice.

The Judges were for sacrificing Barca, since he would not act, but the merchants, remembering their ships at sea and their foreign trade, protested that the army would follow no other leader, while Barca could rouse them to heroism.



FOR all their haste, it was obvious that only a panic urge overcame their reluctance, for they carried children in their arms

"He has their imagination," said Mago.

"And none of his own!" retorted Hanno.

Hanno would have been wiser in silence, for his words only served to underline the thoughts in many minds.

"Imagination enough to brood, Hanno!" said one. "Imagination that could be roused!"

The old man turned away, seeking to escape the obvious counsel that he knew would follow.

"I leave you to decide," he said. "Meanwhile I go to prepare for victory or defeat. If Barca may stand in idleness, superior to command or entreaty, and his idleness leaves you impotent, there is only one course for the prudent. My ships sail for Tyre with the day."

At that they were of one mind.

"Your ships!" said one. "But what of the passengers? Miriam among them, naturally?"

"Naturally!" laughed Hanno, parting his beard with both hands. "If Barca may put his personal desires before the rights of the city, am I not to do the same?"

A chorus of protest and of faint-hearted agreement met Hanno's sarcastic rejoinder, for there were some who felt that the virgin whim of one woman should be disregarded, and others who, having daughters of their own, were not so definite.

They knew, all of them, the inwardness of Barca's irresolution: his mad desire and Miriam's aloofness.

The city had laughed, when laughter was easy, at her retort to the General:

"You thread women for a necklace as I thread cornelians!"

Rumour said that she had thrown a cornelian at him, that he might inspect it; a cornelian as yet unpierced. And with it an added taunt:

"That is to look at—not to wear!"

Rumour was well founded. Miriam had done just that. Barca had no attraction for her. His genius in warfare left her unmoved.

She saw no reason to believe that a service for which he was already well paid should justify his cool assurance that she would enter his household, even though he insisted that she should be chief among his women.

Besides, hers was a family in no way second to his. When she left one household for another it would not be in the manner suggested by Barca. And it would be at the call of youth.

Even while the General sulked in his palace and the Committees were bustling her father, she was thinking over the scenes that had gone before, wondering.

FROM the upper rooms she looked down on the city, and saw the shadows of men moving about the streets, the throngs of soldiers, the braziers and the torch-bearers standing by the Council House.

Two companies of men appeared as she watched. The soldiers saluted, the torch-bearers arranged themselves.

She saw the groups move forward, one towards Barca's palace, the other coming her way.

When she realised that they were actually bound for the palace, she called her maids.

"My father has companions," she said. "Prepare food and wine!" She herself paid attention to her adornment.

A robe of white, copied from statuary that Hanno's ships had brought from Greece, was caught round her waist in a girdle of gold and lapis lazuli, high-laced sandals of soft purple leather left her feet naked. She added colour to her toes, and, regarding herself in a mirror of polished gold, brushed kohl under her eyes till she was satisfied by their brilliance.

Powder, perfume, and a gold fillet for her hair completed her toilet.

She smiled at her own reflection, aware of her beauty in an impersonal fashion, glad enough of it, for beauty was as important in a woman as in jewels or statuary. They were the adornment of the city.

But she felt no more kindly disposed to Barca because he had been so drawn to her beauty as to wish to possess it.

Old men with eyes for youth did not please her.

In time to receive her father and his friends, she left her table and descended.

The group at the entrance saw her as she stood on the half-landing, and Mago, who should be the spokesman, trembled.

Hanno, advancing, called her.

"Come down, my daughter!" he said softly, and forewarned by his tone, she drew near, making an obeisance to the Shofete, who still wore the robes of his office.

Mago, when they reached the inner room, bade her be seated.

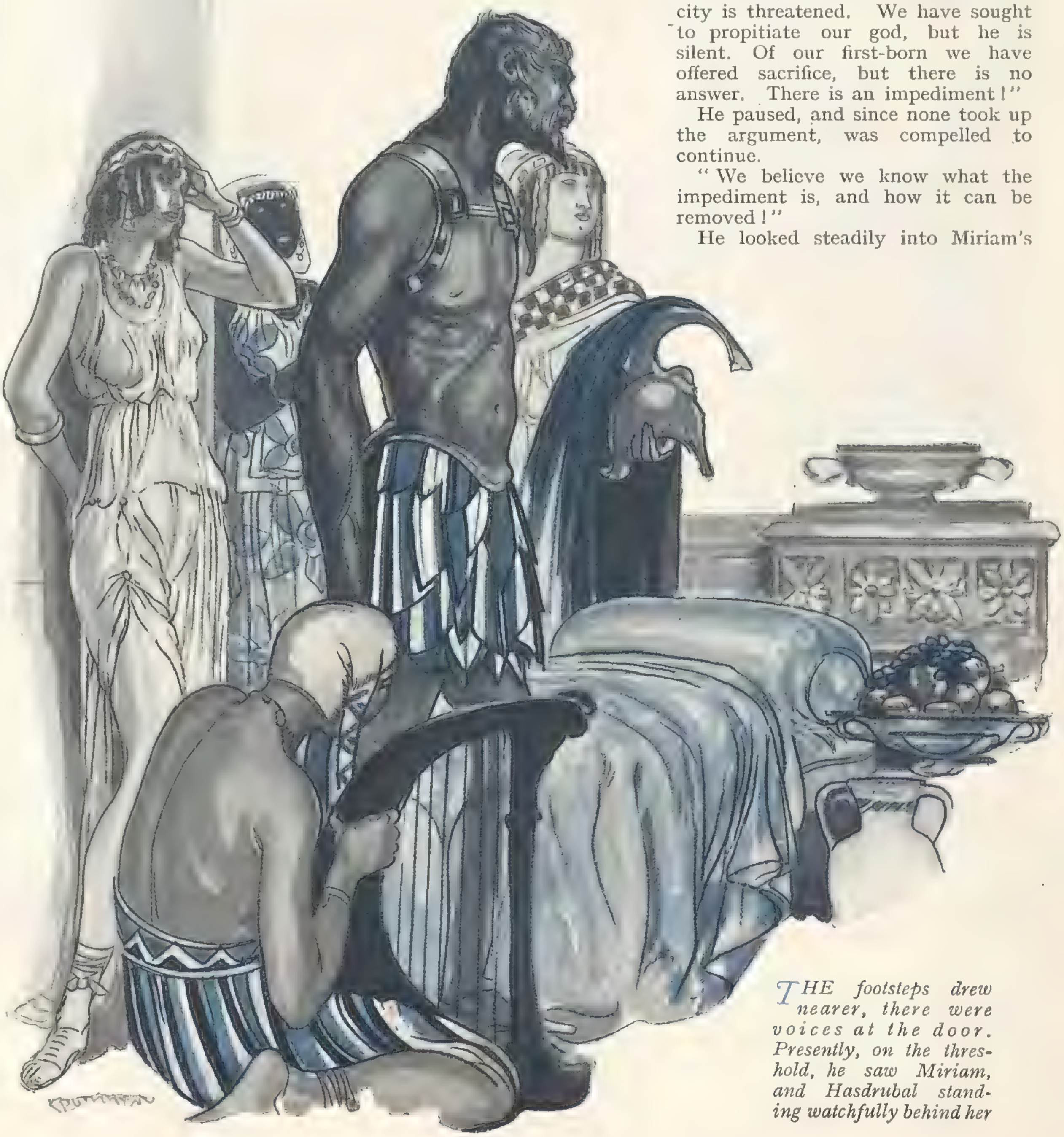
She obeyed his command, looking first at her father for consent, for no woman sat in the presence of the kingly Judge when he appeared in state.

"Yes," interposed Mago, interpreting her glance. "We come to entreat, not to command. Our city is threatened. We have sought to propitiate our god, but he is silent. Of our first-born we have offered sacrifice, but there is no answer. There is an impediment!"

He paused, and since none took up the argument, was compelled to continue.

"We believe we know what the impediment is, and how it can be removed!"

He looked steadily into Miriam's



THE footsteps drew nearer, there were voices at the door. Presently, on the threshold, he saw Miriam, and Hasdrubal standing watchfully behind her eyes, holding her by his intensity, while, without hesitation, he told her what the Committees had resolved.

"We have confidence in one man only to bring our arms to success," he said. "And that man is Barca. That he might be moved to assume command we have done what we could. Yet he withdraws. Nothing stirs him, but we believe you could rouse him."

Very steady were his eyes. Mago had no foolish prejudices. Had Miriam been his own daughter he would not even have condescended to explain.

As he told Hanno before they left the Council:

"I would have carried her in my own arms to his bed!"

Miriam listened, and waited till he had finished speaking.

"You believe that I am greater than Carthage?" she demanded then, with equal directness. "That what Barca will not do for love of the city he may do as a payment for another woman in his train. That is too great an honour! Or do you mean that I am of more weight in our destiny than the will of Baal?"

Himilcar, a straightforward old trader who had travelled much and had seen many gods, laughed. He put little store by Baal in a crisis. Rather he leaned to more human agencies, although he admired the cunning of the girl.

"Leave the gods out of it, Miriam," he interrupted. "When a man is cold he needs warmth. When he is sick of desire, there is only one cure. Barca is sick of desire for you. It is the decision of the Council that for the sake of the city you shall play physician to him."

Straight-spoken Himilcar, however, was not left unchallenged. Rilca, the High Priest, might accept the truth unstated, for he was a practical man and valued his office, but when Baal was publicly flouted, protest was incumbent upon him. He had visions of Miriam chattering with her women. He knew her mocking tongue. She had a nice gift of mimicry.

"Himilcar blasphemed before Rilca, and the High Priest was dumb."

That must not happen. He turned with a frown to the trader and with an explanatory gesture to Miriam.

"The gods may not be left out of it, my daughter," he corrected. "Barca is favoured of the gods. Their silence may well be because of the ingratitude of a city that denies him a just reward."

HIMILCAR, aware of the cleverness of the High Priest, nodded in agreement. Rilca smiled forgiveness, but resolved to find opportunity for private conversation with Himilcar. Such outbursts, especially at a time of useless sacrifice, might be uncomfortable.

"And I am the reward?" asked Miriam.

"It is the belief of the Council that you are," continued Rilca, determined that he should henceforward be spokesman.

Miriam looked to her father.

Mago, reading her glance, explained:

"The will of the Council is law," he said; but the girl believed she understood the light in Hanno's eyes. She knew his ships were manned and ready to sail. His eyelids drooped, a familiar gesture.

She turned to the High Priest.

"Should I not agree to this command?" she asked.

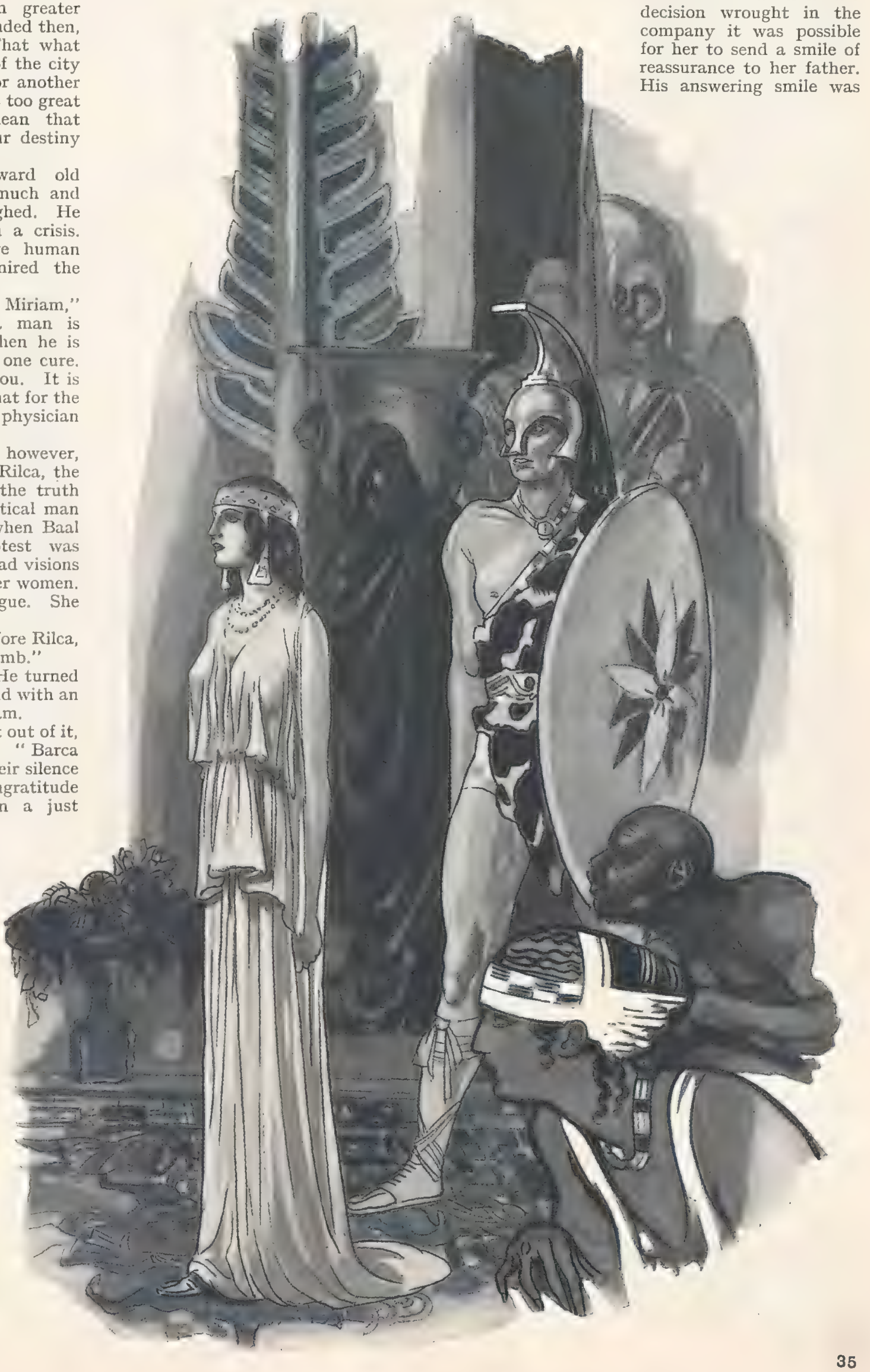
Rilca, unmoved, folded his arms.

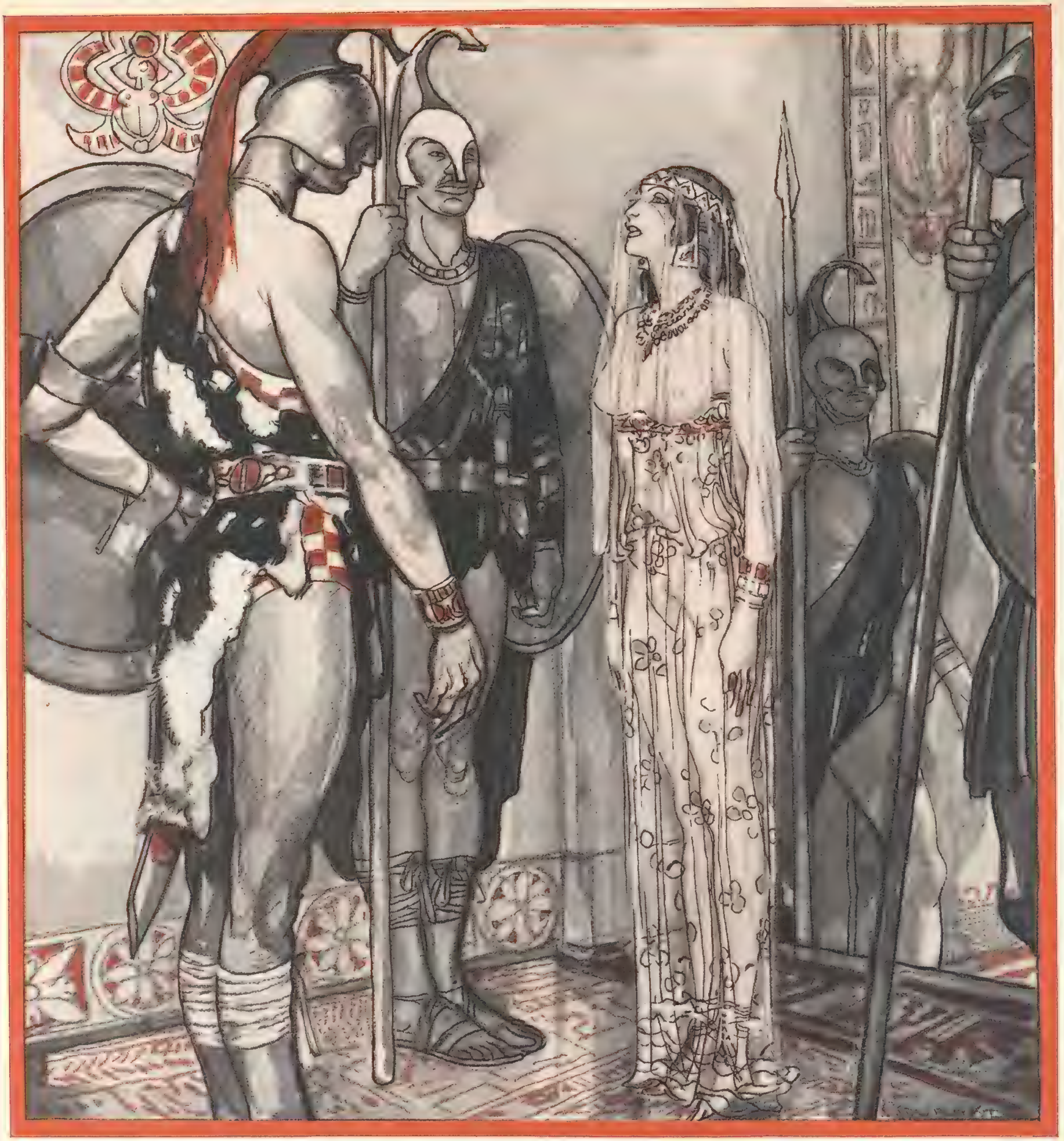
"But you will agree. There is a time when no gift is too great to offer for the city, no gift great enough to offer on the altar of Baal."

The emphasis of his voice on the alternative was not lost on Miriam.

"His will I obey!" she replied. "Let me be anointed for the Temple."

In the confusion her decision wrought in the company it was possible for her to send a smile of reassurance to her father. His answering smile was





"NO, Hasdrubal!" she commanded. "Turn your face to me and see. See, that you may remember, when, in your turn, power is given to you"

not confident. Her sudden decision had undermined his intention. There was no escape from the Temple.

"But what use is that?" stormed Himilcar. "It is a general we need, not another sacrifice. If they kept the procession going till sunrise it would not move Barca. Can he find pleasure in your bones?"

"She has made her choice," interposed Rilca firmly; but he kicked Himilcar unobtrusively.

"Let her be prepared!"

He turned his back on the girl to face the Councillors, and there was that in his face which quietened them. They knew the High Priest for a practical man. Doubtless he would find a solution.

Mago sent his own escort to clear the streets, that Miriam might pass to the sacred grove unobserved.

Before her Rilca walked, in deep conversation with the Shofete. The old men made a guard round her, each in turn seeking to dissuade her.

Himilcar, loth to see such waste of youth in an extravagant gesture, drew alongside.

"Listen, child," he said quietly. "I have seen you grow from nothing to the girl you are. Carthage has never held a woman so lovely. Why do this thing? Barca has us in his grip for the moment. Let him but win this one battle that we may breathe again, and——"

He put his clenched fists together, and turned them in opposite directions, as a man wringing the neck of a fowl, and gritted his teeth. Then he smiled.

"So you would be free!" he concluded.

The light of a torch showed him Miriam's laughing, incredulous face.

"You are not a woman," she replied. "Be thankful for that."

"By the gods I am!" he admitted fervently.

At the temple door Rilca halted. The old men stood in two lines, leaving Miriam free to advance.

On the arm of the priest she entered the sanctuary. The door closed behind her.

Unflinchingly she stared at the great brass figure, whose features were reddened by the glow of flames rising from the pit at his knees, and would have walked forward had not Rilca prevented her, leading her to a smaller door let into the wall.

" According to rite, not according to impulse," he said, not without menace.

He ushered her into the room, lit only by the glow of the fire that came through narrow apertures.

There he left her.

She believed that he was busy with the ritual of sacrifice, but he was idly walking to and fro in the enclosure, waiting till Mago should have done his bidding.

In the distance a trumpet blared, a gong sounded.

Rilca walked quickly to the door of the temple, where the elders still waited. He stood before them, a gaunt triumphant figure.

" Baal refuses the sacrifice! " he cried.

It was with satisfaction that he spoke. There were other shadows among the trees. He caught the clang of metal, suddenly silenced.

Withdrawing from the group at the entrance, he retreated slowly, unhurriedly, to the room where he had left Miriam.

From the altar, as he passed, he took a small phial, and with this in his hand stood before the girl, anointing her forehead.

" Who is devoted to Baal obeys," he intoned.

Miriam bowed, and prepared to follow him, but again he shook his head, regarding her with an inscrutable smile, waiting.

Behind her a door opened. Hasdrubal, captain of the Shofete's guard, entered with a company of men.

Rilca nodded.

Miriam turned as Hasdrubal advanced to her side.

For a moment they stood face to face, the High Priest forgotten, as glance met glance, and unclouded eyes fought for supremacy.

Defeated, but inwardly glad of the defeat, Miriam turned again to Rilca.

Her unspoken demand for explanation was anticipated.

" The anointed of Baal obey," he laughed. " As to the form of your offering, that is decided."

To Hasdrubal he said:

" You have your instructions? "

The young man bowed.

" Then lose no time. Take this woman to Barca. Say to him that what he could not gain alone Baal gives, as he will also deliver his enemies! "

BARCA sat where the elders had left him, sullen and apathetic, his sword where he had thrown it.

On a low table before him was food and wine, the food untouched.

A lute-player sought to distract him. A dancer leaned against a porphyry column, waiting till he should be aware of her presence.

The General sat motionless, bent forward, his chin resting on the palm of his hand. His eyes beheld nothing, but his ears were strained for sound.

In the street he heard a quick command, a challenge, and the tread of approaching feet, at which he turned his head.

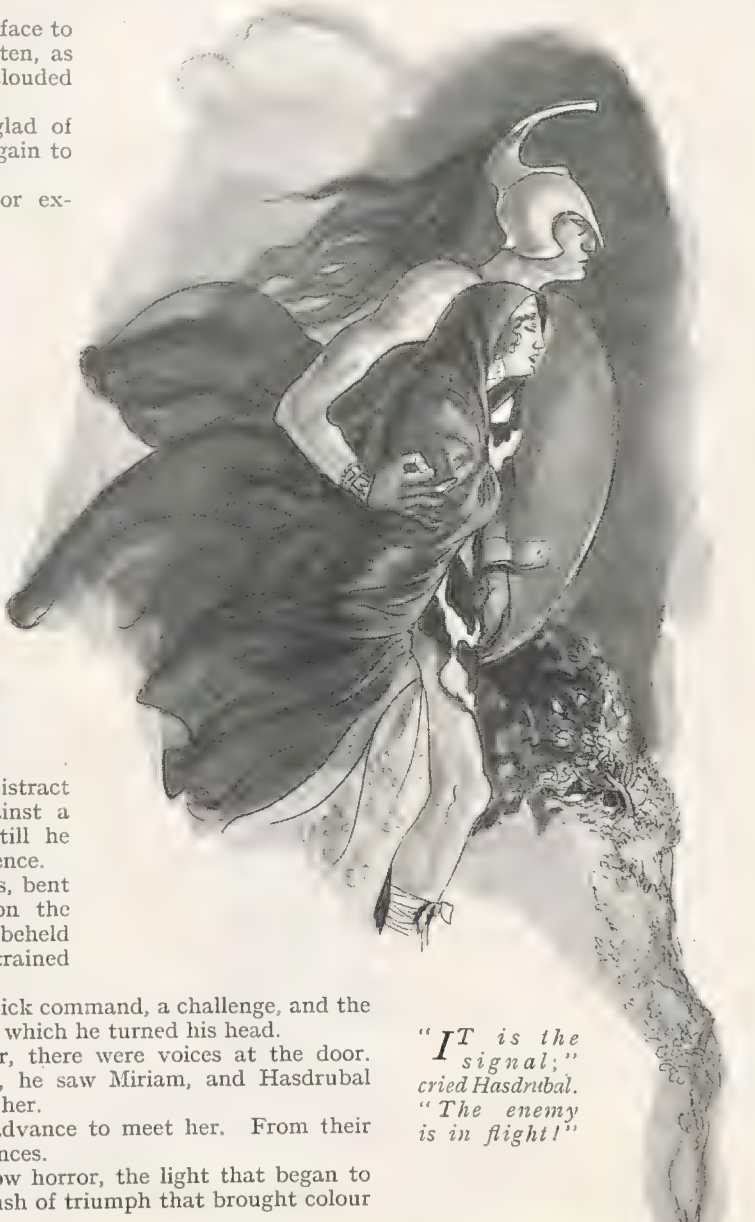
The footsteps drew nearer, there were voices at the door. Presently, on the threshold, he saw Miriam, and Hasdrubal standing watchfully behind her.

Barca rose, but did not advance to meet her. From their distance they exchanged glances.

The girl watched, with slow horror, the light that began to fill his bloodshot eyes, the flush of triumph that brought colour to his cheeks.

His dry lips parted. He spoke in a croaking whisper.

" They made you see that no woman can be weighed against the city."



" It is the signal;" cried Hasdrubal. " The enemy is in flight!"

" That," she replied, " is a man's privilege. Should a woman betray, they have means to deal with her. But a man—— "

He flung himself down the room to where she stood mocking him. His wiry old arms clutched at her for a moment.

" Untamed still, are you? " he whispered. " Well, let it be so."

Releasing her, he turned to the women who had waited to amuse him.

" Here," he cried. " Take her away and have her fittingly adorned. And you, Hasdrubal," he added, turning to the captain, " lest she seek to evade me again, post your men by the doors."

Lethargy was gone from him. He struck a gong with his clenched fist, and hurried back to his chair, where he snatched a beaker of wine.

" Bring me music and dancers! " he cried, when one answered the gong. " And food and wine. Burn me sweet-smelling powders. Bring lights. Send a messenger to the walls and say that Barca is still the beloved of Baal and comes to save the city! "

If the slave laughed at the excitement of the old man, he waited till he could laugh in secret, but, standing at his post, like the good soldier he was, Hasdrubal shivered.

Presently, walking alone down the long corridor, Miriam came slowly forward, prepared for Barca.

Her robe was gone, and in its place a thin veil hung round her shoulders. Her breasts were caught in a jewelled band, bracelets glistened on her arm. Her young body gleamed in the soft light.

Hasdrubal, torn between desire to behold her beauty and the understanding of her distress, turned away, but from the distance her voice came to him, steady and controlled.

" No, Hasdrubal! " she commanded. " Turn your face to me and see. See, that you may remember when, in your turn, power is given to you. You shall remember Barca and tell this tale to his soldiers, but after the victory. If I must be the price of his duty, let the city have its bargain! "

Not unwillingly, indeed, he turned towards her, and again their eyes met, and in that moment Barca was forgotten.

All else they forgot, save that they were man and woman and quickened to understanding.

" You shall not go," said Hasdrubal, drawing his sword and stretching his arms across the door, from jamb to jamb.

Her mind raced to her father's ships, ready in the harbour.

" What other can I do? " she asked, her eyes still on his.

Silently he left his post and was at her side, taking her hand.

Gently he led her to the door and to the street.

From one of his men he took a cloak, which he wrapped round her.

To the sentry he whispered, " Let no man enter, and none leave, except by my orders. Give me your ring. Who returns it is to be believed."

In the shadows of the street they hurried from the palace.

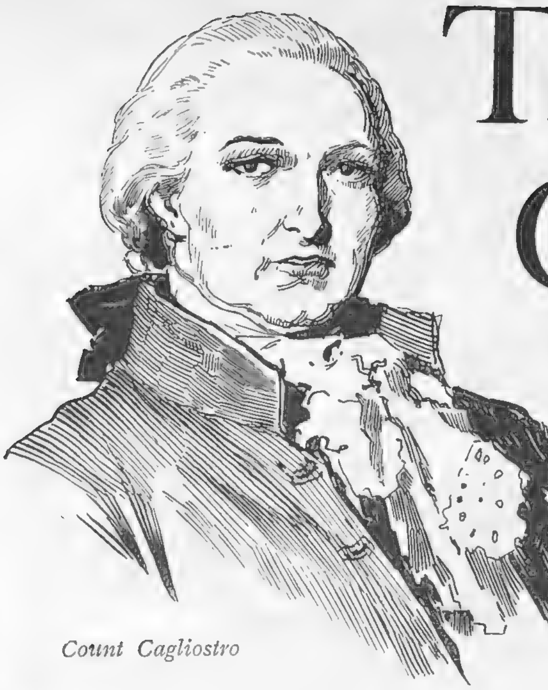
" To the harbour," whispered Miriam, when he hesitated in doubt, and towards the harbour they went, until, on the distant hills across the gulf, they saw a gleam slowly growing, and others after it, until the seven beacons blazed.

Fires on the city wall answered. Quick tumult arose in the market place, trumpets sounded. The by-ways were thronged by excited people. (*Cont. on p.* 115)

Tragedies *and* Comedies *of* History

Described by
Norman Hill

Painted by
F. Matania, R.I.,



Count Cagliostro

CHARLATANS have had almost as much to do with the shaping of the destinies of humanity as honest men. In this age of machine-made enthusiasms and material instincts, we are apt to jeer, in a superior way, at a generation which believed in the mumbo-jumbo of the Rosicrucians and the fantasies of Count Cagliostro. We forget it is not so long ago that Madame Blavatsky was gathered to her lovers and Dr. Dowie induced tens of thousands of substantial men and women to believe he was the reincarnation of Elijah.

Further, while we boast of our sane rationalism, we ought to remember there are more crystal gazers and tea-cup sorcerers earning profitable livelihoods in the suburbs of our great cities than there were alchemists and necromancers in the days when Charles James Fox was losing his all at faro and William Pitt was drowning his mortifications in bouts of red wine. Giuseppe Balsamo, Count Cagliostro, if he was born again, could still flourish on the credulity of men and women. He was the predecessor of the society fortune teller. He is scarcely human who would not give a big price for the privilege of looking into the future. That accounts for the enormous circulation of the almanac which bears the name of Old Moore.

I take Count Cagliostro as the supreme example of the charlatan who made a career out of the inborn stupidity of every second man who is born into this world alive. He was a scoundrel on a big scale. A certain latitude of judgment should always be given to men who do things on a big scale, whether good or evil.

EUROPE, as we know it, had not been formed in the eighteenth century. There were no well-defined frontiers nor universal systems of police and espionage. The whole of Italy and what we now call Mittel Europa was honeycombed with petty states and independent cities which owed antagonism to everybody and allegiance to none. Very little progress in the means of transport had been made since the days of Lorenzo and the other magnificent Medicis. The horse and lumbering coach or chaise were the only means of access to distant places. To cross the continent from one coast to another was a great adventure. If taste was at its zenith, culture was the province of the few. Voltaire was just beginning to ask questions of the ages and bring doubts to those who still maintained established beliefs. The encyclopædists were investigating the whole field of scholarship, but their erudition merely exasperated the king of France. The sylvan colours and polished manners immortalised by Watteau were the veneer of an age of poverty.

The whole world was passing through one of its periodic crazy days when people had little to do and lots of time to do it in, when everybody wanted wealth and few were prepared to work for it.

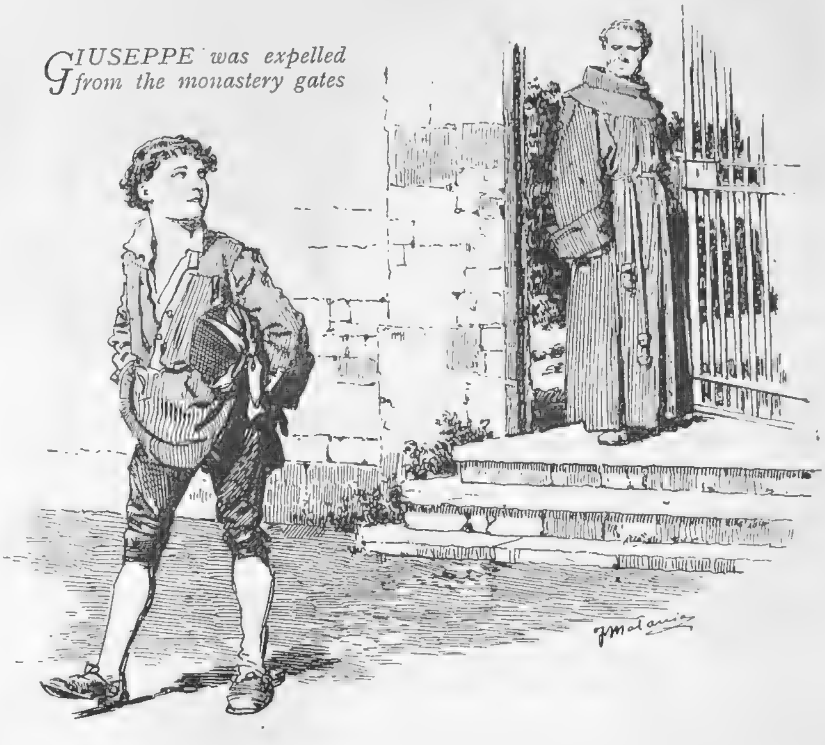
The quest of the philosopher's stone, the magic substance which could convert base metal to gold, was the one legend of the middle ages which continued to flourish. Savants who ought to have known better went mad in their efforts to find this miraculous key to riches. Mountebanks made fortunes by cajoling their fellow men to invest their savings to attain the same fantastic goal. Giuseppe Balsamo, Count Cagliostro, was one of them. He was an urchin of the streets of Palermo. He became the spoiled child of humbug.

In this brief sketch of one of the most entertaining characters in the history of manners, I will confine myself to a few of the more striking incidents in the life of the great necromancer and his lovely wife, the astounding Lorenza Feliciani. No more curious couple ever fooled the world.

GIUSEPPE BALSAMO, so far as we know, was born at Palermo in 1743 and died in prison fifty-two years later. He was a wayward, dreaming infant and a constant source of despair and chagrin to his widowed mother. At the age of thirteen the child was notorious in Palermo for the enormities of his practical jokes and the frequency of his petty thievings. In the forlorn hope of curing him of his criminal tendencies, he was sent to the monastery of Caltagirone, where he found a few weeks of happiness and wonder in the cell of the good Father Alberto. This innocent brother was looking for the philosopher's stone and was wont to employ the wide-eyed Giuseppe to stir the concoctions in the crucibles and alembics. The mystery of it all appealed to the mind of little Balsamo, who might have settled down to the life of a genuine alchemist had not the learned fathers of the house endeavoured to introduce him to the fundamental mysteries of religion.

The boy had no mind for the career of a religious and rebelled against his masters. He was punished in accordance with the

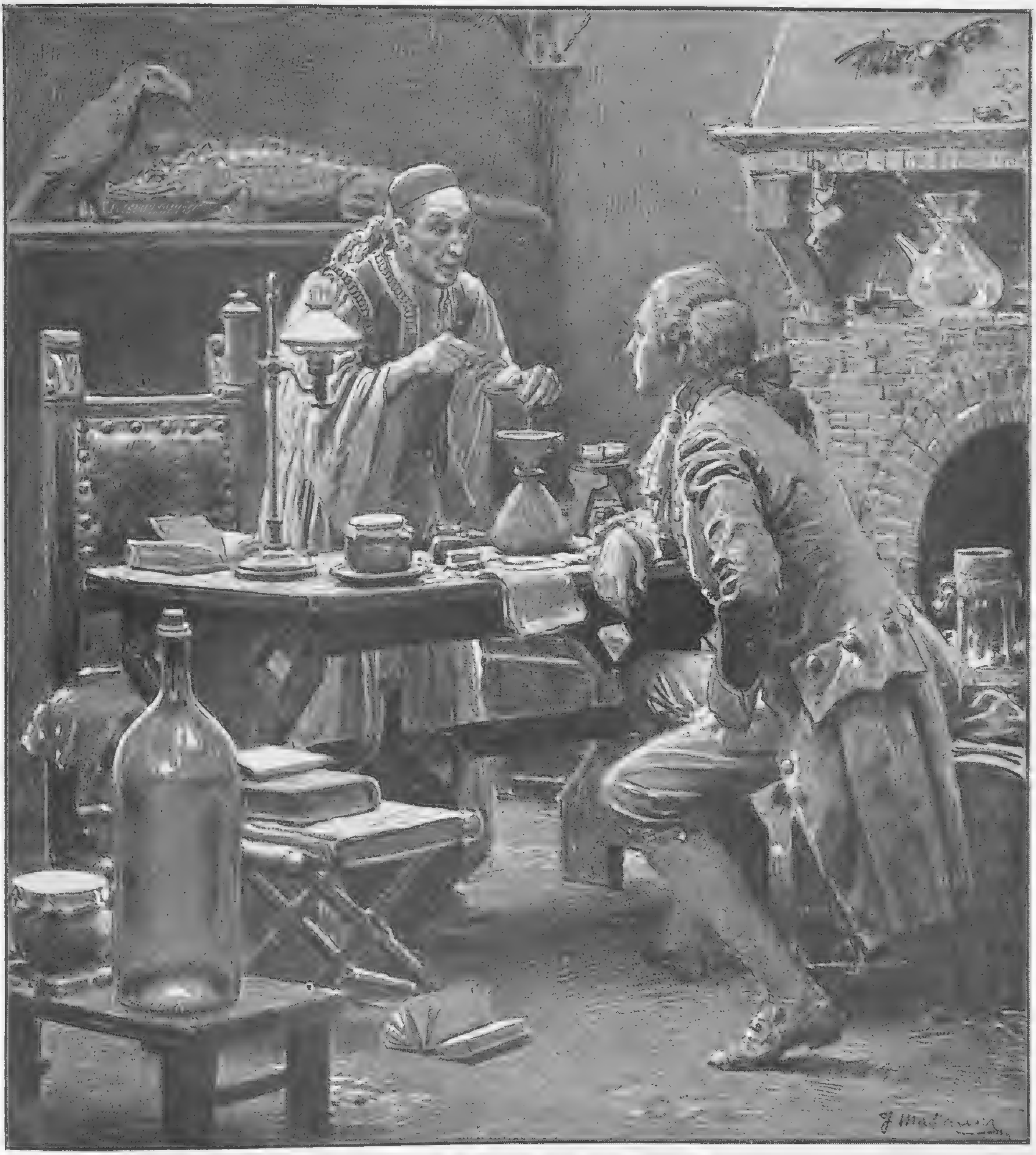
GIUSEPPE was expelled from the monastery gates



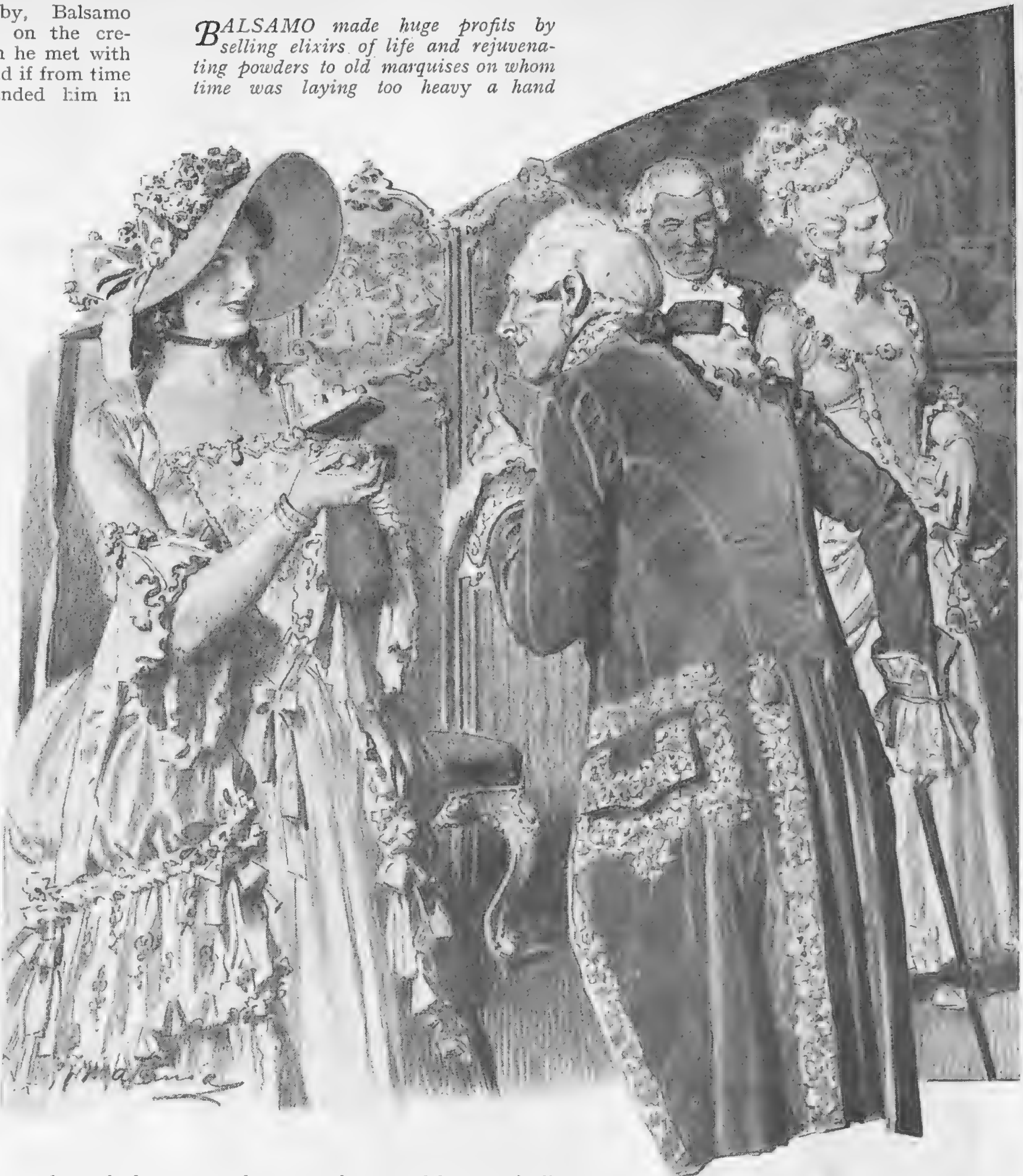
No. 8: The Story of CAGLIOSTRO *the last of the Great Sorcerers*

merciless ideas of the age, and each blow of the rod steeled him to added stubbornness. Finally, on the day he was appointed to read from some holy work while the brethren were at meat, his fresh young voice was heard reciting a story of one of the most notorious harlots of Palermo instead of the pious life of a favourite saint. The monks rose in horror at the outrage, and Giuseppe was expelled from the monastery gates. He laughed as he walked through the woods. He had no money. He had something of much more moment—freedom. He could devote himself to the quest for the philosopher's stone. He had not watched old Father Alberto for nothing.

For several years of his adolescence, Giuseppe pursued the vagrant life of an adventurer and cheat. It was not very difficult to live by one's wits when half the world



IN a few moments the Greek was deep in the jargon of the Magnum Opus, alchemy, astrology, and the rest was dishonest and the other half stupid. As time went by, Balsamo discovered he could prey on the credulity of every other man he met with almost certain success. And if from time to time his escapades landed him in jail, it was all part of the game of life.



BALSAMO made huge profits by selling elixirs of life and rejuvenating powders to old marquises on whom time was laying too heavy a hand

THE first great influence in his career came from a chance encounter in the streets of Messina. Young Balsamo noticed a comic figure by the wayside, dressed in a fantastic robe of brilliant colours and the voluminous trousers of the East. The man might have passed unnoticed in the odd cosmopolitan crowd which herded round the quays save that he was leading by a piece of cord a greyhound of extreme antiquity and reprehensible appearance. The stranger bowed to the young Sicilian, on whom the loneliness even of a life of magic and adventure was beginning to pall. He introduced himself as the Greek Althotas, and pointed to a well-conditioned house across the road. "That is my domain," he added, with the requisite pomposity of the day. "You are young and courteous. You will honour me by calling on me. But, in the interim, hasten to your lodgings, for an Italian is at this moment about to rob you of your baggage. Addio."

Balsamo hastened away and reached the inn where he was staying just in time to find a Piedmontese labourer helping himself to his belongings. He had spent too long in the laboratory of Father Alberto, not to be impressed by any manifestation of occult power. He was a little alarmed at the amazing evidence of second sight possessed by the strange Greek, Althotas, and that evening knocked at his door with anxious feelings in his heart. Althotas, accompanied by the mangy greyhound, came to meet him and accompanied him to a laboratory overcrowded with retorts, furnaces, and the strange impedimenta with which scientists worked in that age of misunderstanding.

In a few minutes the Greek was deep in the jargon of the Magnum Opus, alchemy, astrology, and the rest. Althotas hinted that he was well on the way to the discovery of the philosopher's stone and intended to pursue his inquiries in Grand Cairo, the magic city of the great mysteries. He intended leaving for the East in the morning, but he had no money. It did not occur to Balsamo that this was a strange confession on the part of a man who vowed he practically possessed the secret of turning lead into gold. On the contrary, he offered him his purse of thirty odd crowns if the master Althotas would take him to Cairo and initiate him into the Egyptian mysteries.

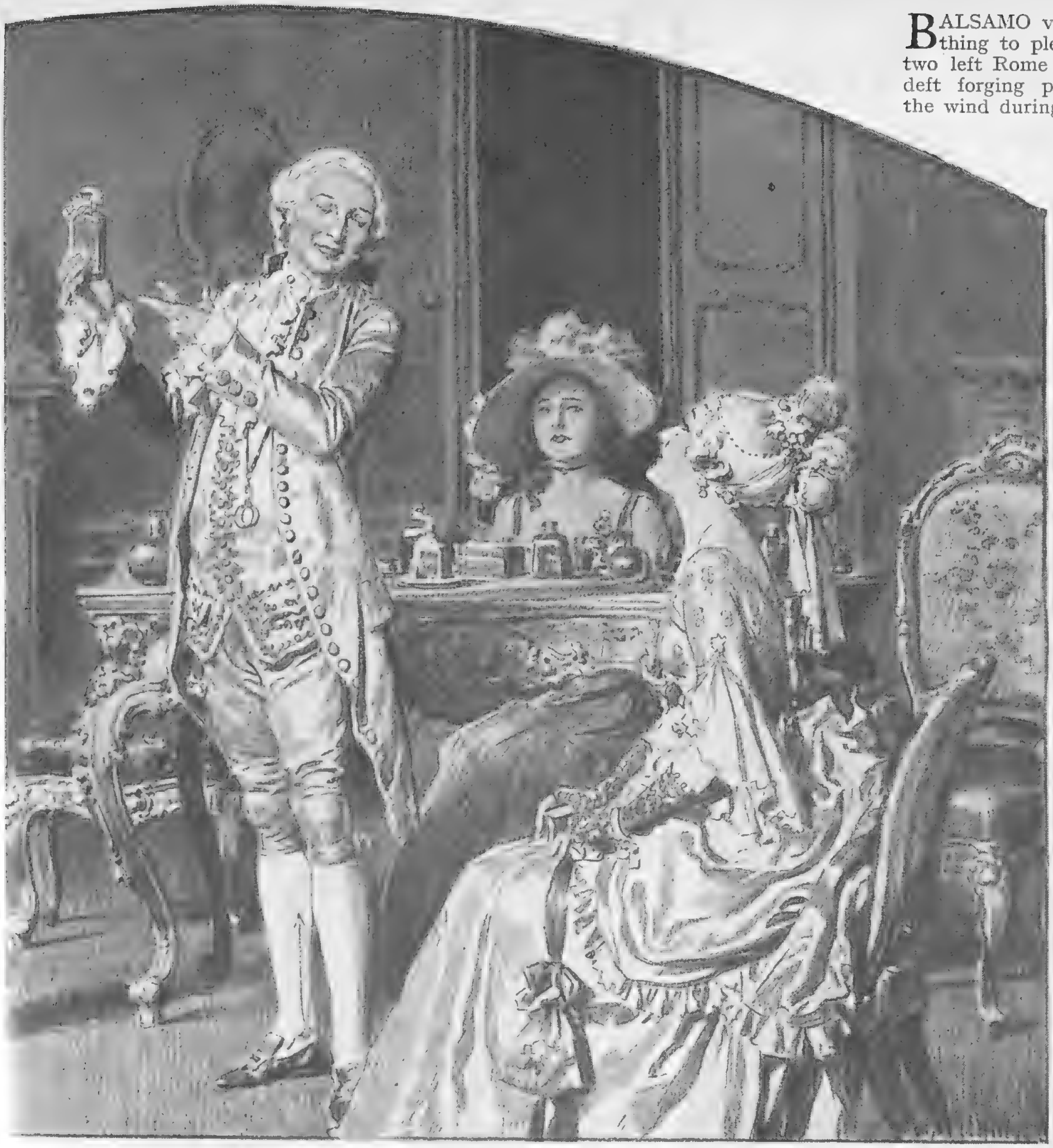
The two men departed on their glorious adventure and presently Balsamo was introduced into a certain way of making money. In each new town they visited, Althotas gave out that he possessed the secret of the transmutation of metals. That was quite sufficient to crowd their rooms with every dupe in the district, anxious to put down money for a humble share in the secret. Althotas, mustering all the rigmarole at his command, would explain that the process was difficult and tortuous and they must wait several days before they could learn all the intricacies of calcination, sublimation, and fermentation. On the day when the dupes were to be shown the last stage of the secret process, Althotas and Balsamo had made good their departure. It was so simple.

Life offered glorious possibilities to the young Sicilian, when all his hopes were dashed to the ground by the sudden death of Althotas. In their four years of cheating, they had become genuinely attached to one another, and Balsamo realised that he had lost his master. His criminal instincts demanded the presence and encouragement of an accomplice, and Althotas was no more.

In his despair he abandoned the mysteries of alchemy and pursued a listless existence of petty fraud and swindling, finally becoming partner in an expensive gambling den in Naples. Marking cards was child's play to him, and each evening he and his partner netted huge sums from their crazy, drink-sodden clients. It was a mean way of making a living after the splendid methods of Althotas, and Balsamo became morose.

In a fit of depression he hit a waiter over the head, and was given a week in jail for his pains. Was ever such a career of high hope rewarded with such contumely ?

Giuseppe Balsamo might have sunk



into the great slough of the commonplace, if he had not met the beautiful Lorenza Feliciani a few weeks after he emerged from prison. He was slouching through the streets of Rome when he saw her—a blue-eyed vixen of fifteen, full of smiles and allure. She was the daughter of a girdle maker who lived near the church of Trinità de' Pellegrini, and the sight of this five feet of dark-haired mischief completely turned his head. He obtained an introduction to the girl's father, and was soon pouring sonorous words of love into Lorenza's very pretty ears. Balsamo was no Adonis. His face was slightly pock-marked and he had awkward carriage. But he made up for his bodily deficiencies with a passion unusual even in that amorous age and climate. Besides, he had a tale to tell—the amazing Althotas, the adventures in Grand Cairo, the gaming houses of Naples, the wounded spirit which an unthinking generation occasionally clapped into jail. Lorenza was not at the age when she could resist such blandishments. She was intoxicated by the eloquence of this gawky Sicilian, and in the auspicious days of April, 1769, they were married in the church of San Salvatore in Campo.

GIUSEPPE BALSAMO embarked on another phase of a chequered career. The young couple entered the delirium of the first days of married life. Pretty Lorenza selected the word Acharat for her husband's pet name. He called her Seraphina. They were wont to walk out of evenings by the banks of the Tiber and hold hands while they looked into each other's eyes. For many weeks life seemed very gay and they laughed at the poverty which brought them so much happiness. Balsamo was earning a few sequins by making freehand drawings, one of his few honest accomplishments, but the young couple were obliged to live at the house of Lorenza's father.

Inevitably the time came when Lorenza wearied of the monotony of the tiny house in the mean street of Rome where she had spent all her days.

One evening by the banks of the Tiber she gave her husband's hand an extra squeeze and remarked that honesty was denying them the luxuries of life. She wanted pretty clothes and a diamond ring. Her Acharat's drawings hardly brought them enough macaroni. Surely they could emulate the great Althotas and set out into the world of adventure.

BALSAMO vowed he would do anything to please his beloved, and the two left Rome for the north. A little deft forging proved sufficient to raise the wind during the first months of their travels, but eventually the police became very inquisitive and they escaped unpleasantness by putting on the habits of pilgrims who were going to the shrine of St. James of Compostella. The ruse proved both successful and profitable.

The charitable could not refuse the appealing eyes of the beautiful Lorenza. The parsimonious were moved by the unctuous exhortations of Balsamo. They wondered why they had remained in Rome for so long. Besides this, Lorenza found that old men will pay almost anything for the smiles of a pretty woman, and when she realised the financial advantage of a lovely body she flirted outrageously. More often she wheedled gold out of her admirers without granting any favours in return. Sometimes she was more generous with her kisses, and Balsamo did not appear to mind when she pressed bags of sequins into his hand. She even adopted the old trick of warning Balsamo to come to her room at a certain hour when he would find her struggling in the arms of a rich old roué. Most of the victims of this antique form of blackmail paid up readily, but at the end an important personage was ungallant enough to expose them. He went to the police. Balsamo and pretty Lorenza escaped so quickly, they left their pilgrims' clothes behind them. They never reached the shrine of St. James of Compostella. Fate decreed they should take up their residence in an old house in New Compton Street, Soho.

While in London they resorted to every petty trick known to the swindler. They forged letters of introduction, persuaded a respected Quaker gentleman to part with one hundred pounds and left England just in time to avoid the Fleet and Bridewell. They went to Paris, where Balsamo made huge profits by selling elixirs of life and rejuvenating powders to old marquises on whom time was laying too heavy a hand. He was so thrilled with his new occupation that he neglected Lorenza.

Lorenza responded by finding a lover. He proved to be a rich and ardent old fool named Duplessis. (*Continued on page* 109)

Twenty-four Hours: Days *that*

By

Gordon Beckles

Continuing a *New* Series, recalling *Hour* by *Hour*, the most *Eventful* Days *of* the *last* Half-century

President McKinley making an open-air speech, and a studio portrait

3 *a.m.*, *September 6th*, 1901

IN the attic room of a Buffalo boarding house sits a young man clasping his head between his hands as if it might burst. He has not slept for many nights, and the knowledge of the duty that he has shortly to perform fires his eyes with a burning brightness ; but his body is wasting away, and his shabby clothes hang on him like a scarecrow's raiment.

The young man's name is Czolgosz, and his "duty"—as he sees it now all so clearly—is to kill the President of the United States.

For ever ringing in the ears of this young Polish-German blacksmith are the words he heard from the lips of the Anarchist preacher, Emma Goldman. "She told me," he whispers, "that only if all the rulers of the world be exterminated would the world be happy."

His whole body reels sometimes with the confusion of the misshapen thoughts and uncouth arguments that rush torrent-like through the narrow channels of his child-like brain. Two days ago, when the great President William McKinley was visiting the Pan-American Exhibition park, this young Czolgosz—or Fred Nieman as he often called himself—had actually seen the Executive Chief of the United States. This afternoon, however, McKinley is to hold a public reception. . . . On Czolgosz's shabby dressing table lies a worn little revolver. He has kept it loaded ever since the words of Emma Goldman had first inflamed his imagination many months ago.

10 *a.m.*

IN the antimacassared parlour of the spacious wooden mansion of Mr. Milburn — director of the Exhibition—sits President McKinley reading the correspondence which his private secretary, Mr. Cortelyou, hands him from a large pile on a side table.

This is McKinley, the man who is following Washington and Lincoln in the building up of a greater America ; McKinley, who has erected a protective tariff wall without precedent amongst modern nations ; McKinley, the Civil War veteran who likes England ; McKinley, the man responsible for the Americanisation of Cuba and the Philippines.

His voice is suave and his manner dignified. Occasionally, as he thinks, he strokes the back of his head. A few minutes before, his handsome wife—much younger than himself—has knocked at the door to inform him that she contemplates a picnic visit to Niagara Falls.

McKinley smiles. He is one of the hardest-working men in the world. This very afternoon he must shake the honest but perspiring hands of at least 3,000 citizens of the Republic. . . .

have *made* History

No. 5: The Death of President McKinley

2 p.m.

THE Temple of Music, a building of wood and glass, is being prepared for the President's reception.

He will stand at one end, under a bower of palms, while the loyal citizens —entering at the western transept— will pass down through a line of State soldiers, shake the great man by the hand, and leave the building through the eastern entrance.

In the fair grounds hovers Czolgosz, hungry and quivering, with no one to tell his terrible secret to; for he is determined that this day, September 6th, 1901, will be marked in letters of blood-crimson in the annals of Anarchism.

Czolgosz, who assassinated President McKinley in 1901

A gruesome portrait of Czolgosz in his prison cell. He was severely mauled by the crowd after he shot the President

An at-home portrait of Mrs. McKinley sitting in the library at the White House, Washington

3.30 p.m.

THE President has arrived at the door of the Temple of Music.

Top-hatted officials bow before this commanding figure in its long Prince Albert coat. The President smiles, graciously and with dignity; no one better than he knows the value of presidential deportment.

Behind him hover Secret Service operatives, led by Detective Foster, most trusted and famous of White House sleuths. Foster is a tall man, with a hard-bitten face and sullen eyes.

The doors are suddenly opened, and the citizens of Buffalo—all in their Sunday best — stream in an orderly queue into the tall-roofed building.

High up to the left the organ suddenly crashes into a preliminary chord, and then drifts into Bach's Sonata in F. The President recognises the music, and turns to Mr. Milburn with the remark, "Fine organ you have here."

While the organ still thunders above, the first of the hand-shaking enthusiasts has reached the President. Rich men, poor women, and little children, each alike receives a smile and a handshake from William McKinley. Just as he is patting the head of a blushing little pig-tailed girl one of the Secret Service men nudges Detective Foster.

Down the line he has just caught sight of a white-faced man with a heavy moustache and a suspicious manner. Foster leaves the Presidential group, and saunters along the queue. When the swarthy suspect is nearing McKinley he finds the burly detective at his side. A handshake and he is safely passed on. Only the Secret Service men have observed the incident and the precautionary method employed by Foster; one of them winks wisely at the other; there are always "suspects" at every Presidential reception.

Hardly has this anonymous man been disposed of before the President is confronted with Czolgosz. The anarchist's right hand is wrapped loosely in a handkerchief, as if it were wounded. McKinley glances sympathetically at the bandage, and then holds out his hand towards Czolgosz's outstretched left.

"Mr. President!" quivers Czolgosz. Then, raising his right hand, he fires two shots through the handkerchief point-blank into the President's body.

3.58 p.m.

MCKINLEY staggers back into the arms of Detective Geary, the organ stops, and the only sound heard is a terrified intaking of breath from a thousand throats.

Then pandemonium is let loose. Two detectives and a negro spring on the murderer. The Mexican Minister, Señor Aspiroz, screams hysterically, "Oh, my God! Are you shot?"

Detective Foster smashes Czolgosz across the floor with a blow full in the face. Children cry; Mr. Cortelyou tears down a canopy for the bleeding President to lie upon.

(Continued on page 115)

From a 'Plane Darkly...

By Hannen Swaffer

Decorations by Batt

I HAVE just flown over hundreds of theatres all over England. I did not notice one of them for, from an aeroplane a thousand feet or more in the air, they were undistinguishable from the rest of the bricks and mortar.

Still, I knew that they were there.

I knew that few of them mattered; that, in some towns, they were nearly empty, that in others they were being filled more and more with talkies instead of flesh and blood drama, and that, even as I flew, their influence was declining more and more.

Once, when I landed, I found in the Theatre Royal of that locality, a stock season of old-fashioned plays being acted. In another Theatre Royal, a hundred miles away, I found tripish melodrama defaming the glory of the past, and, in a third Theatre Royal, Gerald du Maurier was appearing—in a talkie!

At some of the places I visited, they pushed me on a stage and forced me to make a speech. At Sheffield, they threw a limelight on the box in which I was sitting, so that I had to address the audience. Fortunately, I did not have to talk about the theatre, or I should have screamed from the stage, or from the box, the truth that, in the variety theatres I visited, variety was being killed, and that, in the legitimate houses in which I spoke, the drama, as we know it, was becoming less important every day.

Now as, high in the air, I surveyed the landscape of modern England, going so far North that I crossed into Scotland over Carlisle and returned by way of Newcastle, travelling as far west as Bristol, as far south as Southsea and as far East as Southend, and going right across the country from almost every angle, I saw all that the English dramatist never sees—the changes, the New Poverty and the New Contentment, Wealth flaunting itself only a few yards distant from a slum, the relics of forgotten ages and the promise of Futurity.

I crossed Stonehenge one day, and, nearby, on Salisbury Plain, I saw one of the barrows in which the Ancient Britons used to bury their dead. Then, half an hour later, I flew over Portsmouth Dockyard, by the side of which H.M.S. Nelson, the finest warship in the world, was moored, defying Disarmament, ignoring Geneva, but looking, from the air, just like a boy's toy boat floating on a pond.

For four weeks I was away from the London theatre, absent from every first night. When I went around the towns of England, I was amazed to find that the drama was very seldom spoken about.

One hotel-keeper's wife in Leicester asked me all about Tallulah Bankhead. There were one or two references, in public speeches, and private conversation, to the American actress who slapped my face. Otherwise I found a complete lack of curiosity about what was going on in London theatres and, in some places, apparently, a complete ignorance of what was happening.

I returned to see produced in London a French play about the dockside life of Marseilles, a story of a bartender who wanted to go to sea and who missed one chance because of the unexpected return of a sailor whose place he hoped to fill, and who then got another because he knew a captain who, when the young man changed his mind, said he had let him down.

Now surely a youth who lives right on the quayside at Marseilles would have a dozen opportunities of going to sea. Boats would be coming in all day and sailing every morning and every night. He would know scores of captains and owners of ships and, as there was nothing particular to hold him back—that is until he seduced a girl—he could have run away if he had liked, even when he was a boy.

But why Marseilles? I flew over Liverpool and Newcastle, the docks of

of Glasgow and Manchester, and went over the Humber and the Thames. I sailed over Gravesend, and crossed Southampton Docks four times, and saw, in all the great rivers of England, mighty ships and small ones and new docks and old ones, watched Man reclaiming land from the sea and saw the waves eating away cliffs.

Is there no one in England who could write a play about our own mercantile marine, its life at sea, or its life ashore? Must we wait until a French schoolmaster writes about Marseilles before London, the capital of the greatest seafaring country in history, can see a play dealing with the men who go down to the sea in ships?

WHILE I was absent they staged a play about a modern newspaper office, but it was somewhere in America. Are there no English newspaper offices possessed of drama or incident that is romantic or exciting or full of thrill? English playwrights are still writing about "Society" people, about whom the provincial towns of England don't care a damn, and who matter less and less every year to the people of the great metropolis.

I flew over a thousand plots, nay, a million plots, nay, twenty million plots, while I was soaring in the air. I was high above a country that is going through the first stage of a social revolution, that is changing in every aspect of its daily and its national life.

The sight of a cathedral reminded me of how there is in every clergyman's life, to-day, the drama of his fight between the Old Orthodoxy and the new Freedom of Opinion.

Every factory I saw had in it either the tragedy of declining trade, the conflict between workers and employer, or the resolution, in some manufacturer's mind, to transform his plant and scrap his old machinery and bring things up to date, so that he can go out and conquer new markets.

When I went into the factories, I saw Rationalisation displacing human labour. I saw women doing the work that once their fathers did, and their brothers.

Every city had a great story to tell, of change or progress, of courage or despair.

Now and then, we saw something which, the first time I saw it, I thought was rain. Then I thought it was a fog.

Then I knew it was the smoke of a great city. It poisoned the air for miles around. Sometimes it was very thick. That meant the city was working. Sometimes it was thin. That meant the city was slack.

The worst places, however, were the cities where there was no smoke at all—when you could see every chimney stack because it had no smoke.

When I landed, I met the New Womanhood, frank, free, unhampered by parental discipline. I went on a fair ground, and saw there a hundred dramas and a hundred comedies.

I walked through the streets of Manchester and Liverpool and Birmingham and Newcastle and Portsmouth, and all around me was a buzzing life. Every person who passed was a drama, except those who were a comedy, and those who were a farce.

I never saw it on the stage, though. No, and I never shall see it on the stage.

We look back on History and we seem to think that, when Simon de Montfort brought into being an English Parliament, it all happened in an hour.

We go back to the days of Oliver Cromwell and we think that, when first he started, he said something, and everyone agreed.

We seem to imagine that, when they stopped boys from climbing the chimneys, and they stopped the execution of children of ten and eleven, and they passed the Married Woman's Property Act, and they invented the first sewer that took the place of cesspools, everybody applauded or said how nice.

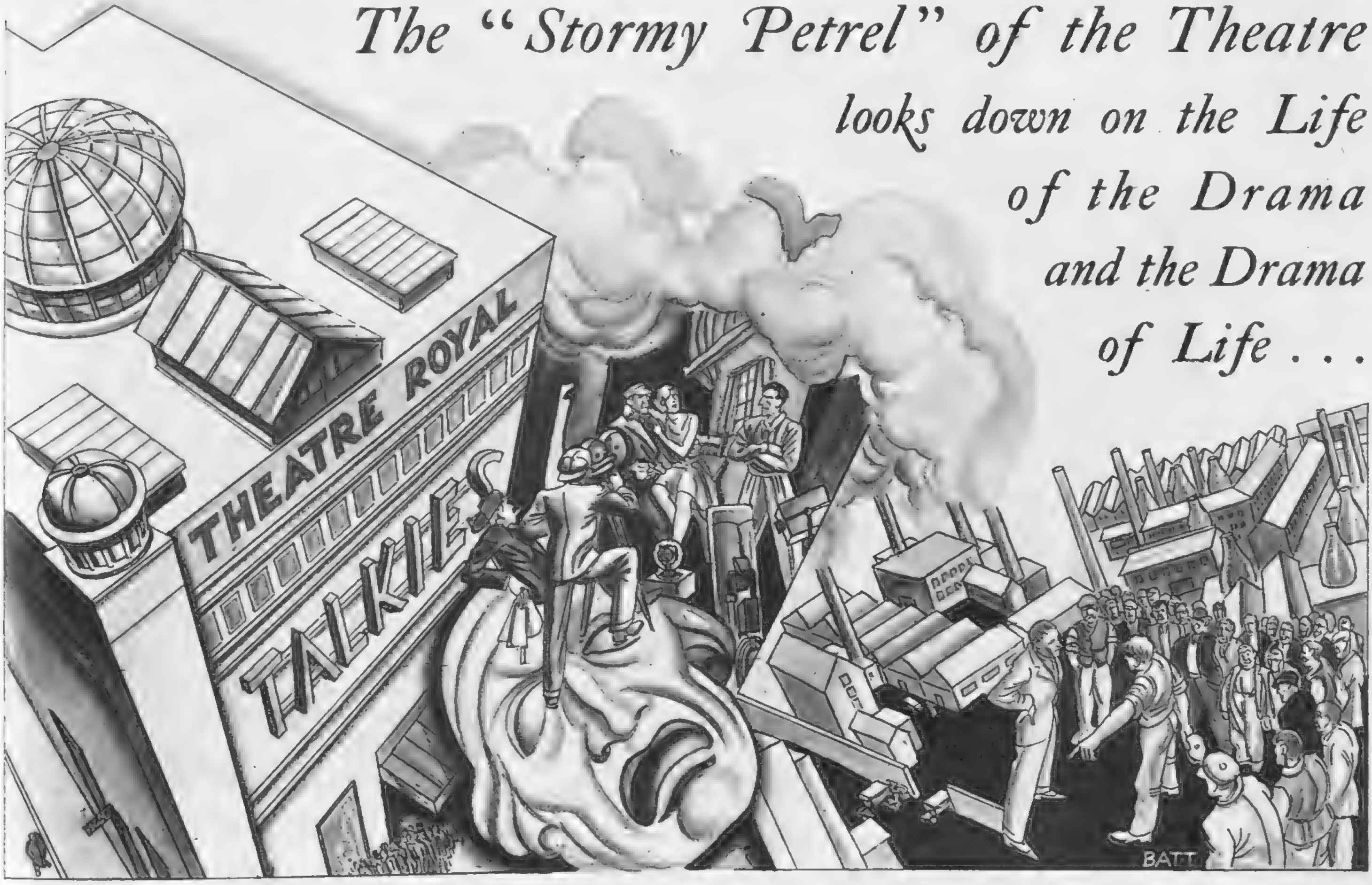
Don't you believe it! There was a drama every day. There were fights and arguments. People cut each other in the street. Families parted company. Fathers cut off their sons with a shilling.

Now and then, a play like "Milestones" tells the story of the change in fashion, and succeeding revolutions in manufacture, and the war between the opinion that is old and the opinion that is new. But these plays come only once in a decade. Why, there are Joans of Arc to-day, if we only knew, and there are Oliver Cromwells on every town council, and Simon de Montforts of minor degree in every village hall.

FROM the air, all mankind looks the same. You cannot distinguish the rich from the poor, or the good from the wicked, and you begin to believe they are all alike. Perhaps in the eyes of God they are. You become detached, and you live in a world in which there is no Space, nor Speed, nor Time.

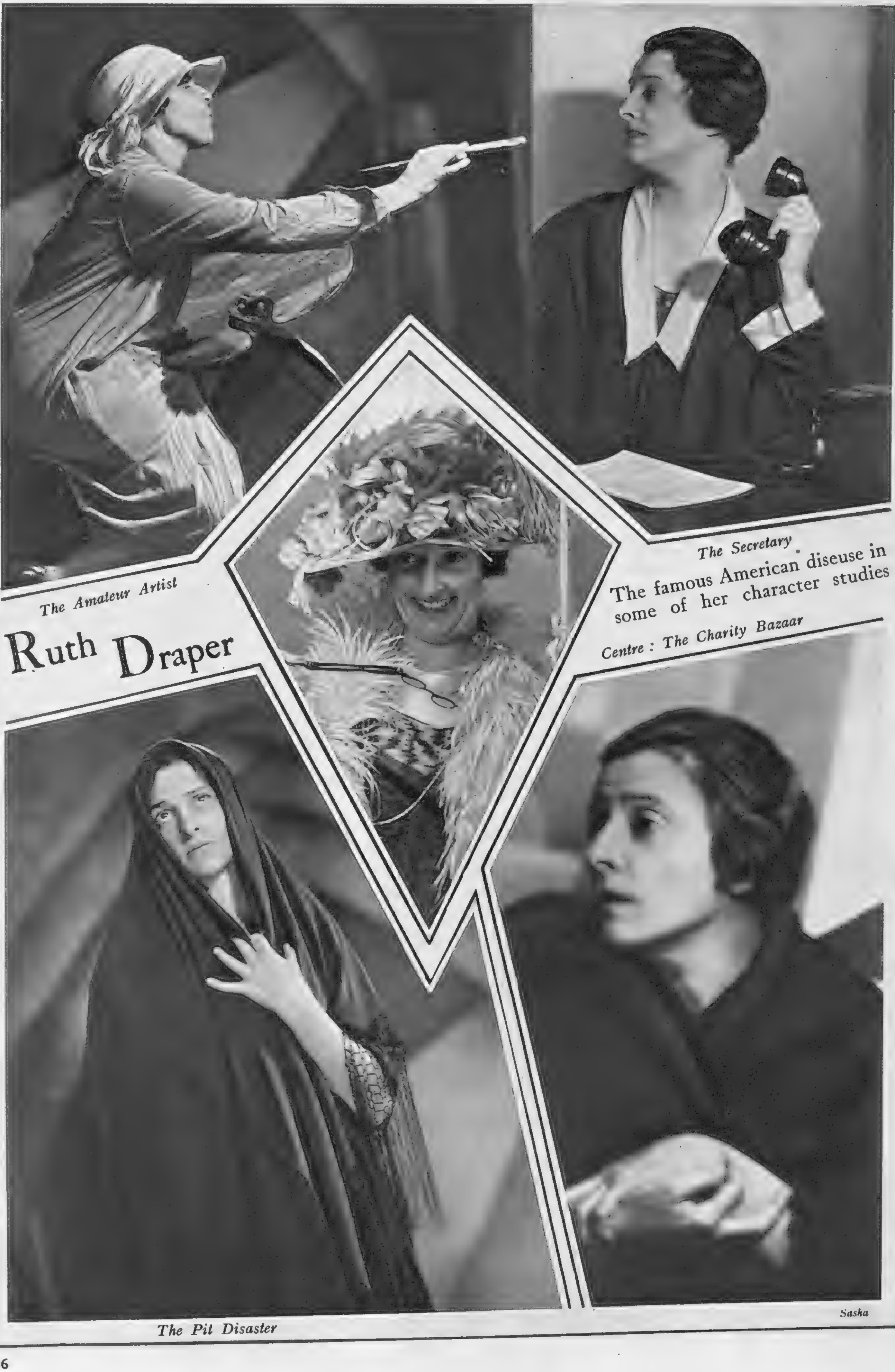
But, when you get down again to the earth to which the dramatist belongs, the things that seem small from the sky seem very important from the ground. Far up in the heavens, even the biggest palace looks a puny thing, and the new row of cottage homes looks very much more important. . . .

(*Continued on page 96*)



The "Stormy Petrel" of the Theatre looks down on the Life of the Drama and the Drama of Life . . .

Ruth Draper



The Amateur Artist

The Secretary

The famous American diseuse in some of her character studies

Centre : The Charity Bazaar

The Pit Disaster

Sasha

M*arlene* Dietrich *in* "Dishonoured"

The Heroine of "Morocco" in a new Spy Film

MARLENE DIETRICH, Germany's meteoric film "vamp," has a part in "Dishonoured" — that of an Austrian Secret-Service agent shadowing a Russian spy (Victor McLaglen) — to do justice to her dynamic personality

Stars—*or* Meteors?

LUPE VELEZ who (rumour says) is loved by Gary Cooper

IN America "getting a break" means a beginning—the lucky chance of a life-time: in the English phrase, or phase, the break comes at the end, whether it leaves you "broke," heart-broken, or ready to break away. The film stars get it both ways, coming and going, in pure American and in colloquial English.

It is said that "Feature Players"—those whose names are writ large underneath the title of the picture, dread being converted into "stars," with their names *above* the title of the film, because they know that that means only five to ten more pictures and then—oblivion. "Came the night" follows swiftly on "came the dawn" in the mobile movie metropolis.

"Each man in his time plays many parts," but not always as many as he would like to. They say that Richard Barthelmess is afraid: that "Buddy" Rogers was told that he was "the World's Boy Friend," and believed it, and now they have broken it to him that he isn't, and he is puzzled and dismayed.

Ramon Novarro, from being a poor boy in Mexico, very nearly stepped into Valentino's high-heeled boots; then, after a temporary eclipse by John Gilbert, made a sort of come-back in "talkies." But he wants to sing and Hollywood is tired of singers, so he is off to Europe, and they have waved him good-bye and hope he has a good, long vacation.

Richard Dix, who was intended to be a surgeon, tried banking from the inside, and then found his way to the paying-in side of the counter *via* the film studios, is seldom heard of now. John Gilbert knows the worst, and Mary Pickford could not "put over" "Kiki" even by coming over here.

It looks as if this new stunt of the famous star coming to Europe and appearing in person, is not so good or so lucky as Hollywood hoped it would prove. Chevalier, idolised on the screen, "flopped" when he appeared on the stage last year. The first night of "City Lights" was a riot (literally) but that has not prevented people from saying that it is, or should be, Chaplin's last film. And then there was Gloria Swanson, so shy and small and radiant in white, before the screen when they showed "Indiscreet" at the Dominion. The critics talked about her glamour, her slanting eyes, her clothes, and the energy she still displays on the screen; but said very little about the picture.

Gloria Swanson "graduated" (as they say in America) from

DOLORES COSTELLO and her husband, John Barrymore, who is training her voice. Film fans are talking of her come-back

W*here* do they *come* from *and* where do *they* go *to*—the "Stars" who *are* so brilliant, *while* they shine?

By Sydney Tremayne

GLORIA SWANSON, in her latest film "Indiscreet," contrives to combine her dramatic and tom-boy methods

Keystone Comedies and went on to great things, playing vital, dramatic rôles admirably. Now she seems to have reverted. "What a Widow" was a romp; at times one was almost embarrassed by the star's girlishness. "Indiscreet" seems to be an attempt to mix her dramatic and slap-stick methods. Miss Swanson says she directs her own pictures. (There is a story about her having been directed by von Stroheim a year or two ago, and when the picture was privately shown "the only place they could find Gloria's face was on the cutting room floor," so von Stroheim was fired—once more; and the film made over again.) If she is responsible for the matter and manner of her latest pictures she would seem ill-advised to start being tom-boyish now that she is no longer a mere girl.

Browning might have been anticipating the stars waiting to "come back" when he wrote:

"My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That, after Last, returns the First
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best can't end worst . . ."

MAE MARSH, who has returned to the screen, after ten years of domesticity and motherhood, in "Over the Hills"

Below:

WILL ROGERS, "ex-cow-hand," rope-thrower and maker of wise cracks on the halls, is the star of "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur"

THERE have been some remarkable "come-backs"; I look upon Menjou, who never acted so splendidly as in "Front Page," as one of the most spectacular.

They are talking of Pola Negri in Hollywood. She has given up a Vaudeville tour to return and make pictures for R.K.O.-Pathé. She confesses that she will give parties because she cannot stand loneliness and that she may get into mischief. We will see if she gets into the top lines and electric signs. She was a *great* emotional actress on the silent screen. I do not know if the talking film she made at Elstree, with elaborate "hush-hush" precautions, was ever shown. Two years ago, when she was "on location" at Penzance, the melancholy side of her temperament (a really capital T!) held sway, but the local provision merchants had a market for their delicacies, and one who procured fresh caviare for her every day says she is a wonderful woman. Anyway, she is determined to succeed now.

Mae Marsh is coming back to the screen after ten years of domesticity and real motherhood to play the mother in "Over the Hills," which was the first and best of the mother o' mine theme films in the silent days. They are talking of come-backs for Eleanor Boardman, Corinne Griffiths, Dolores Costello, who is having her voice trained by her husband, John Barrymore, and Billie Dove, who, it is rumoured, is engaged to Howard Hughes, the young millionaire producer of "Hell's Angels" and "The Front Page."

What happens to the stars when they are under eclipse? Some of them, of course, retire to domestic and even maternal felicity, a few have made fortunes and kept them; some of them have rich husbands. Clara Bow, who has been ill and away from the studios since the scandal of her case with the despicable little secretary, Daisy Devoe, is said to have a "hide out" in the Beverly Hills. Madge Bellamy, after she was practically banned as the result of trouble with the production people, retired to an estate she had bought. Now she has sold it and gone to Paris to write art criticism for a paper!

But the public, keen enough to know how and where their idols originated, neither knows nor cares where they go to after the final fade out. It is not because they do not approve of him that no one asks after Fatty Arbuckle's health now! He is just forgotten: all that man!

(*Continued on p.* 112)

BOOKS

Some *Novels* to take away *with* you—*and* a few *to* bring *back* again

By

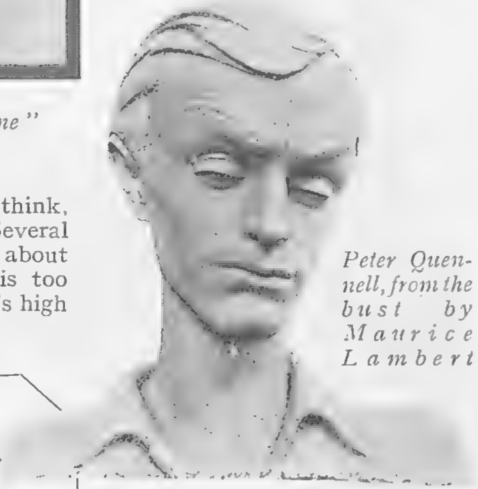
Arnold Palmer

V. Sackville-West

Compton Mackenzie

David Garnett, author of "The Grasshoppers Come"

AT the end of a rather featureless publishing season comes a batch of interesting novels, proving once more how right Mr. Micawber was in maintaining that, if only one has patience, something will eventually turn up. The novels vary so widely in theme and treatment that it is useless to attempt to keep them in a group, and I propose to take them one by one. Let us begin with Mr. Compton Mackenzie's *Buttercups and Daisies* (Cassell, 7s. 6d.), one of those purely lighthearted and fantastic farces in which the author occasionally indulges. It is the story of a London family dragged, by its pompous and romantic head, into the country. The adventures of the Wateralls in their ramshackle and inconvenient bungalow give Mr. Mackenzie scope for the employment of that effortless ingenuity which is, I think, his greatest gift. Several times I felt that I was about to cry "This book is too long," but the author's high spirits held me silent for a moment, and at the end of that moment I had forgotten what I was going to say. *Buttercups and Daisies* is very good fun. At its best—e.g., Mr. Waterall and the nurseryman—it is magnificent fun.



Peter Quennell, from the bust by Maurice Lambert

THE author of *The Phœnix-Kind* (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.) is the poet Mr. Peter Quennell. His first novel contains much good and even beautiful writing, and it is well worth reading. But though Mr. Quennell may write a first-rate novel one day, that day is not yet. In his wish to make every sentence and every moment tell, the author achieves a consistent intensity which is also a monotony—a distinguished but unmistakable monotony. In his constant divings after profundity, he spends much of his time upside down. In short, the

Posh Tosh

"THE STOLEN CELLINI" *by* Alan Thomas. (*Benn*, 7s. 6d.)

"THE MISSING MONEYLENDER" *by* W. Stanley Sykes. (*Bodley Head*, 7s. 6d.)

I FANCY that Mr. Thomas has been studying the best American masters and has set out to beat them at their own game. As many of these Americans learned their lessons at Stevenson's knee, Mr. Thomas gives us a curious flavour, at once familiar and strange, of reimported R. L. S. His two heroes are like nothing so much as standardised small horse-power models of the famous Prince Florizel. They could not be built on a better design, and the plot they defeat is worthy of "the handsomest tobacconist in London." My only criticism of the book is that it might with advantage have been priced at 6s.

Mr. Sykes is a newcomer, and I don't believe it ever occurred to him that he was striking a blow for England in writing his story. He had an idea, and he worked it out ingeniously and logically and sensibly; and it is in just being sensible that he succeeds where others fail. He is sensible about the police, believing them to be intelligent men addicted to hard work, and he is sensible about his crime, inventing a perfect murder which but for the pertinacity of the police and the bad luck of the criminal would not and could not have been discovered. Only once does the author strain our credulity, and that is in reprinting a first-rate leader from the *Southbourne Gazette*. Speaking as one who has made a lifelong study of the lesser provincial journals, I unhesitatingly declare this article to be spurious.

Lions, and other Beasts of the Jungle

"HALF WAY" *by* Cecil Roberts.
(*Hutchinson*, 10s. 6d.)

ON a certain day in Venice Mr. Cecil Roberts became thirty-five years old, and on that same day he decided to write his autobiography to date. He has done so much, met so many famous people, that his autobiography is largely a collection of biographical notes about celebrities—Max Beerbohm, Conrad, Nevinson, the Poet Laureate, Norman Douglas, Austin Harrison, Philip Gibbs, Winston Churchill, Edward O'Brien, Barrie, and others by the dozen. But since it is impossible to write even a guide-book without giving oneself away, so Mr. Roberts achieves, almost in spite of himself, what he set out to do, and stands revealed at the end. His book is so wide in scope that it is, in miniature, a history of our own times. But Mr. Roberts's public will enjoy especially the very full picture of the author in his most interesting, and most revealing, pages.

"HEAR THE LIONS ROAR"
by Sewell Stokes. (*Shaylor*, 7s. 6d.)

Sewell Stokes

IN his new collection of interviews with the Great, Mr. Sewell Stokes once again shows himself to be just about the best interviewer practising in England to-day. His art is a difficult one. I have tried it myself, and I know. Hundreds of people try it, but very few master it as Mr. Stokes has done. The test of mastery is (for me) to be found in the interviewer's success or failure in presenting his own point of view as well as that of the simpering Celebrity seated opposite. Mr. Stokes understands this very well; he dramatises or envisages himself; he tremendously enjoys himself; and by emphasising the truth that it takes two to make an interview, he far more than doubles our pleasure. Beneath his modern, disrespectful manner, Mr. Stokes uses the methods of Boswell. He shows us, he pumps energy into, twenty-seven contemporary celebrities. But the best of all, the twenty-eighth, is himself.

Cecil Roberts, author of "Half Way"

author is young and self-conscious; he seems more anxious to impress readers than to express himself; and so his characters are motionless, as in death. Characters never follow an author, however fluty his notes. He has to follow them, and at a respectful distance—often out of sight, indeed. The kind of book Mr. Quennell may some day write. With quite another theme and in a different style, is *All Passion Spent* (Hogarth Press, 7s. 6d.). Like Mr. Quennell, the author of this book, Miss V. Sackville-West, is the reverse of old, but there is a maturity about her writings—there has been from the first—which is absent from his. *All Passion Spent* is the story of a very old lady. There are only two known ways of treating this subject—nastily, and sentimentally. Miss Sackville-West has chosen the sentimental method, but she has been as sparing of the sugar as possible and she has produced a very charming book. It is beautifully written, and it gives a gentle and consoling view of death. By no possibility, it seems to me, can it avoid being a best-seller.

IT is hardly necessary to say that Mr. David Garnett's new book is also beautifully written. *The Grasshoppers Come* (Chatto and Windus, 5s.) is the story of a long-distance air trip, and of the mental and physical experiences of the pilot who remains beside the wreck of his machine in a stony desert in Turkestan. This little novel of 100 pages glitters with brilliance, for Mr. Garnett sees what he describes. By a series of vivid pictures he stirs our imagination and surrounds us with his scene. It is his peculiar gift, and it has made me use that worn word, brilliant, because no other is really appropriate. "Brilliant" does not convey the highest possible praise. It suggests a lack of durability, and Mr. Garnett's book indeed may be compared to those canvases which immediately attract attention in an exhibition of pictures. Such pictures are apt to disappoint their purchasers when they hang them on their own walls. The painting is masterly, but one saw that in a moment. There are no reticences in these works. Everything they had to say they said clearly, beauti-

(*Continued on page* 124)

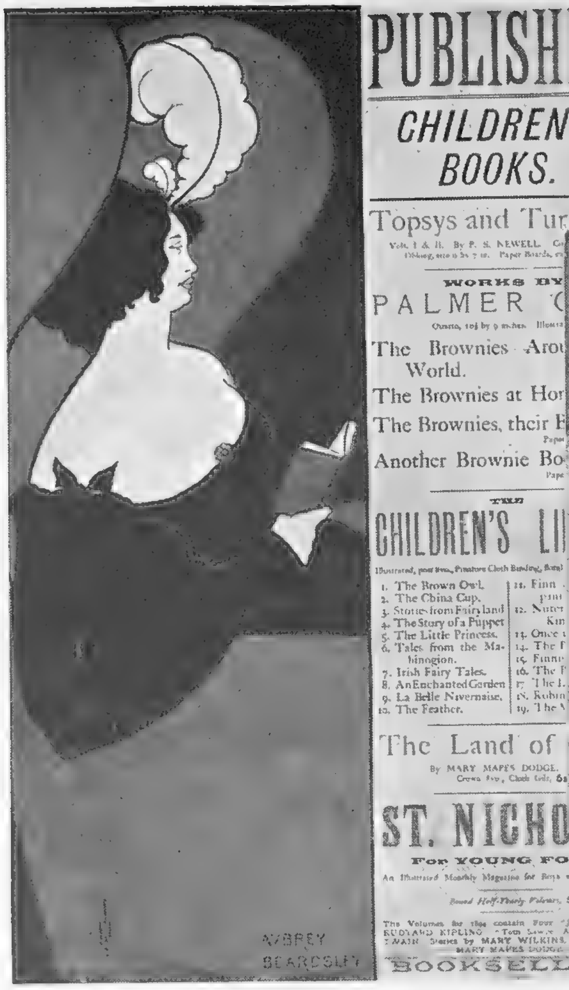
Sir Harley Granville-Barker

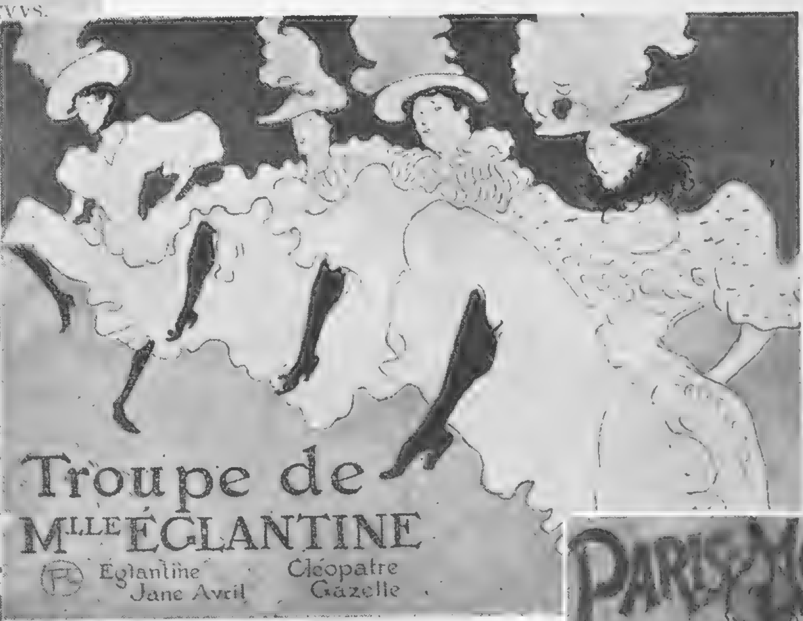
Analysis of Drama

AN intelligent, even intellectual, young female, seeing me reading *On Dramatic Method*, by Harley Granville-Barker (Sidgwick and Jackson, 5s.), asked "Who is Granville-Barker?" The expression on my face must have startled her, for she hastened to add that she knew his *Prefaces to Shakespeare*. What she didn't know was his qualification to write so authoritatively. For fear that my remark might not be original, I refrained from saying "How time flies!" and, instead, referred her to *Who's Who*. If there are any readers of this page young enough to be ignorant of the history of the stage in London during the years immediately before the War, I beg them to follow the advice I gave to the young lady.

Granville-Barker's new volume contains five lectures covering, at unequal pace, the whole field of English drama. There is a long paper on Shakespeare, and there is a full and detailed analysis of the methods of Ibsen—who must, in a review of this kind, be included in preference to his English contemporaries. There is also a strikingly inadequate chapter on the Restoration dramatists, with whom the author is so out of sympathy that he barely gives even a mention to Congreve. One lays down the book with the reflection that Sir Harley is deeply interested in two playwrights only—Shakespeare and Ibsen. When not discussing either of these, he is apt to be just what, in his very first sentence, he swears he will never be—vague. Two courses are open to a writer on dramatic method. He may regard the gift of writing for the stage as something from heaven, inexplicable, or he may subject it to a strict analysis. The author wavers between these courses. His analysis, when he applies it, is masterly; but elsewhere there are too many sentences like this: "The dramatist . . . must practise magic and weave spells." Nevertheless, if his new book shows that his kingdom has limits, it confirms his sovereignty over it.

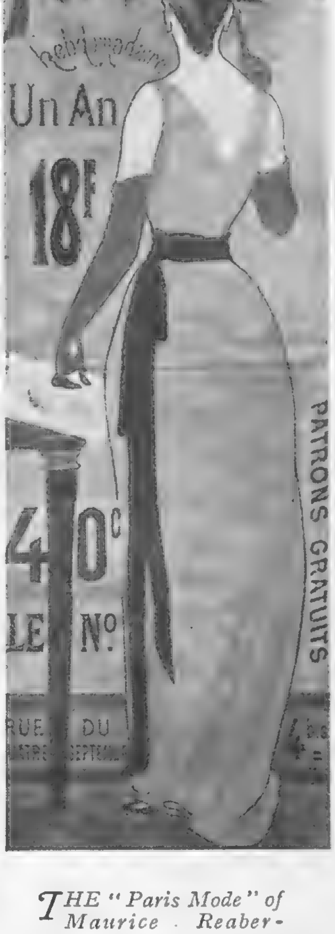
Some Impressions by famous Artists of the Women


PUBLISHER.
CHILDREN'S BOOKS.
Topsys and Turvys.
WORKS BY
PALMER C
The Brownies Arou World.
The Brownies at Hor
The Brownies, their B
Another Brownie Bo
THE CHILDREN'S LI
1. The Brown Owl.
2. The China Cup.
3. Stories from Fairyland
4. The Story of a Puppet
5. The Little Princess.
6. Tales from the Mabinogion.
7. Irish Fairy Tales.
8. An Enchanted Garden
9. La Belle Nivernaise.
10. The Feather.
The Land of
By MARY MAPES DODGE.
ST. NICHOLAS
For YOUNG FOLKS.
BOOKSELLERS.
AVBREY BEARDSLEY


Troupe de
Mlle ÉGLANTINE
Eglantine
Jane Avril
Cléopatre
Gazelle

AUBREY Beardsley makes a magnificent use of silhouette in the drawing of the ample lady shown on the left

THE exuberance which apparently characterised the ladies of the 'nineties is well illustrated in Toulouse-Lautrec's famous poster shown above


PARIS MODE
hebdomadaire
Un An
18F
40C
LE No
PATRONS GRATUITS
RUE DU

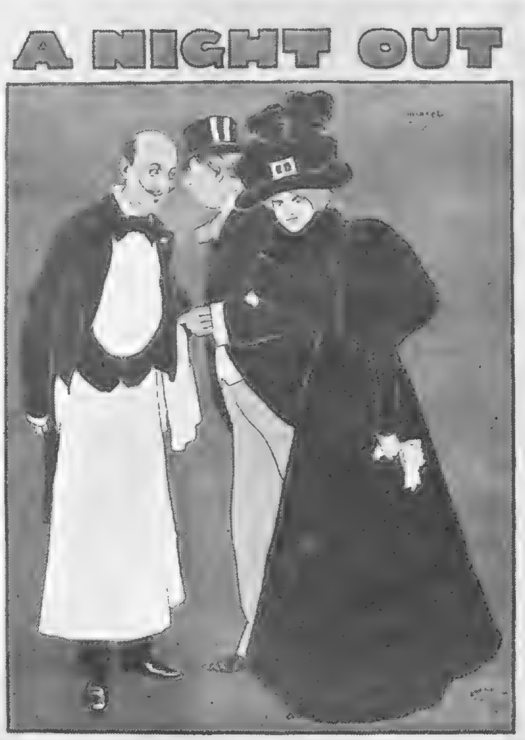
THE "Paris Mode" of Maurice Reaber-Dumas seems to have been greatly influenced by Yvette Guilbert, her slim figure and long black gloves

How *they* looked —Then *and* Now...

BIOLOGISTS tell us that the evolution of man is due to his adaptability: that one generation of men, during a brief lifetime, could have considered beautiful the widely divergent types of women shown on these pages shows a capacity for adaptability to circumstances which gives one the highest hopes for the progress of humanity!

The magnificent corsetry, the effulgence of petticoats, the insistence of black gloves and black stockings, surely the women who gloried in these symbols of their sex could not transform themselves into the wraiths of 1925, with their skeleton frames, exiguous gowns and staring eyes? Yet such is the rapidity with which our eyes become accustomed to change that not before we see portraits of the two periods in close juxtaposition do we realise how vastly different are our ideals from those of a generation ago.

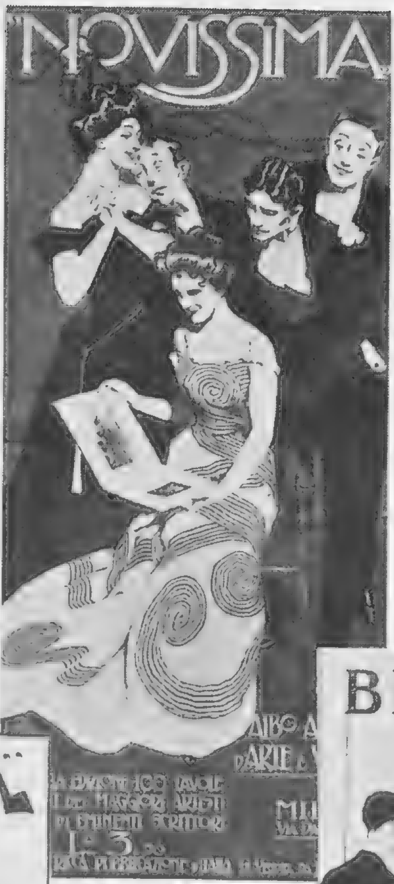
The illustrations on these pages were selected from a recent and most interesting exhibition of posters at the Victoria and Albert museum, with a view to illustrating the extraordinary variety of types which the last quarter of a century has witnessed. The art of the poster is particularly apt to illustrate change of this kind, because a poster, unlike other forms of pictorial art, is not concerned with illustrating an episode or painting a portrait of an individual, but of finding, as it were, a common denominator of the tendencies of the time, and of presenting these in so simple and direct a manner that the maximum of spectators will immediately realise the purpose of the artist. A poster, as E. McKnight Kauffer says in his interesting book on the subject, should be a "summary of the set of facts to be illustrated," and the reproductions on these


A NIGHT OUT
VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

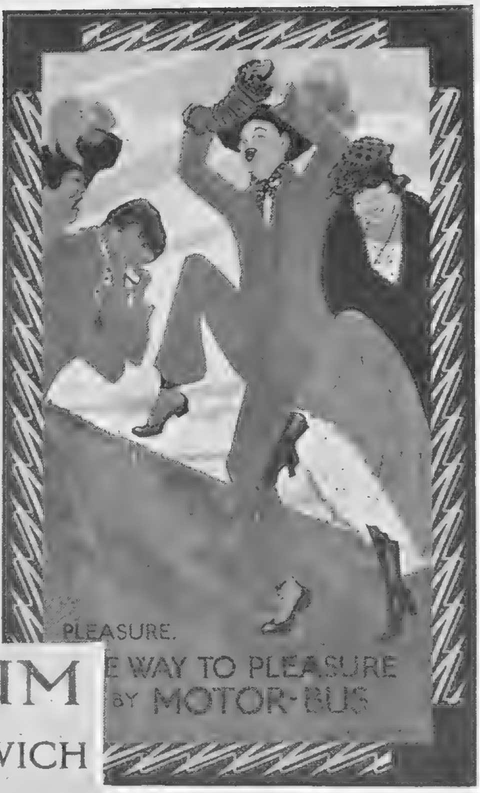
NIGHTS out in the late 'nineties did not seem to preclude voluminous wraps and heavily trimmed picture hats, if we can believe John Hassall

Poster of their day

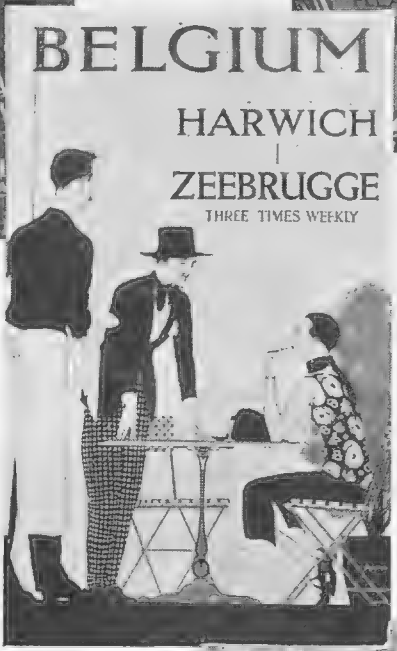
pages surely sum up in no uncertain manner the changing ideal of each decade.



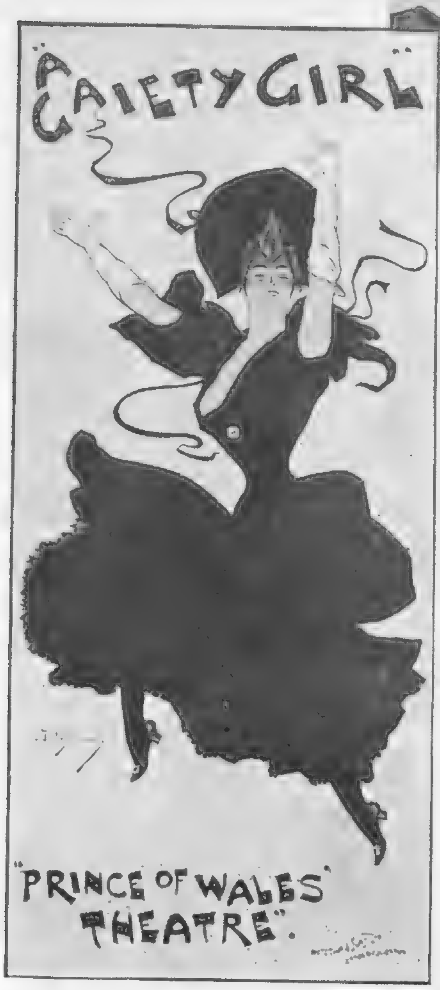
THE restrained elegance of the early years of this century finds excellent expression in this Italian poster designed for a new magazine



THE gaiety and insouciance of the cockney type, with her button boots and her check cap, is here rendered by Nevinson with great understanding



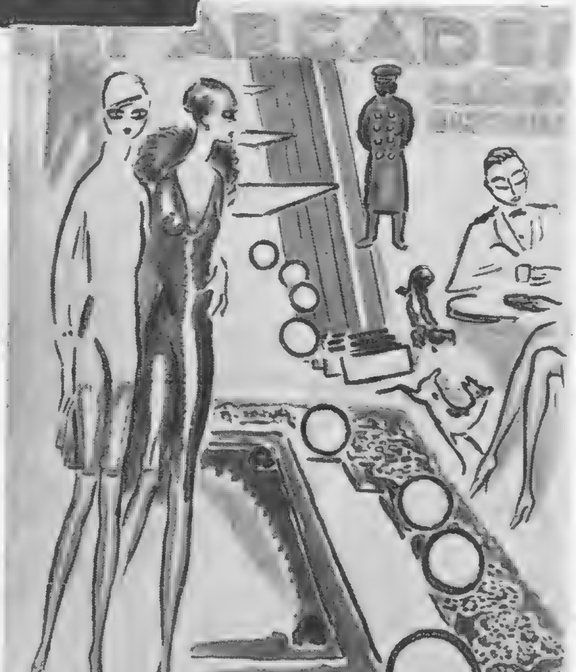
THE short-haired boyish miss of 1924, portrayed by Herrick, with her air of calm independence, her flat figure and her short skirts, is a far cry from the womanly woman beloved of her father



WHO could better interpret the gaieties of the naughty 'nineties than this high-spirited lady with the hour-glass waist, drawn by Dudley Hardy?

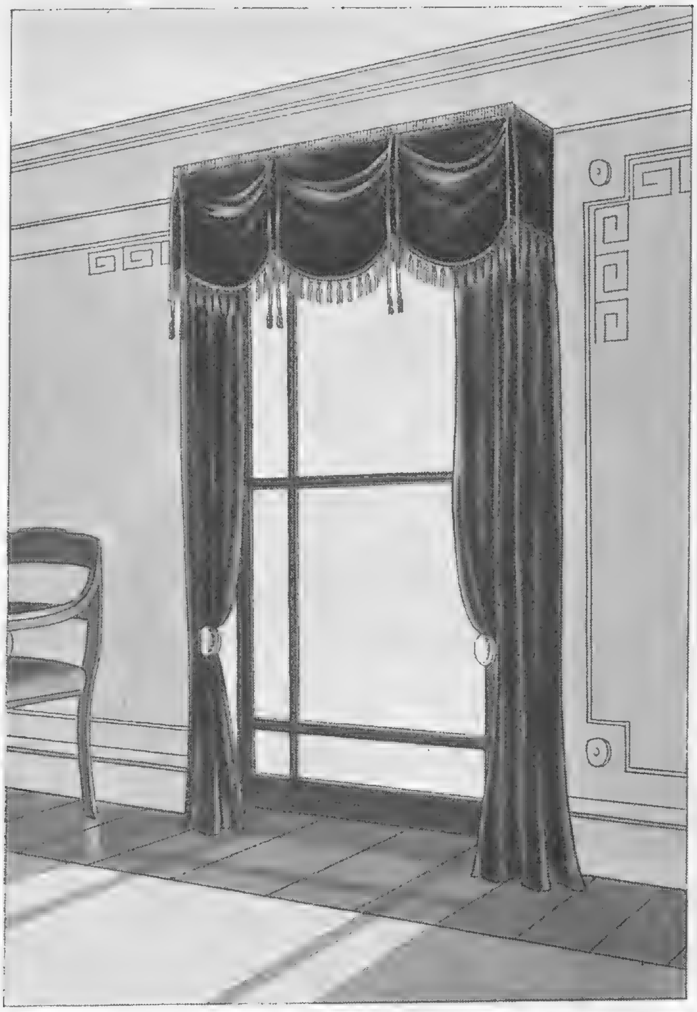
THE simplicity of composition demanded by a poster, the economy of means at the disposal of the artist, insist that he confines himself to essentials and that he sets forth his message in such a manner that the spectator will get at once a complete impression. No one surely could fail to appreciate the high spirits of Dudley Hardy's magnificent "Gaiety Girl"! Perhaps the master of this direct language was Toulouse-Lautrec who, much influenced by Japanese prints, raised the poster to the highest level it has yet known. His drawings of May Belfort, Aristide Bruant, Yvette Guilbert are indeed a summary of an entire epoch and tell us as much of those glorious, fabulous 'nineties as any number of books. This was the "grande période" of the poster, when not only Toulouse-Lautrec but Chéret and Steinlen were covering vast expanses on the Boulevards with their exuberant and daring drawings of the women of the day—when Jane Avril was a toast and not a memory, and when Yvette Guilbert had the temerity to challenge fashion by appearing, thin and uncorseted, with her long, black gloves and straight, close-hanging skirts unsupported by a series of frilled petticoats. From her day to van Dongen's would not be so far a cry (the same tired air of elegance is apparent in both periods, though the length and brevity of the skirts are in startling contrast) were they not separated by the primmer fashions of the early 1900's. These, with their restrained air of complacency, their elaborate and braided gowns and stiffly padded coiffures, differ as much from the extravagant silhouettes of the 'nineties as does their presentation. During the early years of the century the art of the poster declined to a very low level—in this country it had to await the post-war activities of McKnight Kauffer who, more than anyone else in England, has influenced poster design and helped to make our hoardings the art galleries of the public. Now the significant slim figures of 1925–7 have also vanished and the woman of to-day awaits a translator who will sum up her essential characteristics in a language which all will understand.

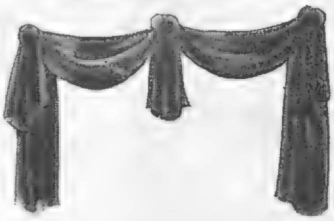
MADGE GARLAND



THE slightly sinister but very elegant beauties of 1925, with their exaggerated slenderness and painted eyes, are in van Dongen's best vein

Upon *the* Correct Frame *for your* Window depends *the* *Success* of your R*oom*





THIS conventional early 19th century type of window dressing would look well carried out in one of Lister's Dawn velvets. An alternative draping for the pelmet is shown on the right

MOST windows, unless they are low or horizontal in shape, are improved by an appropriate valance or pelmet, be it a modern one of mirror glass or a conventional braided and fringed design, and although this is a very generally accepted fact, many of us hesitate to include pelmets in our furnishing scheme because of their expense. They are, however, essential to the successful treatment of tall windows, such as those shown on this page, and some kinds are much easier to cut out and make than might at first be thought.

(Right)

A SIMPLE but effective treatment consists of a pelmet of plain glazed chintz with scalloped edge and striped cotton curtains. Designed by John Hill

(Below)

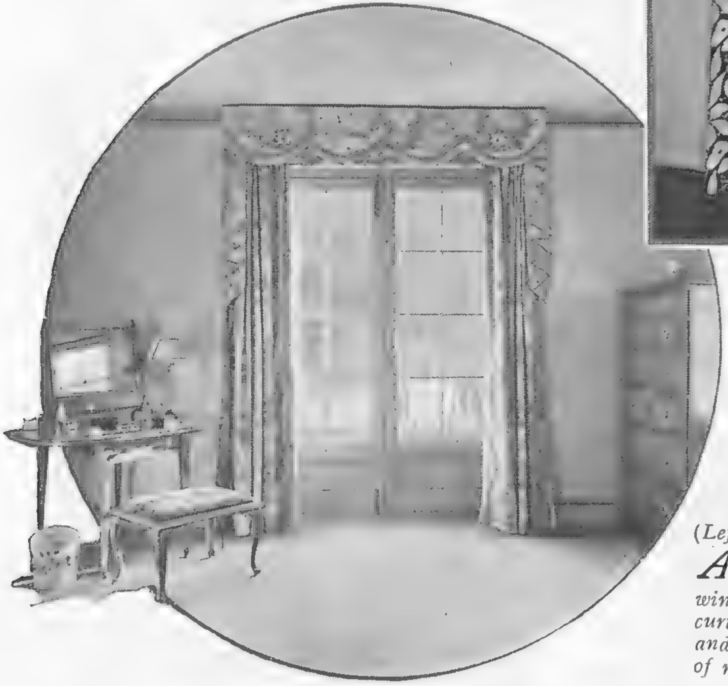
THIS bold modern design is carried out in white and plum-coloured linen and is to be found in a bathroom decorated by Guy Elwes

In the first place, a suitable valance board should be fixed above the window in question; this should be about three quarters of an inch thick, with a projection of five inches from the face of the wall, and should be about four to six inches longer than the over-all width of the window opening itself, so that when the curtains are drawn back during the day they hang clear of the glass area of the window and do not exclude any valuable daylight.

The next step will be to measure the exact length of the board and to purchase some pelmet buckram, not forgetting to take into consideration the length of the return ends as well as the length of the board.

Now draw in pencil on the buckram the outline of the chosen design, having previously made a rough sketch on paper and worked this out to scale. Then cut out carefully, following the contour of the pencil line. Lay the shaped buckram flat on a table on top of the curtain fabric which it is intended to use, and do not cut this latter exactly to fit the stiffening, but a couple of inches larger all the way round. Now pin, and subsequently tack, the two together. Treat similarly the lining; this, however, need not be cut quite as big as the curtain fabric as it will not need such large turnings. Be generous with your material when cutting out, especially if you have chosen an intricate pattern.

Now neatly fell the lining against the outer material, taking care not to stitch it

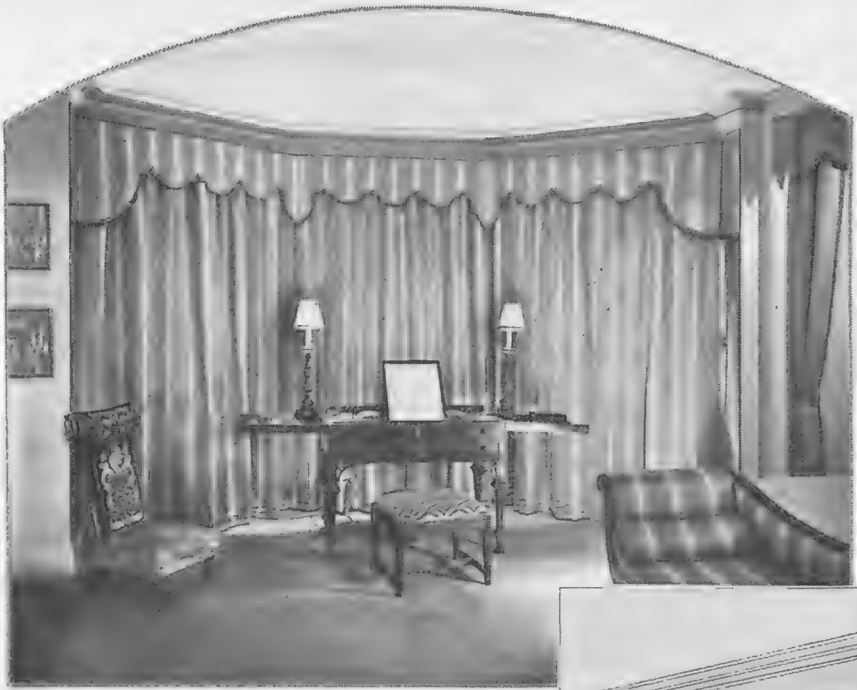


(Left)

AN attractive frame to these French windows is made by curtains and a scalloped and braided pelmet of rose-patterned chintz

Some *Hints* on PELMET making *and* Shaping

By Mary S. Wills



Humphrey Joel

(Above) THE importance of the pelmet as a frame is well illustrated by this bedroom with its unusual hangings of red striped brocade

too close to the edge of the pelmet.

Braid, fringe, tassels, or other trimmings are optional and depend on the style of the design.

Press carefully with a hot iron on the reverse side and tack on to the board, taking care to space each nail evenly.

Now let us discuss the question of types and materials suitable for particular environments.

The character of the designs will be governed by the nature of the material as well as by the period of the furnishings in the rooms

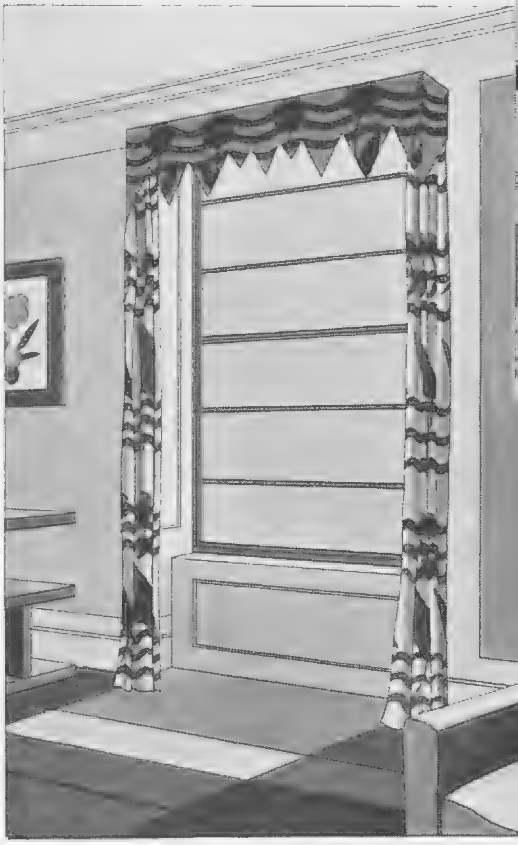
A simple little pleated frill, excellent for a low lattice window, will be out of keeping when carried out in rich silk for a town house drawing room, as will an elaborately shaped and fringed design for a little cottage casement.

Without being too "correct," we should remember that the larger and more dignified the windows and the more costly the material, the more elaborate may be the shape, braiding and fringing.

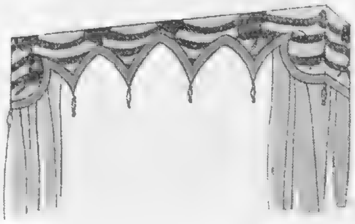
For the cottage lattice, or for the Tudor mullioned window, a simple valance will be very charming, but since these windows are invariably small the frill should do little more than hide the curtain rod. A box-pleated frill is an easily-made alternative to a gathered one.

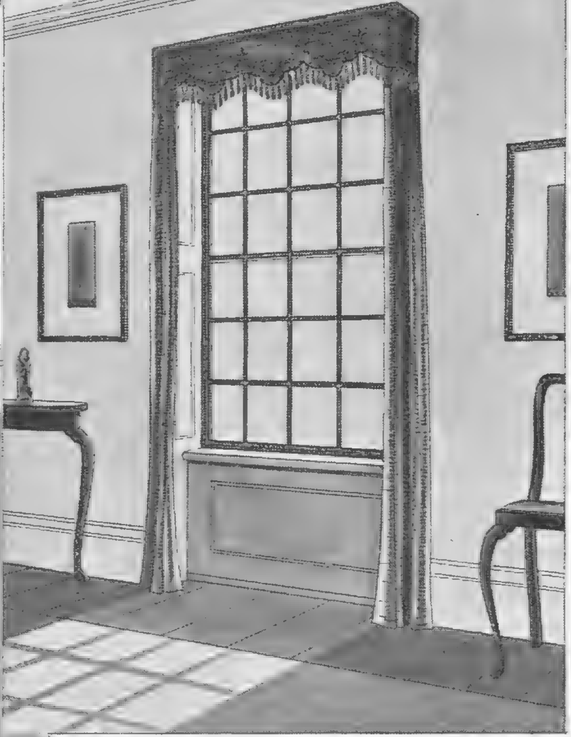
For the tall-paned sash windows of a house of the Queen Anne type, a rich velvet in one of the beautiful Dawn shades, with a pelmet shaped in a scroll design, such as that shown in the drawing on the far right, would be delightful.

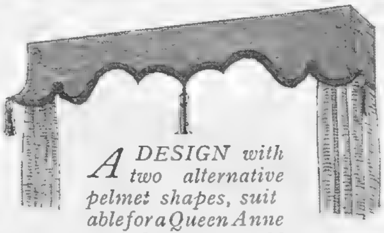
One of the most effective and simple treatments is to make the pelmet and curtain of contrasting materials, and a pelmet of plain glazed chintz with a straight or scalloped edge allied to a curtain of plaid or striped cotton material is a very attractive scheme for a simple bedroom. Curtains of plain velvet with a patterned brocade pelmet are comparatively easy to make and look extremely effective even if the edges of the pelmet are left straight, as the pattern of the brocade gives a semblance of shape when seen against the plain surface of the velvet. This type of treatment makes an excellent background for old furniture.



(Above) A MODERN cretonne would lend itself admirably to this sharply indented design, or to the more fanciful treatment shown on the right







A DESIGN with two alternative pelmet shapes, suitable for a Queen Anne period room, would look lovely made of Lister's slub velvet in a deep shade of blue

A pelmet can often be used to link together two windows which are too tall for the height of the room, and thus create one unit which is more in harmony with the proportions of the whole. A particularly happy example of this treatment is shown in the photograph on the top of this page, where the bay with its separate windows is made into an effective background for the dressing table by a continuous pelmet and meeting curtains of the same striped brocade.

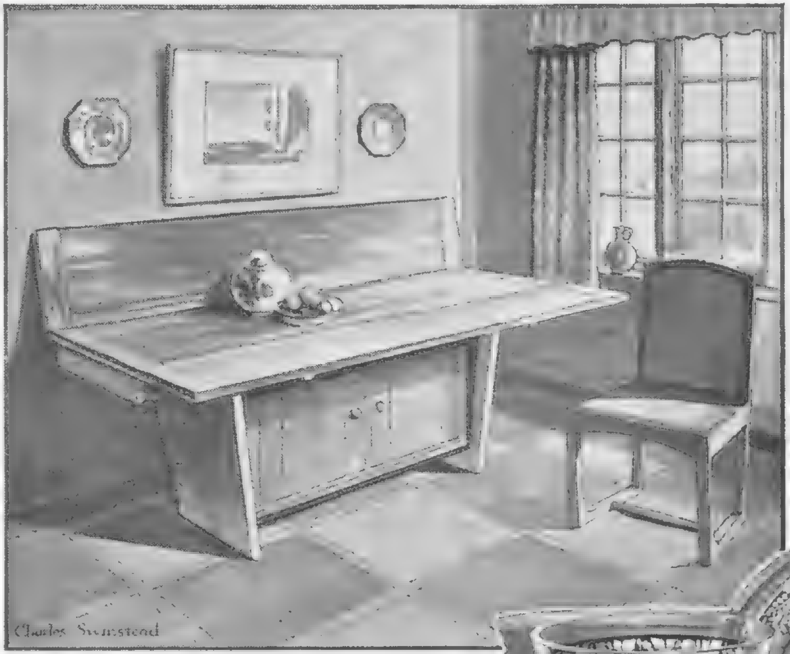
If we do not wish to be too pedantic about styles, or if we desire to aim at something definitely modern and untraditional, we may give ourselves a very free hand, and allow the pattern of the material or other shapes in the room to suggest a design, but it is best for the amateur to be modest and not attempt schemes too ambitious for his talents.

Introducing you to—

A Home *for* Two

THERE is a certain amount of misunderstanding — and even apprehension — about the cost of making a home. Young people, reared in an atmosphere of inflation, are inclined to take the pessimistic view. Nevertheless, money does buy considerably more to-day than for many years past. In fact, the following pages are specially planned to show that £110 will go most of the way towards providing a comfortable and distinguished home for two . . .

By Winifred Lewis



WITH limited space, this oak combination sideboard and table reduces expenses in the dining-room by giving two pieces of furniture in one for £15 . 0 . 0

GLASS embossed with green and gold looks costly on the table, although this vase is only 18/6 and the dish a guinea

What It Costs—

	£	s.	d.
The Dining-room	31	0	0
The Lounge . .	23	8	9
The Bedroom . .	46	4	10½
The Kitchen . .	9	6	6
Total	£110	0	1½

THERE is a certain amount of fun, I suppose, in the reflection that if one were contemplating a home of one's own, one of these three embarrassments would be almost sure to occur.

That is, in the first place, one might have a great deal of space and no money, or—less probably—a great deal of money and no space. Finally, and this is the difficulty I propose to deal with, one might have neither money nor space!

Probably more people today than ever before are living in quarters of which the cubic capacity would have brought shame to the bosom of a certain Mr. Peabody, and contriving, what is more, to do it with grace and to exhibit every symptom of comfort and happiness into the bargain.

One wonders how they do it. How, with very little money and no room to swing the proverbial cat, they still rejoice in homes as charming as any that ever grew up in a mews.

My own theory is that they have merely troubled to understand how much a little money will buy, eked out with courage and ingenuity. And to this I would add that even they have been surprised.

Certainly there is something delightfully appealing, too, about the very small home. And how pleasant all the scheming can be! Choosing fabrics and colours that will emphasise the best features as well as conceal the worst. Searching for furniture which is exactly suitable to your particular needs as well as to your purse.

"But how much will it all cost?" is the inevitable sequel to these flights of fancy, and for this reason I have planned the following pages so that you can judge for yourselves. Here are four rooms, representing the greater part of a small flat, and the cost of furnishing, including carpets and curtains, is, roughly, £110. Such things as linen and cutlery, china and other equipment have not been included because so much depends upon personal circumstances; though it would be safe to say that, with reasonable care, these could be provided for such a small home on another £25.

Though there has not been space enough on these pages to include photographs of everything I have selected for this home, I shall be glad to tell you where every item on my list can be obtained if you wish. Incidentally, you would be interested, I am sure, in the catalogue of inexpensive furniture which Messrs. Hamptons of Pall Mall have just produced. It would be well worth while writing to them for a copy.

And now just a few suggestions as to the arrangement and decoration of such a home.

TO avoid overcrowding is the very first consideration. Don't imagine that comfort depends upon the *amount* of furniture you have. On the contrary, nothing is more fatal to restful beauty than quantities of furniture bulging from every angle and making freedom of movement almost impossible.

There are many people, I know, living in very small quarters, who prefer the arrangement of a dining-room-lounge. Perhaps they are right, though I cannot help feeling that there is likely to be far less confusion if one small room is reserved entirely for meals and another for a sitting-room. In the first place, this arrangement leaves the lounge quite free from the upheaval that always attends the function of meals, and this in itself is a consideration when one is entertaining.

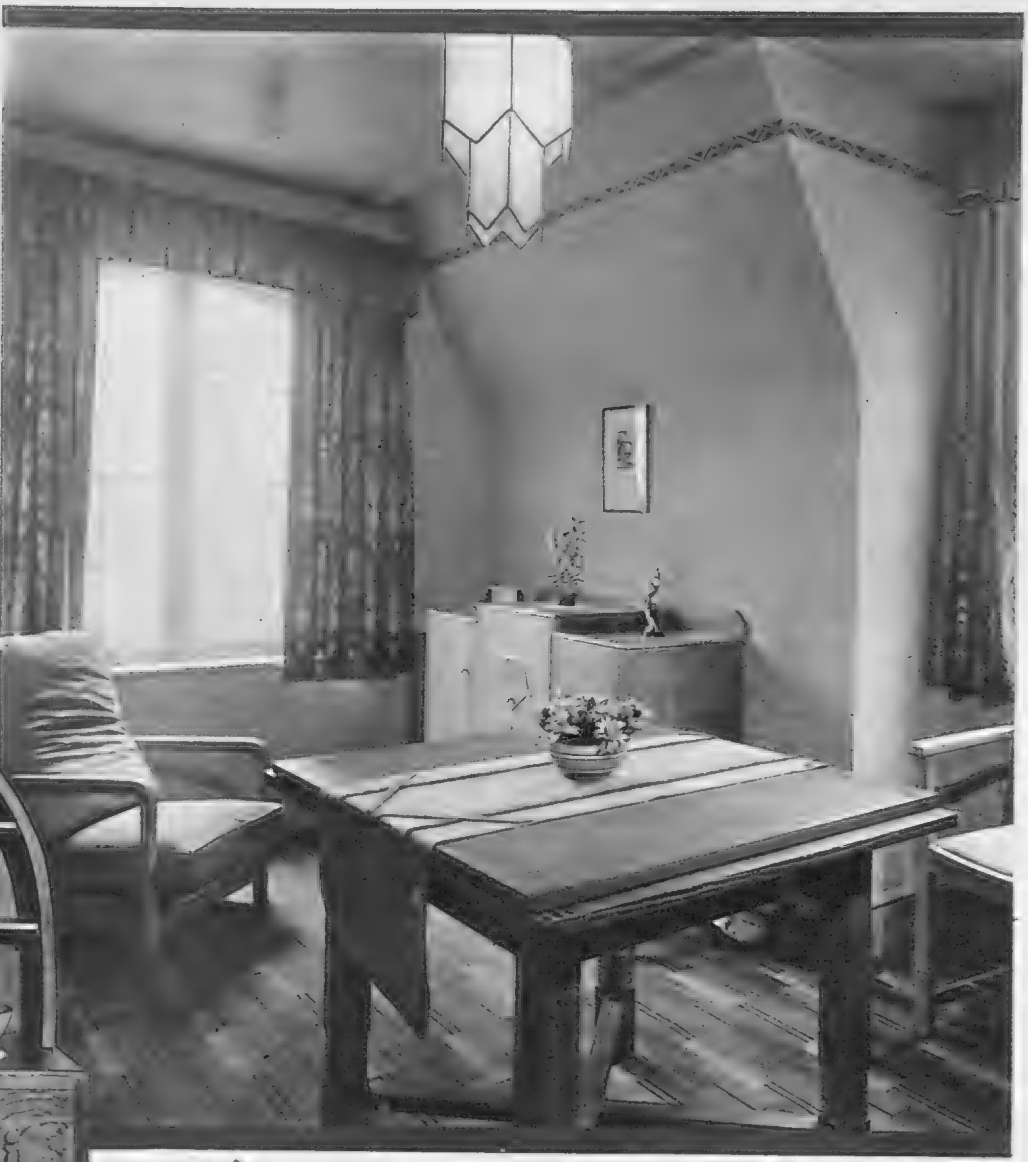
If the dining-room is reserved for meals alone, you need not fear that in cutting furniture down to a minimum your room will be lacking in dignity or charm so long as you have been original in your choice of decoration.

In such a small home it is always advisable to choose a basic colour scheme for the

(*Continued on page 61*)

The Dining-Room

HERE is a dining-room to copy in your own small home, with clean-cut furniture of weathered oak. The suite includes a sideboard, a pull-out dining-table, and four dining chairs, as well as an adjustable easy chair. The carved weathered oak dresser, shown below, at £9 15s. costs only slightly more than the sideboard and would make a delightful substitute



Furniture by Hampton & Sons, Ltd.

THE COST

	£	s.	d.
Carved weathered-oak sideboard - - - -	8	19	6
Carved weathered-oak pull-out dining-table - -	5	15	0
Four dining chairs at 28/6 ea.	5	14	0
One adjustable arm-chair with loose cushions -	3	10	0
Hair Carpet 10' 6" × 9'	5	8	6
One pair cretonne curtains, with fittings - - -	1	13	0
Total Cost -	£31	0	0

AND now a closer view of the carpet and cretonne, which are in tones of green and beige and green and marigold respectively

WHEN it is time to select china, you may indulge your taste both for colour and economy with such charming things as the marigold ware below. The brilliant flowers with green foliage on a cream ground are in perfect harmony with the dining-room described. A tea-set costs 79/6 and a breakfast-set 77/6

The Bed-room

IN the small bed-room for two people the aim is frankly a restful simplicity, and the suite on the left in limed oak, costing £44 complete, would be eminently suitable. The room pictured below has acquired an enviable distinction in spite of its severity, while the illusion of space is assisted by painted walls and ceiling of the same shade. The door-frame and skirting, in sharp contrast, rescue this background from any hint of monotony

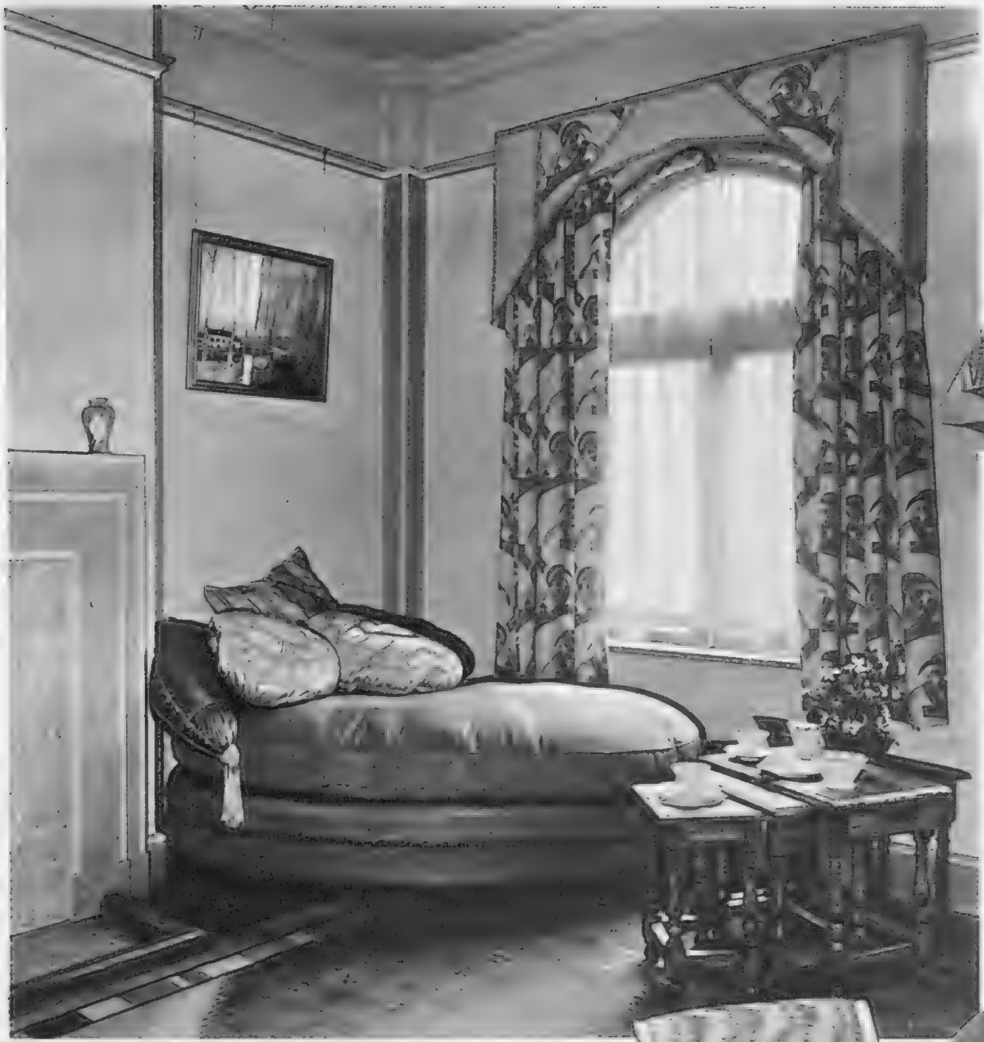
THE COST

	£	s.	d.
"Shotton" bed-room suite in limed oak - -	*36*	*10*	*0*
Bed to match -	*7*	*10*	*0*
Two plain coloured mohair rugs at 16/6 each	*1*	*13*	*0*
Six yards of "Delphinella" printed linen for curtains at 1/11¾ per yard		*11*	*10½*
Total Cost	*£46*	*4*	*10½*

Left:

THIS printed linen for curtains is made in several colourings on a natural ground and costs 1/11¾ yd., 31" wide

A LUXURY, to be indulged in later, is this oak adjustable bedside table costing £3-19-6. It will hold many useful items and assist at the function of morning tea. Extreme left: some pretty bottles for powder and salts. Have you thought of painting them yourself?

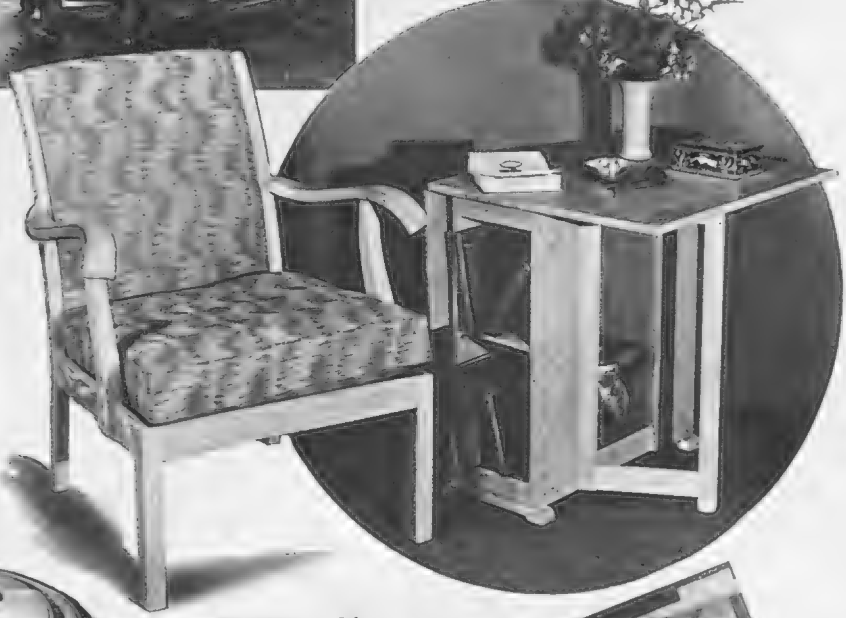


Below:

THE limed oak easy chair has detachable upholstery in modern tapestry effect and costs £4-5-0. The gate-leg book table is £4-19-6

The Lounge

BE quite sure that your lounge justifies its name and eliminate all but the most necessary trifles. The room illustrated above is a lesson in dignity and comfort, yet there is hardly a feature that cannot easily be copied. The window is specially worthy of attention, and is carried out in the "Dream Cottage" cretonne (at 3/9 yd., 31 ins. wide) shown to the right of it, and a plain fabric



Williamson & Cole

A SECTION (above) of vari-coloured hair carpet (costing £4-2-6 and measuring 9' by 9') for the floor of the lounge. A coffee set (left) of Shelley china (38/4) will invest your entertaining with a final cachet

THE COST

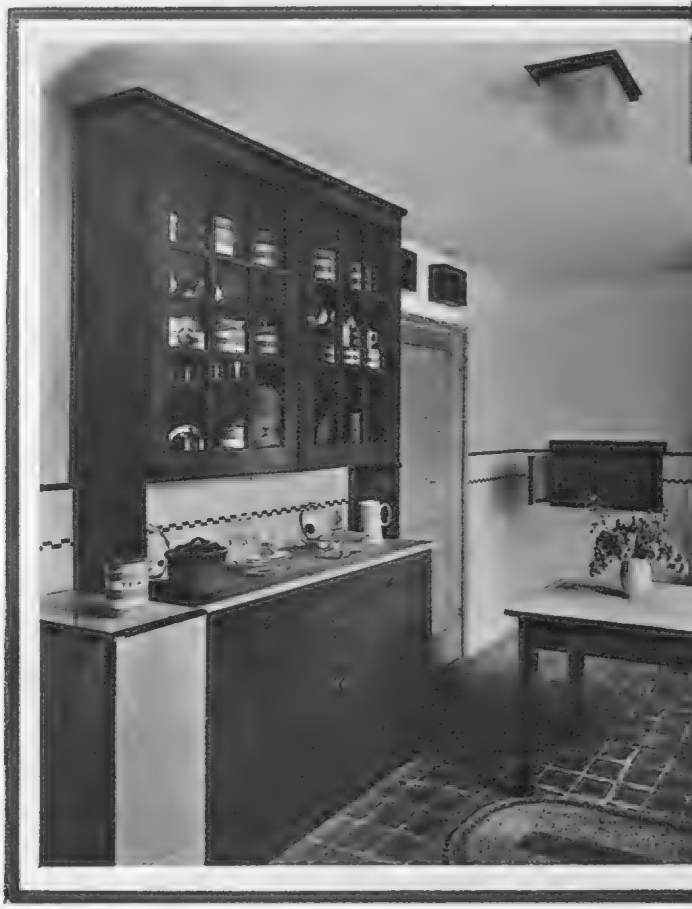
	£	s.	d.
One limed oak adjustable easy chair with loose cushions	4	5	0
One limed oak gate-leg book-table - -	4	19	6
One "Wunda" easy chair in tapestry -	3	19	6
Divan, box-spring mattress with overlay and feather pillow - - -	4	19	9
Six yds. of "Dream Cottage" cretonne at 3/9 yd. for curtains - - -	1	2	6
Modern hair carpet 9' by 9' - -	4	2	6
Total Cost	£23	8	9

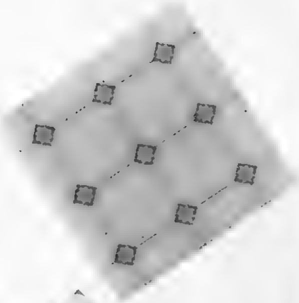
The Kitchen

BELOW you see how perfect a small kitchen can be. The built-in dresser is a luxury that a kitchen cabinet could replace. Left: an electric cooker, exactly suitable for small needs; and (right) a similar proposition for gas. Either can be had by a system of hire purchase

General Electric Co.

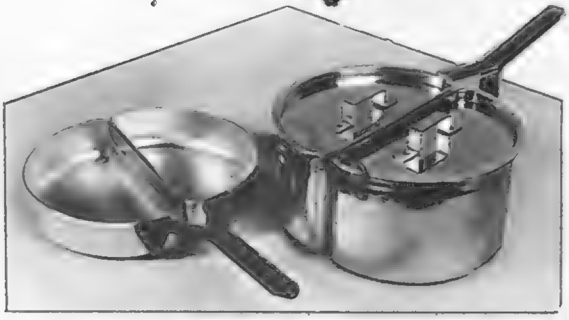
British Commercial Gas Association





THE COST

	£	s.	d.
"Savework" cabinet	5	19	6
White pine table with enamel top - -	1	5	6
"Congoleum" linoleum square, size 9'×9' -	1	10	0
Six yards of waterproof cretonne for curtains at 1/11 yard - - -	0	11	6
Total Cost -	£9	6	6



"DECORENE" waterproof cloth, of which two samples are seen above, can, among other things, be applied to kitchen walls. The tile design costs 2/3 yard, 45" wide, and the narrow one, for shelves, 5¾d. yard. The aluminium sectional saucepan and frying-pan will cook a whole meal for two, so are really not expensive at 8/6 and 10/6 each

SPACE for storing dry goods as well as equipment is offered by this practical small cabinet for £5 19 6. Left: when there is no room for a larger plate-rack, this folding one at 2/6 will be immensely welcome

A Home for Two

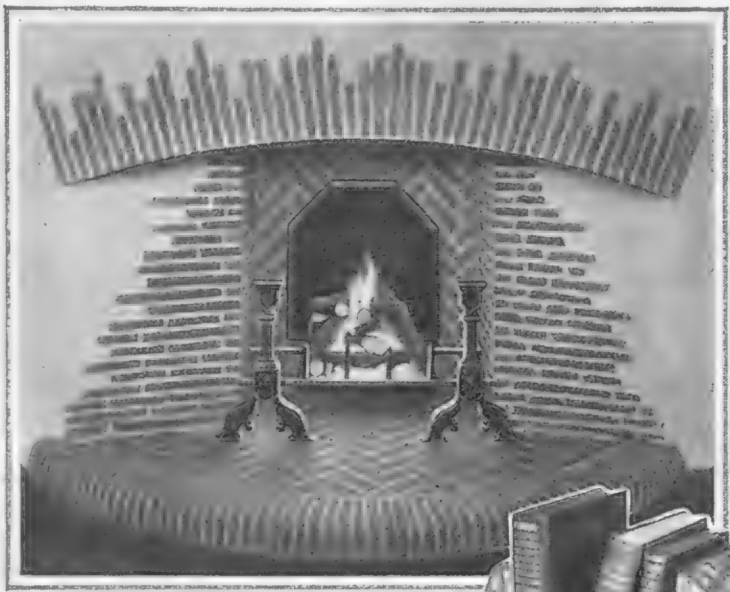
(*Continued from page 56*)

whole house and merely to vary it in each room. The effect of this is more restful than would be the case if several quite different schemes of decoration were carried out in such a small space, and, moreover, it is possible to add to the apparent size of the flat by a careful relationship of colouring between the rooms.

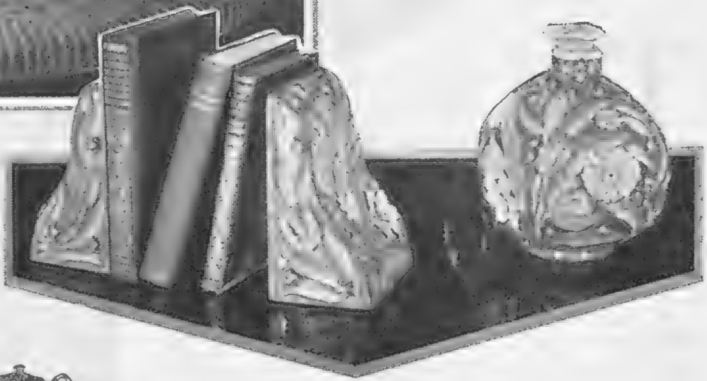
Suppose, for instance, you have decided upon honey and green as a combination. This is how you could interpret it in each room:

In the dining-room you will wish to create a sense of space by colouring the walls, ceiling and woodwork to match, and the simplest way is, of course, by painting. A background of honey colouring will be cheerful and pretty in such a small room: so green should be used, in this case, as a foil.

Walls should be in good condition before paint is applied direct, so make very sure of this point before instructing your decorator, and if there is any doubt, first have a plain lining paper applied and over this the paint.



GAS fires emulating the appearance of coal fires have a cosy appearance



(Right)

RAISED, coloured flowers decorate this pottery. The book-ends are 35/6, and the scent flagon 38/6

THIS mahogany stool opens out into a tea table and costs £4 . 15 . 0

A LESS expensive but a most successful treatment for walls and ceilings is distemper, afterwards sized and varnished. The effect is almost precisely that of painted walls, though the cost is less than half.

Returning to the dining-room, gleaming walls and woodwork of honey colour will reflect in a very charming way the greens used elsewhere in the room. For instance, the door-frame and picture rail could be coloured mid-green. The carpet should be in green too, or, to save expense, the floor boards painted with one of the new indestructible enamels, and a few rugs used. You will be surprised—and even delighted—with the effect of a coloured floor!

Perhaps the most important feature, and this applies to almost every other room, is the way in which the window is arranged. The simplest of rooms can be given dignity by a beautiful window treatment, planned to blend with the general colouring of the room and to accentuate its special features. For this little dining-room my choice would rest upon silk curtains of pale gold with a bold design of wool embroidery in vivid tones of green along the hem and on the straight pelmet. Cretonne is always safe, and most unusual effects can be obtained by combining it with a plain fabric, though in small rooms one must, of course, be content with small designs.

And now the lounge, where walls could be of leaf-green to match the woodwork and shaded to palest eau-de-nil at the ceiling. Art silk curtains of old-gold should this time be braided with green and combined with a dainty screening net of palest eau-de-nil, while chair covers should be of old-gold linen or rep, piped with green. The divan, covered to match, should have comfortable cushions. And at this point let me say that a divan is infinitely to be preferred to the more usual types of couch or settee, as in an emergency it so effectively solves the probelm of the extra bed. A loose cover is simple enough to make at home, and takes about 4½ yards of fabric.

Delicate colourings still seem to be the rule for the bedroom, so one might have walls and ceiling of honey-coloured paint, or paper, with woodwork of palest green. A pretty curtain treatment could be arranged with art silk in two tones of green, and the same colouring could be repeated with striped bedspreads in shades of light green and dark. If, however, your choice is for cretonne curtains, choose a fabric which is in harmony with the colouring of the walls and combine it with a plain fabric which will serve for the bedspreads as well.

A sand-coloured carpet, fitted to the room, would be comfortable and charming, though more costly than painted boards and plain rugs in various tones of green and gold.

FINALLY, there is the kitchen—perhaps one of the most difficult rooms to arrange in a home where space is so limited and storage confined to a tiny cupboard or two.

Kitchen cabinets are fortunately now made to fit rooms of every size, and their prices are conveniently small. One of these cabinets will prove a real source of convenience since all dry goods and a certain amount of other food can be stored in them, leaving the remaining cupboard accommodation free for other things.

A cabinet table is another thing I would strongly recommend, and I know of a very satisfactory one which costs £3 19s. 6d., and has an enamel top. These tables are made so that the space underneath is utilised as a cupboard in which pots and pans and every kind of cooking utensil can be stored.

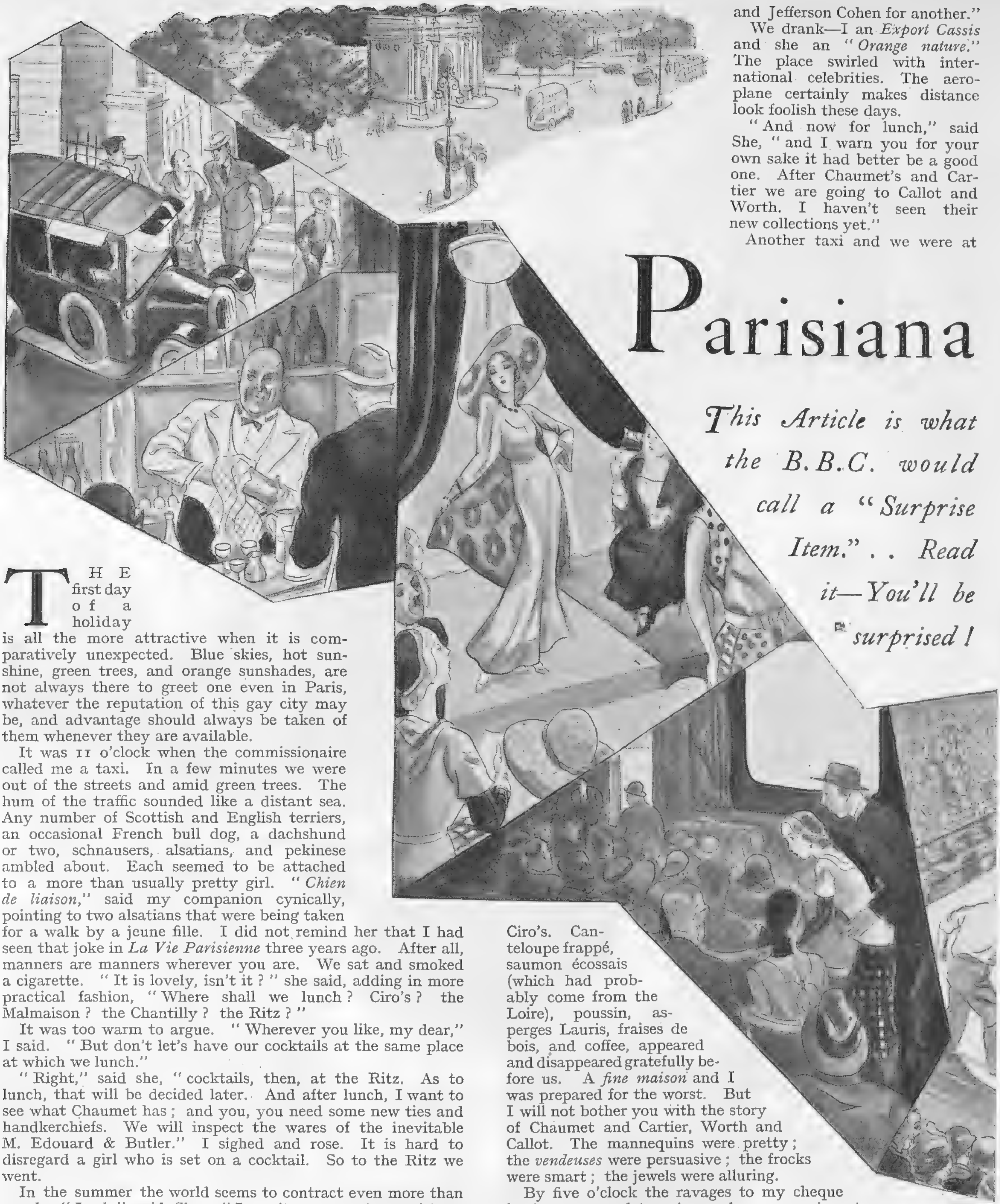
Paint for the walls and ceiling, or a washable distemper, are particularly desirable where so much steam is made, and one can hardly do better than to have curtains of the new waterproof cretonne or of American cloth, which needs only wiping with a damp cloth when soiled.

The new Decorene waterproof fabrics of which some small samples are shown on the facing page, are made in a bewildering variety of pretty designs and are quite inexpensive. There are so many uses to which they can be put, too, such as curtains, shelving and wall covering. In fact, they are even made in excellent imitation of damask table cloths.

Such are the more general problems that present themselves when the question of furnishing the very small flat is concerned. For the rest, remember that simplicity without skimpiness and a wise restraint in decoration will do much to carry you to success.

Parisiana

This Article is what the B.B.C. would call a "Surprise Item." . . Read it—You'll be surprised!



THE first day of a holiday is all the more attractive when it is comparatively unexpected. Blue skies, hot sunshine, green trees, and orange sunshades, are not always there to greet one even in Paris, whatever the reputation of this gay city may be, and advantage should always be taken of them whenever they are available.

It was 11 o'clock when the commissionaire called me a taxi. In a few minutes we were out of the streets and amid green trees. The hum of the traffic sounded like a distant sea. Any number of Scottish and English terriers, an occasional French bull dog, a dachshund or two, schnausers, alsatians, and pekinese ambled about. Each seemed to be attached to a more than usually pretty girl. "*Chien de liaison*," said my companion cynically, pointing to two alsatians that were being taken for a walk by a jeune fille. I did not remind her that I had seen that joke in *La Vie Parisienne* three years ago. After all, manners are manners wherever you are. We sat and smoked a cigarette. "It is lovely, isn't it?" she said, adding in more practical fashion, "Where shall we lunch? Ciro's? the Malmaison? the Chantilly? the Ritz?"

It was too warm to argue. "Wherever you like, my dear," I said. "But don't let's have our cocktails at the same place at which we lunch."

"Right," said she, "cocktails, then, at the Ritz. As to lunch, that will be decided later. And after lunch, I want to see what Chaumet has; and you, you need some new ties and handkerchiefs. We will inspect the wares of the inevitable M. Edouard & Butler." I sighed and rose. It is hard to disregard a girl who is set on a cocktail. So to the Ritz we went.

In the summer the world seems to contract even more than usual. "Look," said She. "I can't go anywhere without seeing them. Who are those people?" "Which?" I asked. "Charles Baillie Hamilton and his wife? or Jean Jardine? or M. Boussac? or the Aga Khan? or King Carol's ex-tutor? or Lord Brougham? or his wife? You see them wherever you go in London or Paris."

"No, that man over there."

"Oh, you mean Sidney Beer. He's the fellow who won all that money from the Greek Syndicate at Cannes."

"Yes, that is who it is. I wonder if he has anything running in the races this afternoon."

"I don't think so. But there are quite a large number of English owners racing to-day. Lady Granard for one, and Jefferson Cohen for another."

We drank—I an *Export Cassis* and she an "*Orange nature*." The place swirled with international celebrities. The aeroplane certainly makes distance look foolish these days.

"And now for lunch," said She, "and I warn you for your own sake it had better be a good one. After Chaumet's and Cartier we are going to Callot and Worth. I haven't seen their new collections yet."

Another taxi and we were at Ciro's. Canteloupe frappé, saumon écossais (which had probably come from the Loire), poussin, asperges Lauris, fraises de bois, and coffee, appeared and disappeared gratefully before us. A *fine maison* and I was prepared for the worst. But I will not bother you with the story of Chaumet and Cartier, Worth and Callot. The mannequins were pretty; the *vendeuses* were persuasive; the frocks were smart; the jewels were alluring.

By five o'clock the ravages to my cheque book were complete. As we drove away in yet another taxi, She said suddenly, "I've a marvellous idea. Let's go and see a French film. Think how original that would be. Besides, I'm sick of all the American pictures."

A word to the driver, and in five minutes we were watching that charming absurdity of René Clair, "Le Million." It is, as you may know, the story of a struggling artist who wins the first prize in a big lottery, and then loses the ticket. It's delicious, though marred perhaps by the insertion of two drunk Englishmen, who explain painstakingly all about the plot. There were quite a number of English people in the theatre, rather to my surprise. But they all seemed to understand it. She was enchanted.

"Well, and what now?" I asked.

She pouted in perplexity. "There's a prize fight between some Englishman and that negro whom Jeff Dickson discovered."

"Yes, the American who has taken over the Velodrome d'Hiver. Let's go back and change and make up our minds in the bath. It's always the best place for making plans."

—without Tears!

By Charles Graves

As we drove back, I stopped and bought a Paris edition of the *New York Herald*. I knew how long She takes to dress. The bath followed. As I lay in it, I reflected on the day as we had spent it so far, and what was yet to come. What fun it all was, this complete abandonment of oneself to the whims of a pretty girl. True, it had been expensive, but no more so than it would have been in any other capital. Besides, if one looked for it, everything was so gay and full of entertainment. The girls in the street had looked so smart, and the taxi-cab drivers had such personality, and—but by this time the bath was getting cold.

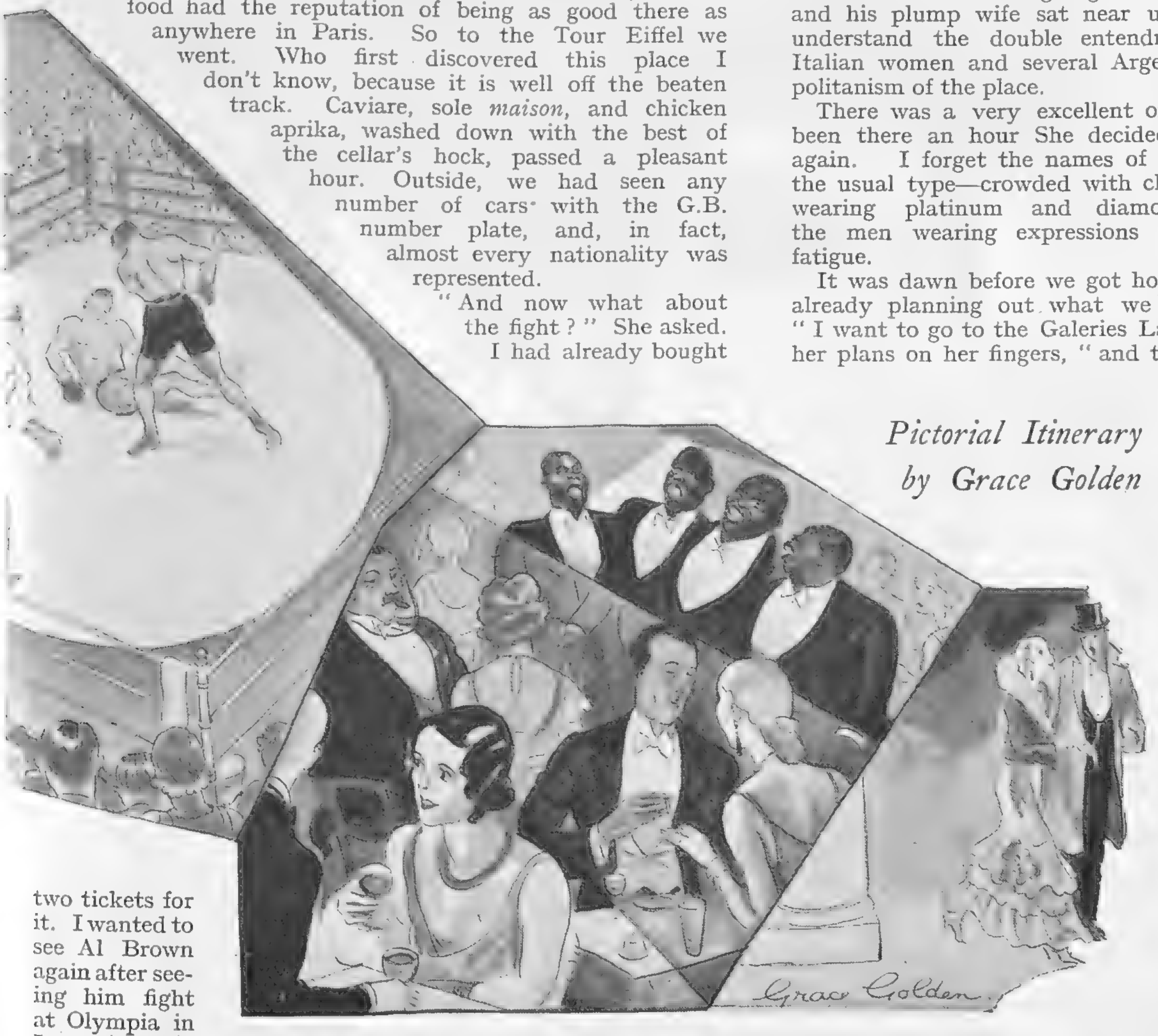
Half an hour later, She reappeared.

"My dear," she said. "I'll tell you what we forgot to do. We ought to have gone off and had a swim at that place—I forget its name. But it has a lot of marble pillars and frescoes of the Lido or somewhere on its walls. I tell you what, we will go there to-morrow. Meantime, where are we going to dine?"

I made various suggestions. Finally She decided on the Eiffel Tower, or Tour Eiffel, I should say. The food had the reputation of being as good there as anywhere in Paris. So to the Tour Eiffel we went. Who first discovered this place I don't know, because it is well off the beaten track. Caviare, sole *maison*, and chicken aprika, washed down with the best of the cellar's hock, passed a pleasant hour. Outside, we had seen any number of cars with the G.B. number plate, and, in fact, almost every nationality was represented.

"And now what about the fight?" She asked.

I had already bought two tickets for it. I wanted to see Al Brown again after seeing him fight at Olympia in London. Besides, the Belgian champion, Degand, was fighting an Englishman, and there was also an Italian heavyweight.



Pictorial Itinerary by Grace Golden

When we got to the scene of the fight, the place was crowded. I looked around for the inimitable Jeff Dickson, but failed to see him. There were dozens of English Guards officers who will go any distance to see a fight, and a number of pretty French women. They seemed perfectly hardened, and did not flinch when, in one of the last bouts, one of the fighters was fouled, and rolled around in agony. Women have less imagination in these things than men. However, She had had enough. "Let's go to the Malmaison," she said. "We can just look in there for an hour before the cabaret at the Monseigneur. The Monseigneur is *the* place to go to after midnight."

THANK goodness taxicabs are not expensive. Our fifth—or was it our sixth—that day set us down at the Malmaison. Any number of Americans were to be seen, and several English people too. But the French element was conspicuous by its absence. Pretty lights which changed every few minutes altered one's opinion of the looks of the women guests all the time. At one moment you would swear that the hair of the handsome blonde in the corner was naturally golden. The next minute it seemed impossible. Lipstick was at one moment flesh-coloured, and the next purple. Cigarette ends glowed like sulphur.

A quartette of negroes sang crooning foxtrots, and made their way from table to table chanting plantation melodies. It was all very Parisian—to use a word of which I am not, however, very fond. Soon She tired of the changing lights, and obediently I collected my hat and coat.

This time we walked instead of taking a taxi. It was a beautiful night, and only a few hundred yards separated us from the Monseigneur, where everything was full of gaiety on our arrival. The Monseigneur reminds one of the night clubs attached to the casinos of Le Touquet and Deauville. It is not quite a Casanova, because there are no Russians throwing knives. But there is a navy blue atmosphere shot with purple. Unlike most places in Paris, however, it does not insist on your buying champagne.

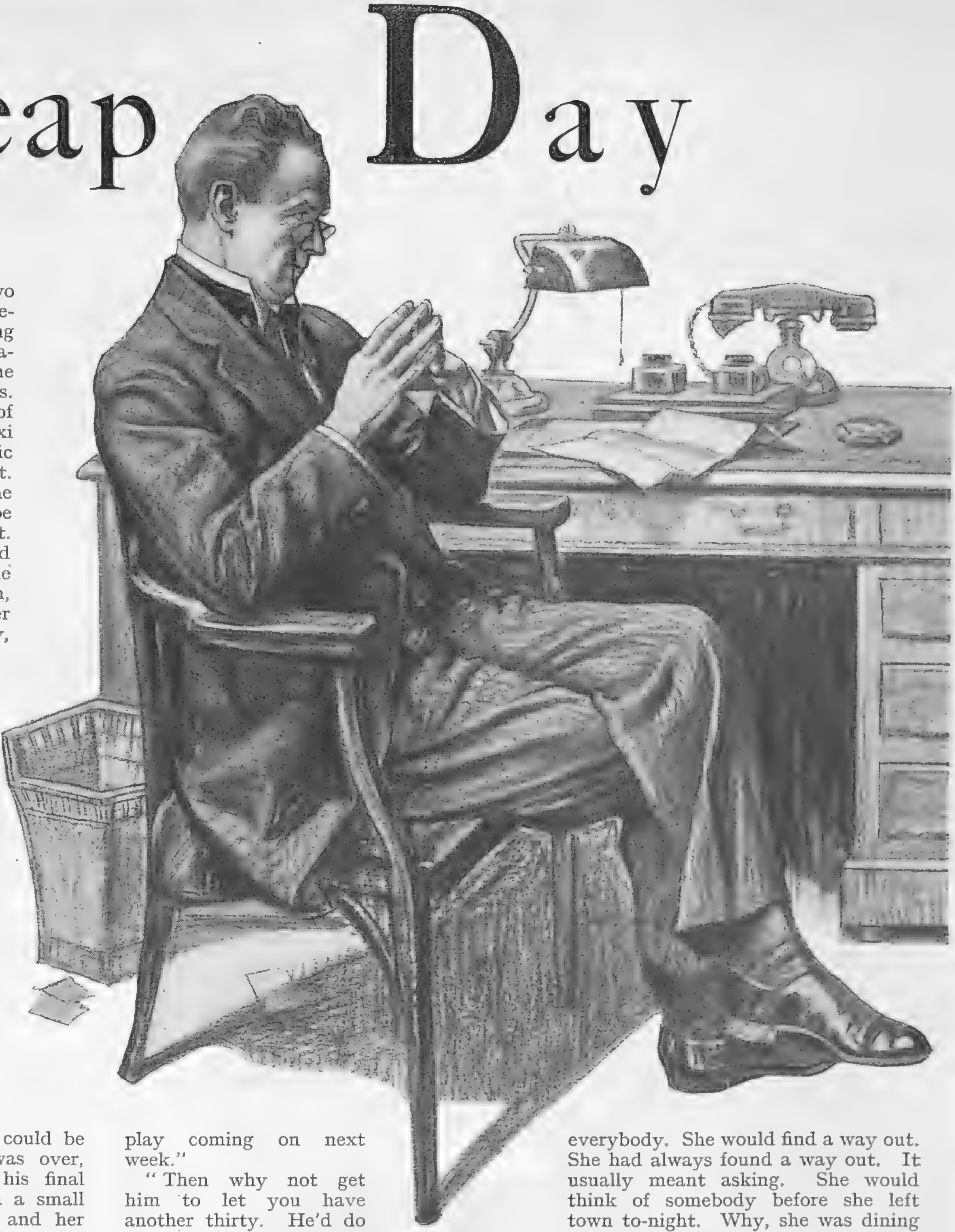
The cabaret was provided by a singer of risqué songs who was evidently a tremendous local favourite. Numbers of Americans were laughing at his songs. A puzzled German and his plump wife sat near us and found it difficult to understand the double entendres. Several very pretty Italian women and several Argentines added to the cosmopolitanism of the place.

There was a very excellent orchestra. But after we had been there an hour She decided that we were to go on again. I forget the names of the boîtes, but they were of the usual type—crowded with chattering people, the women wearing platinum and diamond 'Service stripes,' and the men wearing expressions of increasing boredom and fatigue.

It was dawn before we got home. On our return She was already planning out what we were to do the next day. "I want to go to the Galeries Lafayette," she said, counting her plans on her fingers, "and to Martial et Armand and to Norman Hartnell. Did you know he had a place in Paris? *I* didn't, until to-day. And I want to go to the races, and I want to dine out at that new place in the country which people say is so like Fontainebleau. And I want to go to one of the Museums—I've never been to any of them—while you go off and have a gamble somewhere, because I know you are dying to do so. And, let me see, what else do I want to do? Oh yes, I want to look at every shop in the Burlington Arcade. I've promised myself that for years. And we will lunch at the Falstaff in Fleet Street, and shop at Selfridges and dine as a change at the Berkeley, and on the day after to-morrow let's fly to Paris."

For, as you will perhaps have realised, every detail of our adventures that day all occurred in London.

Cheap Day



It was going to be two shillings. That meant replacing the two-shilling piece and finding half-a-crown. Unless she had some coppers. She had no coppers. She fingered the small ridge of silver in her purse while the taxi followed the one-way traffic round Westminster towards St. Margaret's. She watched the taximeter. It was going to be two shillings. No, it wasn't. Yes, it was. As they passed the gates of Parliament the traffic caught them, held them, the little screen inside the meter shivered and said unmistakably, "2s." At the door of the church Veronica parted with the sixpenny tip. It hadn't been extravagant to take a taxi. The interview with Mr. Robbins had left her only five minutes to get here and see Morton married. She wished she hadn't come alone. She saw the usual inimical crowd of friendly faces. She saw the double row of pale and gracefully-dressed young men, all a little self-conscious, wearing the smoothest of manners with their satin stocks.

"Friend of the bridegroom or the bride?"

"The bridegroom."

"This way, please."

That was what the porter at the door of the bank had said. At least one could be grateful that the interview was over, that Mr. Robbins had said his final "No," that never again, with a small hopeful pain in her stomach and her opening phrase carefully thought out in advance, would Veronica approach the subject of "temporary accommodation." That was that. Only he shouldn't have kept her waiting while he went to "look at the account." He shouldn't have been so polite to begin with, or so firm and gentle when he said, "I'm afraid not." These things had softened the blow and had made her want to cry. It was better for people to be rude—then she got angry and said things like, "How dare you? Of *course* your account will be seen to directly."

"You see, Miss Shaw," the bank manager had said in his soft, regretful voice, "another thirty will bring your overdraft to a hundred pounds."

"But you have Mr. Lennard Seidler's guarantee for the seventy," Veronica pointed out.

"These personal guarantees are always a bit of a nuisance, Miss Shaw."

"But you have accepted Mr. Seidler's references. It's ridiculous. He's the *most* reliable person—he's got a third play coming on next week."

"Then why not get him to let you have another thirty. He'd do that, surely?"

"Oh, I can't ask him again," Veronica had tried to speak lightly. "Besides, this wouldn't be an overdraft of any standing. You could pay yourself back by six pounds a month out of my allowance."

"I'm sorry, Miss Shaw."

"You can do absolutely nothing for me? Not twenty pounds?"

"I'm afraid not."

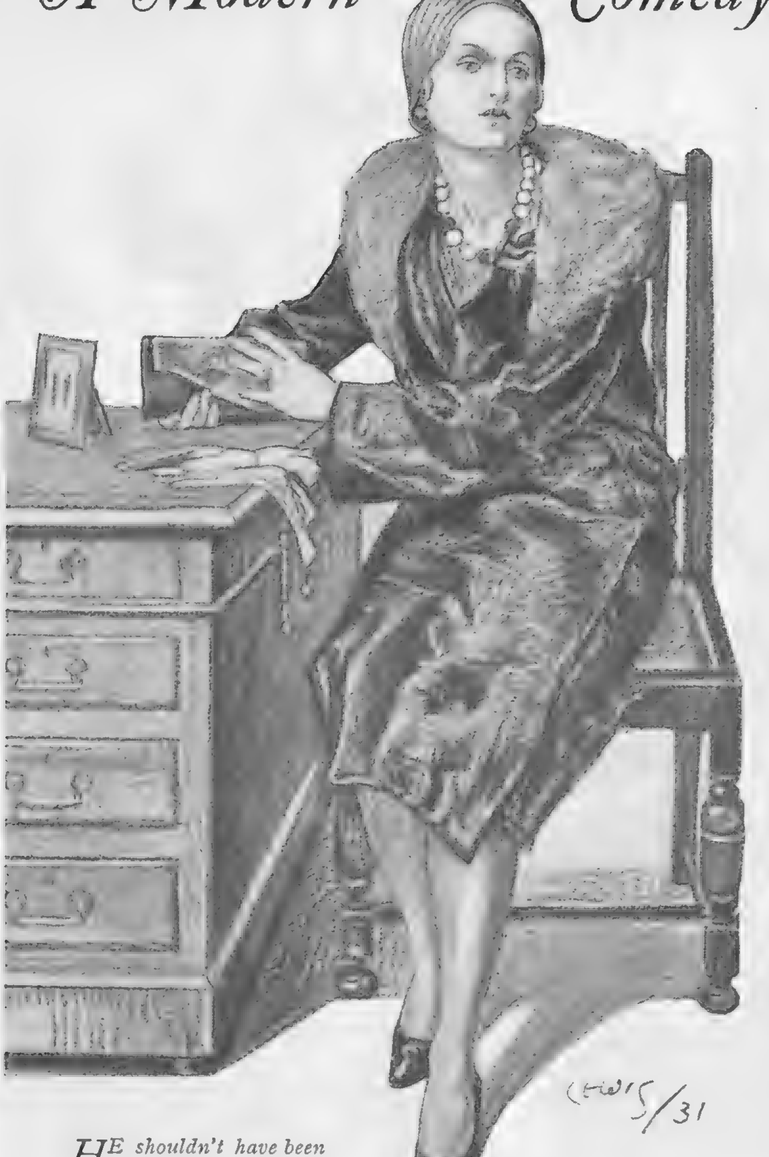
Well, it was no good worrying. Forget it and enjoy the wedding. Morton was there already in the front pew, fidgeting and smiling, looking very dark and glossy. All the small hats and scarlet mouths and scent and fur and whispers, and the flutter of the organ music and the flowers on the altar—these were what made people feel married and moral, secure in the knowledge that a large number of their friends had actually seen them doing it. These friends looked amused and happy. But some of them must have overdrafts. Everybody had. It was just a bad time for everybody. She would find a way out. She had always found a way out. It usually meant asking. She would think of somebody before she left town to-night. Why, she was dining early with Joan Hope-Fenning at the Carlton Grill before she caught the eight-twenty back to Larmhurst—this being the last good train of which her cheap day ticket, six and sevenpence return, availed her. As if there weren't every chance of solving the problem by the right kind of appeal to Joan.

SHE lifted her head and looked about her. She knew she looked as good as anybody in the church. She thanked her heaven for a smooth skin and good features and dark eyes that flew up at the corners with sudden laughter. And her hat was right. And her black coat with the broadtail collar was right. And the limp black suede bag with the marchesite fastening—bought on her account at Fortnum's—lay beneath two pale narrow gloves just back from the cleaner's. Everything was going to be all right. It had been such a lovely day when she left Larmhurst. Milroy Smith had travelled in the same early train. Of course, he had got into a first-class

A Modern Comedy of Kicks and Ha'pence

By Pamela Frankau

Illustrated by R. Lewis



He shouldn't have been so polite to begin with, or so firm and gentle when he said " I'm afraid not "

carriage, so she couldn't follow. Milroy Smith was Larmhurst's Don Juan, and Milroy Smith's income left him plenty of room to exercise the rôle. Perhaps Milroy—she sat thinking it out. Of course, men *gave* women money. Didn't they ? Hadn't Lennard guaranteed her the overdraft of seventy pounds she was always meaning to pay back ? Dear Lennard. Why, this must be telepathy. What luck !

Young Mr. Lennard Seidler, who had three plays running at once in New York and two in London, was being shown into a pew on the opposite side of the aisle. He wore his wedding clothes with comfortable indifference ; he was a darling, he looked delightfully intelligent, with his square, dark head and amused eyes. She tried to wave. This was luck. She couldn't have written to him. Meeting him casually, she could say without fear, " Darling, I'm so broke," and guide the conversation straight ahead. She would say it immediately after the wedding. Suppose he weren't going to the reception. Oh, he *must*.

Lennard turned his head, picking up the recognition of the people he knew one by one. Hullo, there was Veronica Shaw. Up for the day from her Sussex home — probably it was a " cheap day." *She* didn't know Susie—perhaps she knew Morton. Veronica knew a lot of men. She seemed to be alone, which was odd. He wondered if she had done much work lately. She hadn't held an exhibition for nearly two years. Still, she looked marvellous. Must be doing wonderfully. Good old Veronica.

Here came Susie Durrant—just another bride—why do they all *bother* to dress like that and walk like that and smile like that ? Lennard thought, puzzling it out.

He turned his head towards Veronica's pew, and she smiled at him. He smiled slowly and elaborately, and turned his head to the altar again. He had an appointment at four ; just time to dash to the reception and then off again to meet Harris and Mitchell at the theatre. He wondered if Veronica would like a lift to the Durrants' house.

Veronica thought, " He's sweet—he always is sweet. I'm so glad he's here. Probably he will drive me to the reception, and then I can ask him and telephone the bank before it shuts. I can cash a cheque at my hairdresser's—it won't go in till to-morrow. There'll be time to buy some stockings before I go to dine with Joan. If only this wedding were over."

She felt quite warm and comfortable now, there was just a quiver of nervousness inside her, a small string that tugged and hurt because it was horrid to have to ask, even if it were Lennard.

" Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here and in the sight of God."

It would be nice *not* to have to ask Lennard.

Everybody was watching Morton and Susie, two shy and over-dressed people alone at the altar-rail.

If only one could wake up and find a cheque for a hundred pounds. If only one could pay everything off and just have a small balance—she didn't want a big one—something like fifty pounds of spare cash with all the bills paid and her allowance coming in every month not lamed by half a dozen post-dated cheques. That left everything she made by her painting free for luxuries. Not many luxuries, she had never wanted jewellery, just one or two nice things.

" With my body I thee worship."

One could get quite happy paying off debts with imaginary cheques. On the other hand, the present situation was tolerable so long as one could paint insolvency in dashing colours, and swagger and not feel ignominiously dirty every time a bill came in. But one couldn't keep it up always. Fundamentally, of course, one was perfectly straight about money ; that was why it worried one to have debts like this. Thank heaven the service was nearly over.

" Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife.

" And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow."

Susie and Morton were kneeling with their heads bowed and the soles of Morton's shoes turned flat towards the congregation looked much too new, there was even half a price ticket still sticking under one arch.

Nearly over. And now she must concentrate on Lennard. In quite a few minutes everything would be all right. If only they would come out of the vestry.

THE exulting organ was away at last into the raptures of Lohengrin. Here they were, arm in arm, Morton greenish-white with nervousness and Susie very red. Veronica caught Lennard's eye—a twinkling, cautious eye. Lennard felt as she did about weddings. It was easy for a man to feel like that, but rather estimable in a woman. This crowd was squeezing one out of the church door like a cork. Cameras and sunshine and dingy crowd faces at the edge of the pavement. The bells all tumbling after one another in a grand waterfall of noise. Susie's face at the window of the car. White ribbons . . . a silly business, getting married.

" Hullo, Veronica."

" Hullo, Lennard—darling. I didn't know you knew Morton."

" I know Susie. Was Morton one of your young men ? "

" No, never." If he didn't offer her a lift it would mean another taxi, and she hadn't more than ten shillings' worth of silver to last her the rest of to-day. Not that she would want much money—there was the reception, and then the Rivers' cocktail party, and then dinner with Joan.

No opportunity for expenditure there. One had only to be careful. But if

Lennard *didn't* offer her a lift, she would have to wait till the reception to ask him.

"Want a lift, Veronica? The car's parked some twenty miles away in Smith Square. One could almost take a taxi to it," he added gloomily.

"Nonsense! It's three minutes' walk. Nice to get some air. *What* a hot church! And all those fur coats. One might be at the Zoo. How are you, Lennard?"

"I'm terribly ill. Don't walk so fast. I was poisoned last week by fried mushrooms. You look very well and very prosperous. Doing any work these days?"

"Not much. Things are about twice as dead in my job as they are anywhere else. And *that's* saying something."

"You're still living at Larmhurst?"

"Yes. I'm just up for the day. Cheap day. I'm *so* broke, Lennard."

"Darling, you are the only woman in the world who can be broke and wear 100-gauge stockings at the same time." (Writers always noticed things, damn them!) "It's a gift. Susie looked rather sweet, didn't she? I must tell you something incredibly funny about Susie. You know the time we all had dinner at Boulestin's just after Christmas——"

Why wouldn't he *stop*? He went on talking all the way to Smith Square. He was in an intolerant mood, he was rude about Susie, he was contemptuous of Susie's family. "They can't afford a wedding like that. Why do people bother? They can be just as married as ever they want in a registrar's office. And Morton's as broke as the Ten Commandments. He tried to borrow a tenner off Roddy last week."

Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

When they reached Smith Square Lennard gave a cry. "*Nobody's* stolen the car—how disappointing! I want the insurance so badly."

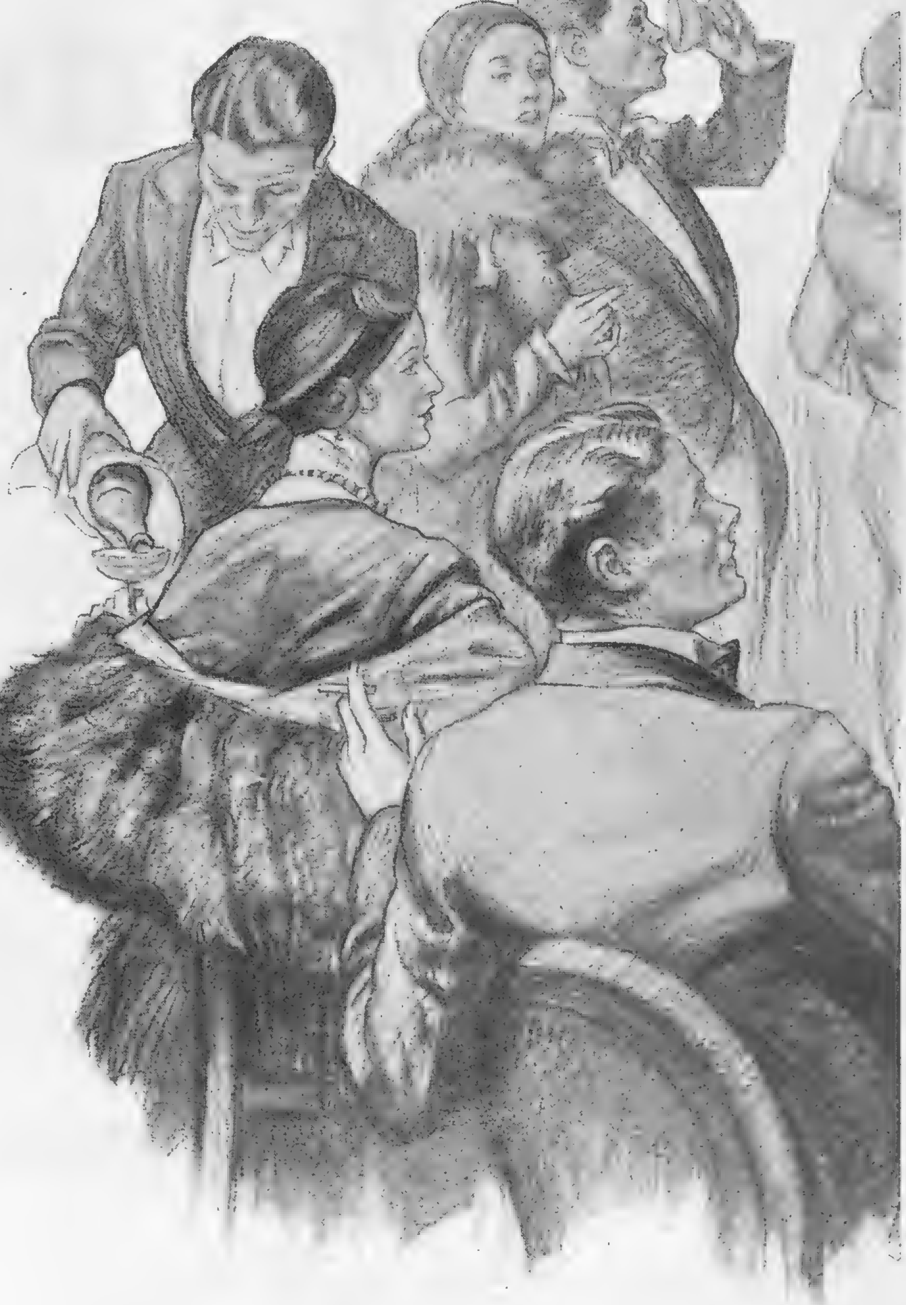
"*Darling*, a millionaire like you——"

"If I began to tell you what I owe," he said threateningly.

Perhaps after all it would be better to ask him when they had each had a drink. Of course there was still the drive to Claridge's.

"Jump in, Veronica. And keep quiet, because I've two *marvellous* stories to tell you."

THERE was Lennard, smiling and flushed above his eyebrows, holding out a new, clean pound note



VERONICA reflected grimly throughout the drive that she had never heard Lennard tell a story which was not long, slow-moving, obscure, vaguely improper and about two negroes.

Her heart sank as he pulled the car into line with fifty others outside Claridge's. She mustn't lose sight of him; she must hang on to his arm and ask for champagne and get her question home before he left her to stray in search of somebody else. Lennard was a sociable person. If he saw a woman he knew he would rush to talk to her. Veronica was of the kind who dodge acquaintances all day long, preferring not to bow across the width of the street unless it be absolutely necessary.

Lennard said, "Come along, darling. Isn't this horrid? Hullo, Eve, isn't this fun? Congratulations, Susie, you've done the right thing by Morton. Congratulations, Morton, you've done the right thing by Susie. May I have a drink soon?"

It was so *boring*, all this good humour, Veronica thought. The champagne would make it better. What a lot of food, fluffy pastry and smooth trifles, long succulent sandwiches, cakes of tortured shape and amazing colour! All these waiters! What it must *cost*!

"*The bride and bridegroom!*"

"The bride and bridegroom." "Ha—for they are jolly good *fellows*." "Doesn't she look grand!" "Good old Morton—he'll be tight by the time they leave!" "Hurray—there's the band—let's dance."

"Lennard, I want to talk to you. Could you——"

"Can't hear, darling. Damn this noise! For he's a jolly good *fellow*. Silly, because I simply hate him. Never mind. Frightful Mrs. Durrant looks in pink lace. Here's your very good health, Veronica—and now I must dash."

"You're not going?"

"Child, I must. Hullo, there's Molly. Molly! *Molly*—how I love that woman! Molly, come and dance."

"Come and dance, Veronica."

"No, thank you, Billy."

"Veronica, let's dance."

"No, thank you, Charles."

"Shall we, Veronica?"

"No, Simon. I don't want to dance."

She stood by the buffet counting the silver in the palm of her hand. Six-and-six. Six and elevenpence-halfpenny. She could have sworn she had ten shillings left after lunch. Taxi two-and-six—well, where had the other shilling gone, anyway? Oh, damn this music—and all the smartly dressed idiots jiggling and swaying to it in the next room! "Champagne, madam?" What it must *cost*!

"Lennard. There you are—dance with me, darling."

"Can't, love. I'm exhausted. Molly kicked me. I must go."

"Champagne, sir?"

"No—yes—I *must*. Here she goes, Veronica darling."

"Lennard—I want to ask you something."

"Cake, madam?"

She wielded the enormous bilious slice to her mouth. She wasn't hungry—it gave one something to do.

"Don't go, Lennard."

"I must. I'm getting tight."

"Lennard, please, do you think you could possibly——"

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

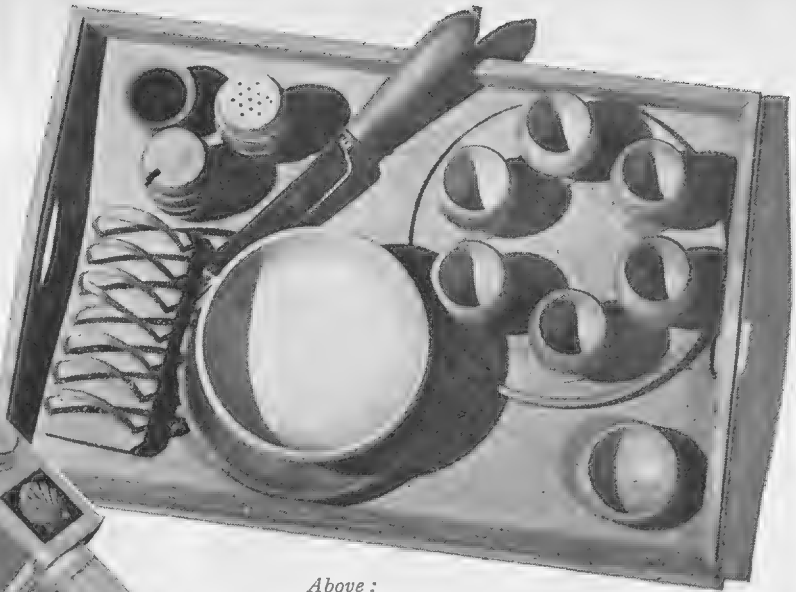
This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

have Bought this Month

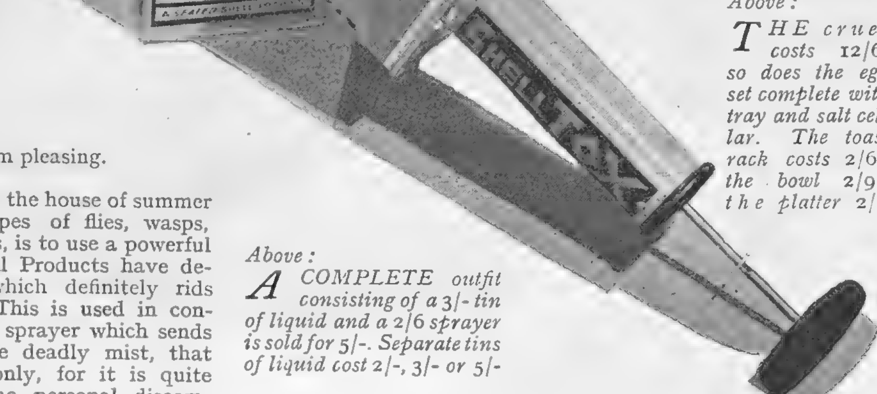
WOODEN ware is most attractive on the cottage breakfast table, and many accessories in oak, elm, and cherrywood can be obtained. On the tray are a few of these; they are the natural colour of wood and beautifully smooth, the grain showing to perfection. There are egg sets, toast racks in various sizes, bowls for porringers or salad, platters and other articles, all of them pleasing.



Above:

THE cruet costs 12/6, so does the egg set complete with tray and salt cellar. The toast rack costs 2/6; the bowl 2/9; the platter 2/6

THE only way to rid the house of summer pests in the shapes of flies, wasps, moths and other insects, is to use a powerful liquid insecticide. Shell Products have devised an insecticide which definitely rids the place of insects. This is used in conjunction with a unique sprayer which sends out an almost invisible deadly mist, that is, deadly to insects only, for it is quite harmless and causes no personal discomfort to human beings, animals or birds. Keepers of live stock will appreciate this, for it can be used to keep the live stock free from parasites. Another use to which this insecticide can be put is that of cleaning windows; windows cleaned with Shelltox will help to keep the flies from coming into the room.



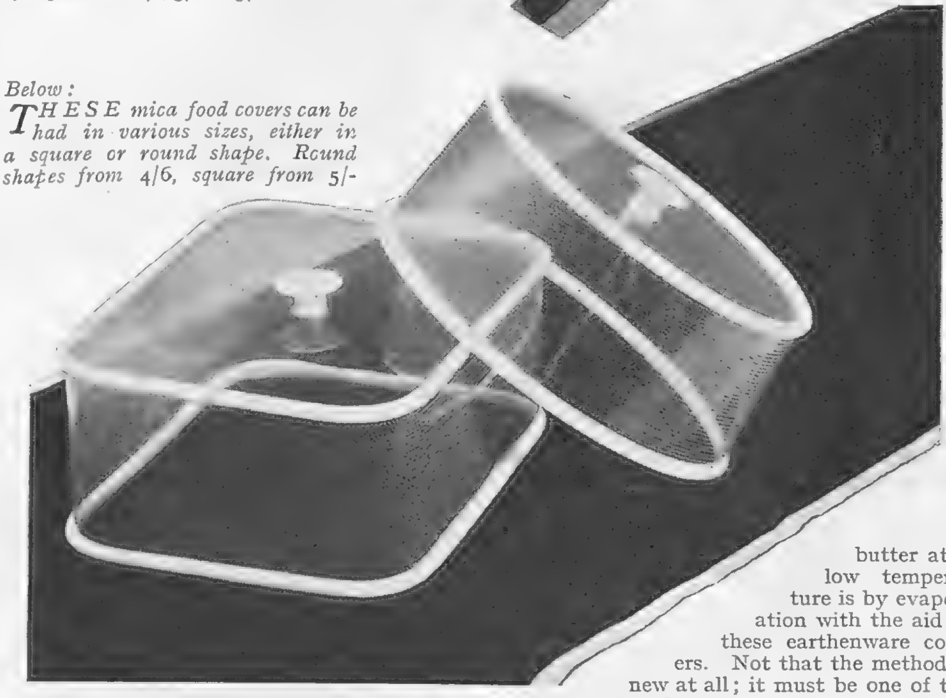
Above:

A COMPLETE outfit consisting of a 3/- tin of liquid and a 2/6 sprayer is sold for 5/-. Separate tins of liquid cost 2/-, 3/- or 5/-

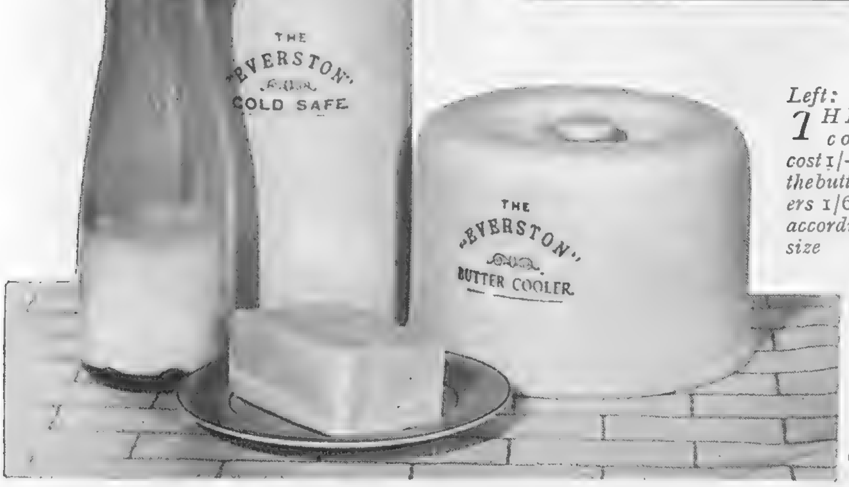
THERE are many occasions when one simply must leave some food out on the table in the summer time, and it is so difficult to keep it covered. Of course, one can have the muslin and wire kind, but they do not look particularly nice out of the kitchen. The meat covers shown in the photograph on the right are quite pleasing in themselves; they look so clean and attractive. They are made of mica, are quite transparent and the sides are perforated, thus letting in plenty of air without any accompanying insects. There are various shapes and sizes, all of which are quite useful.

Below:

THESE mica food covers can be had in various sizes, either in a square or round shape. Round shapes from 4/6, square from 5/-



A VERY inexpensive and efficient way of keeping the milk and butter at a low temperature is by evaporation with the aid of these earthenware coolers. Not that the method is new at all; it must be one of the earliest known, yet it is none the less practical. The coolers themselves cost very little, those for butter only 1s. 6d. and 2s., and for milk 1s. and 1s. 6d. As has been said, the principle of the idea is evaporation; the coolers are soaked in water and placed over the butter or milk, when evaporation begins to take place. Do not stop the covers from drying quickly, for the quicker the evaporation, the cooler the contents underneath.



Left:

THE milk coolers cost 1/- or 1/6, the butter coolers 1/6 or 2/- according to size

EARTHENWARE boxes for storing food can be bought as well as these milk and butter coolers. They are metal bound and cost 25/- for a size 10″ × 7″ × 7″ and 40/- for the size 14″ × 10″ × 7″. The greater measurement can be had in the height or length, whichever is preferred. This container is called a Frost Box, and the same principle of evaporation is used for keeping the inside temperature low. When the box is new it should be soaked in cold water for about seven hours, after that, just ten minutes each day will be sufficient.

Have I forgotten Anything...?

It is the little details that make the house comfortable and prove the excellence of the housewife

A DESK supplied with a matching set from Ford's and one of the new Bentley photomounts is definitely well equipped

Above:
A THERMOS jug of coloured composition with a tray and tumbler to match, is an indispensable bedside accessory. Marshall and Snelgrove.

Left:
NO bathroom, be it one's own or one's guests', can be considered complete without bath salts and bath powder. Marshall and Snelgrove

IN a well-ordered house it is the last-minute touches that count. The small details that are so easily overlooked are those that make the house worth living in.

Leaving out the most obvious duties that occur each day, take a glance round each room in the house, and see that every small detail is attended to. Here are some of them.

In the Drawing Room

See that all the match-boxes are full, the cigarette boxes filled up, and all the ash-trays clean. Do not leave flowers that are half dead in vases, and see that all the vases are filled with water. Fresh water should be given every day in hot weather. See that there is notepaper and envelopes, blotting paper and pens on the writing table or bureau. Do not allow the ink to dry in the ink wells. See that the clock is wound up and tells the time correctly.

In the Dining Room

See that the flowers are fresh on the table, and see they have enough fresh water. See that cigarette and match boxes are filled. Fill salt cellars and pepper pots each day. Do not allow the mustard to go dry. See that decanters are filled, and that no empty wine bottles are left in the room.

In the Bedrooms

See that the waste-paper basket is emptied each day. See that the water bottle or soda syphon by the bed are full, and the water fresh. See that there are biscuits in the biscuit box by the bed.

In the guest room, see that there are books, such as he or she will appreciate, and cigarettes and an ash-tray beside the bed. If there is a clock, see that it goes, and tells the time correctly. Have the bell in order. See that there are plenty of hangers in the wardrobe.

In the Day Nursery

See that there is no food left anywhere in the day nursery. See that every window is opened when the weather permits, and as many as possible ordinarily. See that no spoons, forks, or knives are left to collect dust. See that no clothing, either dry or wet, is hung in the day nursery. See that the fire-guard is attached securely.

In the Night Nursery

See that there is fresh water and a glass or two within easy reach of nurse or child. See that the windows are open. That night clothes are put away during the day, whether under the pillow or in a case. Everything that is not being worn should be put in wardrobes; no shoes should be left out. Brushes and combs should be washed every day.

In the Bathroom

See that there are clean towels for any guest that might arrive. See that the bath-salt bottle or jar contains bath salts. See that every glass utensil is clean, and that there is a spare new tooth brush and a tube of tooth paste for those guests who forget to bring them. See that the soap, both for the bath and basin, is not wasted away. Have washing cloths boiled once a week. See that tooth bottles are full and the glasses clean.

In the Kitchen

See that all bottles and receptacles for groceries are replenished every week. See that the sink basket is cleaned after every meal, *that all waste is wrapped in paper before being put in the bin.* Sour bins are avoided in this way. See that the outside of the saucepans is as clean as the inside. See that all fats in the hot weather are clarified at least once a fortnight. See that the gas stove is clean outside and inside. That the window is open, that the kitchen tablecloths are clean. See that there are no milk bottles left from the day before in the kitchen: they should be cleaned and given back each day. See that there are no small pieces of butter left on butter dishes. Clean milk jugs every day with soda in the hot weather. See that no coffee is left in coffee pots after a meal. Use up all small pieces of meat as soon as possible in the hot weather.

See that no silver is left in the kitchen drawers, and that none is left on tables. See that the kitchen is swept after luncheon every day, and the tops of tables wiped well over every day, and thoroughly scrubbed twice a week.

See that all sugar basins are filled every day, and that no milk is left to stand in jugs.

See that hot-water bottles are emptied before the summer, and left with the stoppers out.

See that the mincing machine is absolutely clean, all the crevices dry, and no dried meat adhering to the screws, or any part of the machine.

See that sinks and drains are flushed with a disinfectant twice a week in the hot weather.

See that no plates are left in the plate rack overnight, that have not been thoroughly cleansed of all greasy matter.

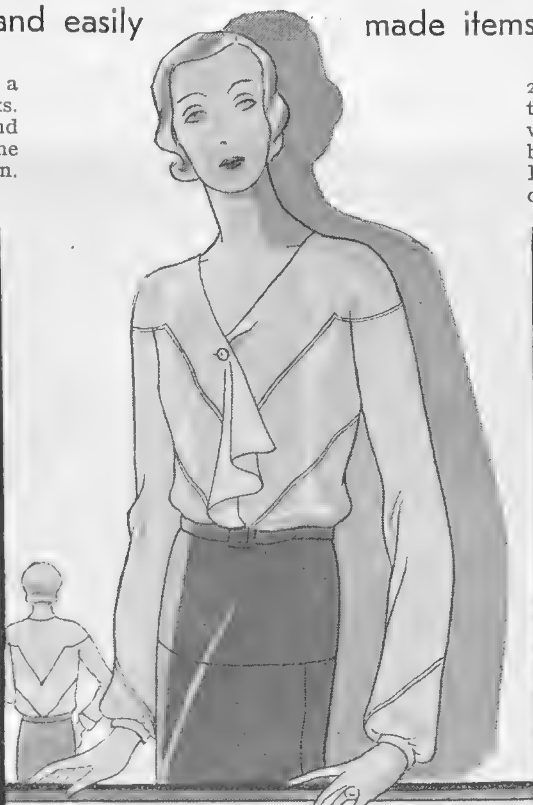
OLIVE RINDER

OUR PAPER PATTERN SERVICE

Some attractive and easily made items for our wardrobe

259. An attractive nightgown achieves a becoming waistline by means of tucks. The yoke is edged with net frilling and net insertion outlines the joins of the flared skirt. Requires 4½ yards of 38 in. flowered washing material. Price 1/-.

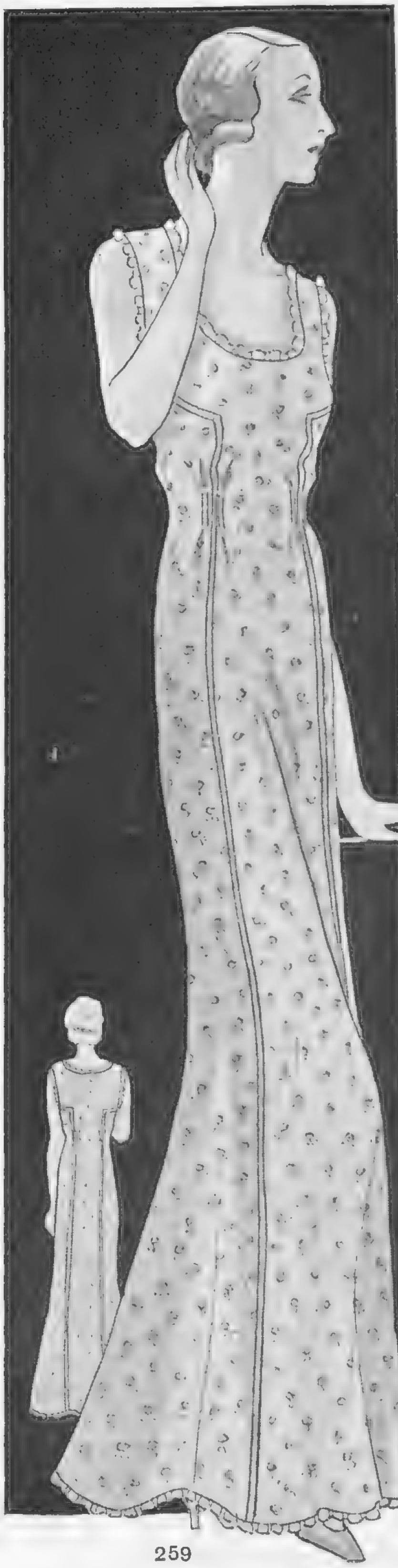
262. A very slender effect is given by these pyjamas carried out in blue and white washing silk, 32 in. wide. Tuck-in blouse; flared trousers button on hips. Requires 3¾ yards of white and 1½ yards of blue material. Price 1/-.



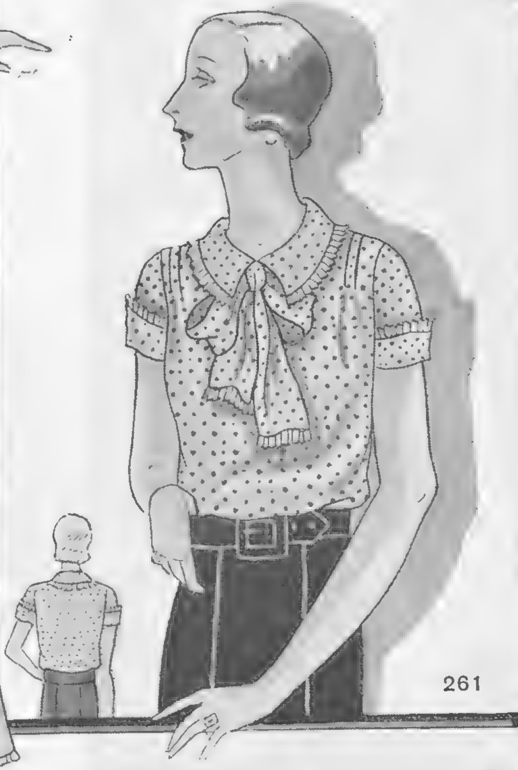
260

260. A blouse cut on the newest lines with an off-the-shoulder effect and a becoming jabot. Requires 2¼ yards of 40 in. white satin. A very slimming design. Price 1/-.

Materials from Debenham & Freebody

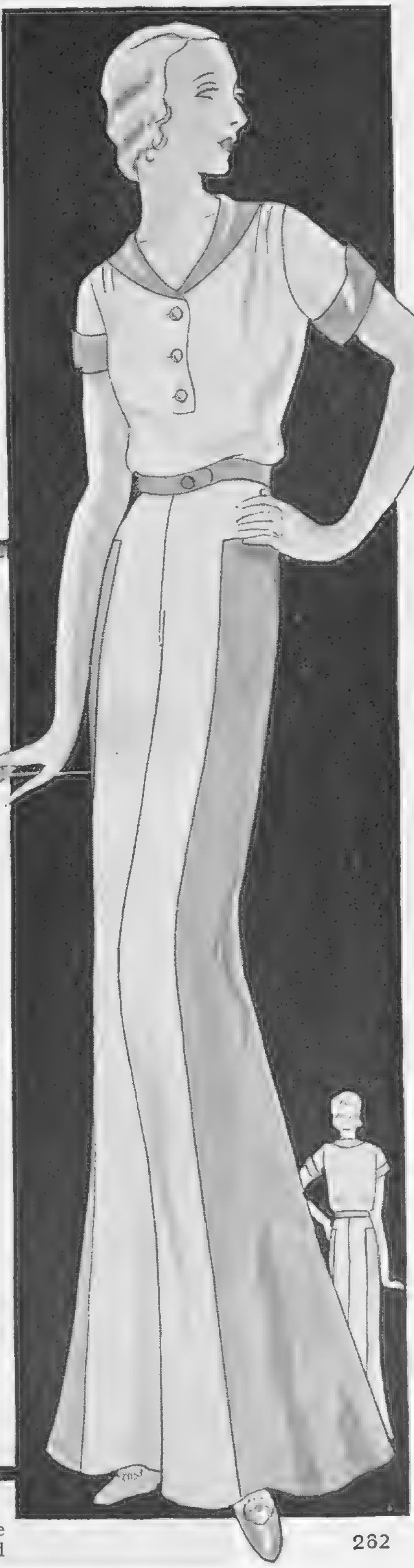


259



261

261. This blouse is also shown on page 77. The short sleeves, turn-over collar and bow tie are edged with a kilted white frill. Requires 1⅝ yards of 38 in. spotted crêpe de Chine. Price 1/-.



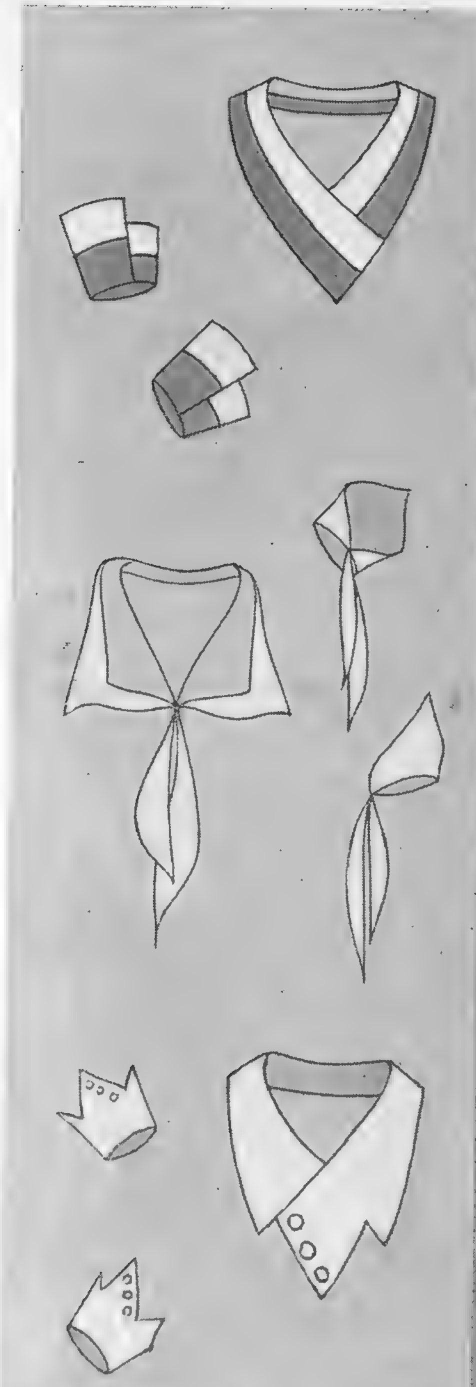
262

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins; Hips, 4 inches larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/6 each; blouses, lingerie, hats, and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

WAISTCOATS AND ETCETERAS

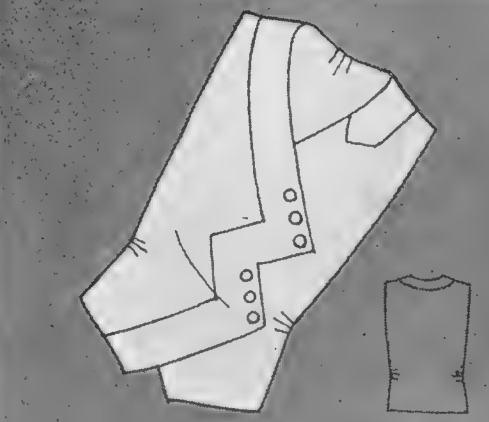
WHICH ARE AS USEFUL AS THEY ARE EASY AND INEXPENSIVE TO MAKE

Extra collars and cuffs will rejuvenate any dress, and new waistcoats work wonders with coats and skirts



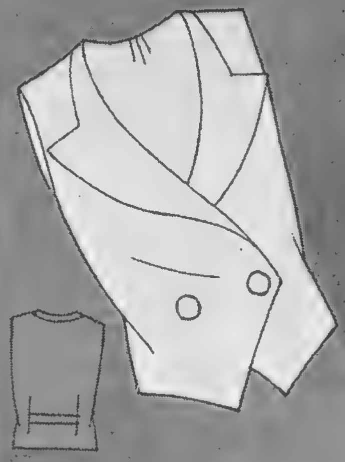
263

263. *This pattern includes all three sets of collars and cuffs, which could be used to ring the changes on one plain dark frock. The top set is made of ½ yd. of white and ¼ yd. of 36″ green linen. The set in the centre of the illustration requires ½ yd. of 36″ white and ¼ yd. of 36″ pale blue crêpe de Chine. The bottom set requires ½ yd. of 31″ piqué and three large and six smaller pearl buttons. Price 1/-*



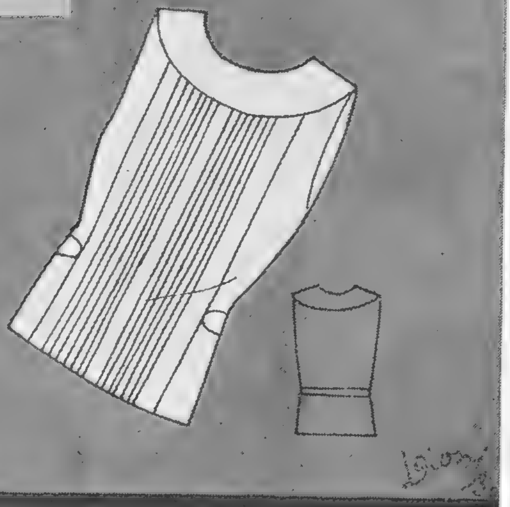
264

264. *This waistcoat would look equally well in satin or piqué. The appliqued band around the neck is zig-zagged in front and fastened by six buttons. Small tucks at the waistline on either side give a fitted effect. Requires 1⅜ yd. of 31″ material. Price 1/-*



265

265. *A double-breasted waistcoat with wide revers is carried out in white piqué. Fastened in front by two large buttons. The back is darted and has a narrow belt to hold it in place and give a neat waistline. Requires 1¼ yd. of 31″ material. Price 1/-*



266

266. *This unusual version of the waistcoat is carried out in fine lawn or crêpe de Chine. The front is entirely hand-tucked. Plain shoulder yoke, no opening. Narrow belt around back only to hold waistcoat in place and accentuate the waistline. Requires 1¾ yd. of 36″ material. Price 1/-*

OUR PATTERN SERVICE

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins.; Hips, 4 inches larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/6 each; blouses, lingerie, hats, and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to BRITANNIA & EVE'S Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

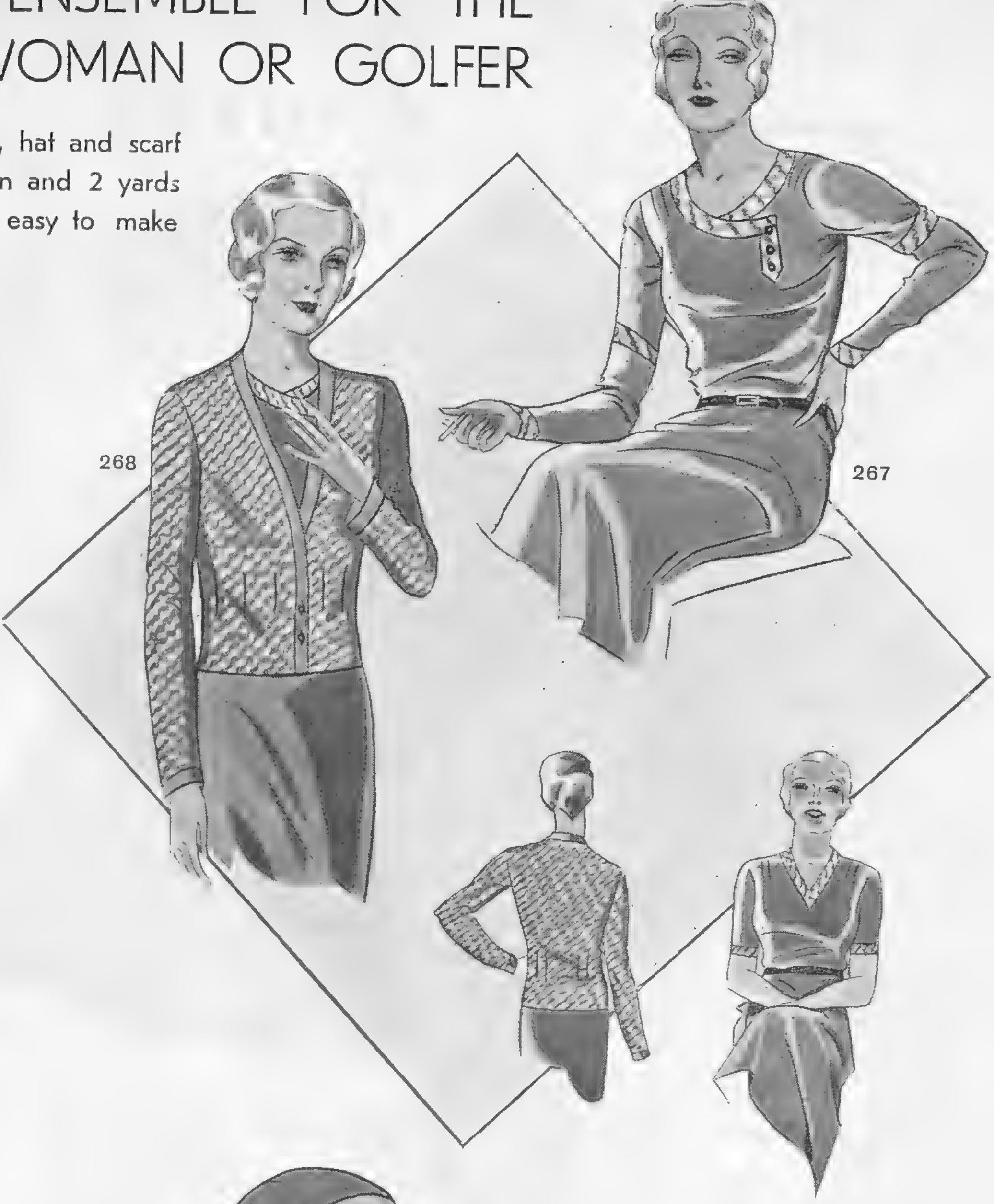
A USEFUL ENSEMBLE FOR THE COUNTRY-WOMAN OR GOLFER

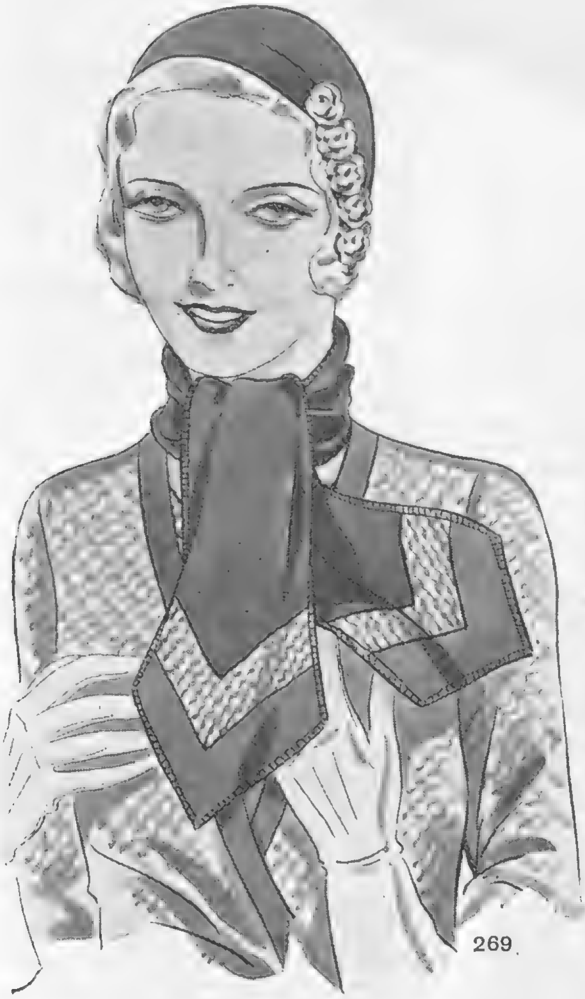
This matching blouse, cardigan, hat and scarf requires only 2¼ yards of plain and 2 yards of check jersey, and is very easy to make

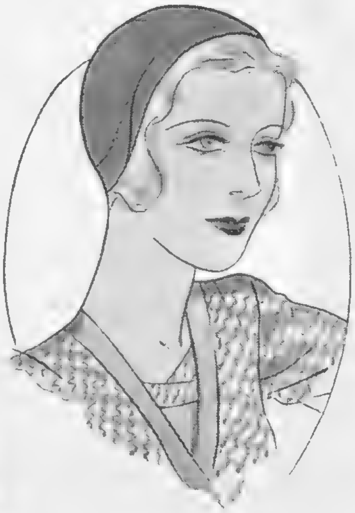
267. *This blouse pattern includes either long or short sleeves and two different necklines. It requires 1½ yards of plain brown jersey, 52" wide, and ¼ yard of check jersey for the trimming.* *Price* 1/-

Materials from Marshall & Snelgrove

268. *This smart jacket has a fitted waistline and buttons in front. It is made of yellow and brown check jersey, 52" wide and requires 1½ yards of material, and ¼ yard of plain brown jersey for the binding.* *Price* 1/-







269. *This set of hat and scarf requires ½ yard of plain and ¼ yard of check jersey, 52" wide. The hat is cleverly darted and fits closely to the head. The flowers are cut out from the check material and full instructions for their making are included in the pattern. The scarf has an appliqued band of the check material, and the edges are blanket-stitched.* *The set, price* 1/-

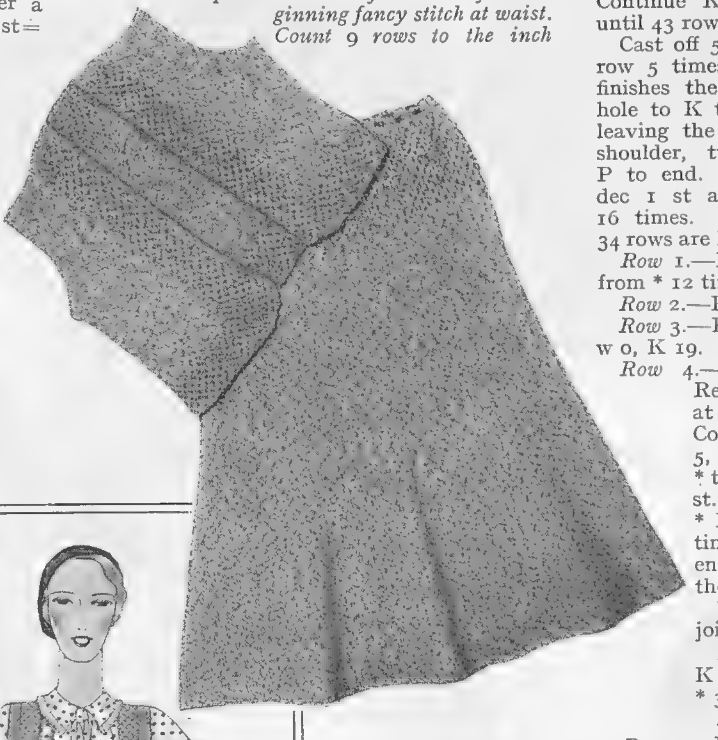
OUR PAPER PATTERN SERVICE

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins.; Hips, 4 inches larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/6 each; blouses, lingerie, hats, and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to BRITANNIA & EVE'S Pattern Service, 346 Strand, London, W.C.2

An Attractive Knitted Zouave Jacket

With Shaped Skirt to Match

THE skirt measures 28 inches from waist to hem. To lengthen it add required number of inches before beginning fancy stitch at waist. Count 9 rows to the inch



Materials Required.

1 lb. Baldwin and Walker's "Konort" tweed fingering, 4 ply.

1 pair "Double Century" knitting needles, size 8.

1 "Twin Pin" round needle, size 8.

¾ yd. black elastic, ½ in. wide.

A fine bone crochet hook.

Abbreviations.

K=knit. dec.=decrease. w.o.=wool over needle. st=stitches. tog=together. pass=pass first st over second and third. P=purl.

Tension of work when pressed under a damp cloth: 11 st=2 in. in width. 16 st=2 in. in length.

Cast on 400 st for the skirt with double wool, using the round needle. See that the st are not twisted, and K round and round in plain knitting for 36 rows.

Row 37.—K 2 tog, K 19, repeat 19 times. It is a good plan to mark the dec rows with a coloured thread, that they may be easily counted.

Row 38.—K 11 rows.

Row 49.—K 2 tog, K 18, repeat 19 times.

Row 50.—K 11 rows.

Repeat the last two rows until 9 dec rows are K, having one st less between the dec each time, and 220 st left. The dec should be exactly in line, one over the other.

K 50 rows from last dec.

K 2 tog, K 9, 19 times, K 11. 201 st.

K 6 rows, then commence the fancy pattern. Mark the first st with a coloured thread.

Row 1.—K 1 * w o, K 3, pass, repeat from *.

Row 2.—K. 201 st on the needle.

Row 3.—* K 3, pass, w o, repeat from *, ending row with w o, K 1.

Row 4.—K. Repeat these four rows until you have K 32 rows, or 8 holes counting in a straight line. As a guide for keeping the fancy pattern correct, note that the centre st of the 3 K st on the first and third rows should always come over the hole made in the previous row; also, see that there are 201 st on the needle after the plain rows. You have now reached the waist. K 2 tog, * P 1, K 1, repeat from * all round. K 1, P 1, for 1 more round.

* w o, K 2 tog, K 2, repeat from * all round. Cast off loosely.

For the zouave cast on 175 st with double wool, using the pair of needles.

Row 1.—K 1, * w o, K 3, pass, repeat from *.

Row 2.—K 1 st, and instead of dropping it, put it back on the needle, cast on 3 st in this way, P to end (178 st).

Row 3.—Cast on 3 st as last row, * K 3, pass, w o, repeat from *, ending row with w o, K 1.

Row 4.—Cast on 3 st, P to end of row. Repeat the last 4 rows until 9 st are added each side (193 st). Continue until 4 holes are K, counting in a straight line from cast on st.

Row 19.—K 1, * w o, K 3, pass, repeat from * 3 times, w o, K to within 15 st of end, * K 3, pass, w o, repeat from * 3 times, K 3, pass.

Row 20.—P 193 st.

Row 21.—K 3, pass, w o, repeat 3 times, K 3, pass, K to within 14 st of end, K 1, * w o, K 3, pass, repeat from * 3 times, w o, K 1.

Row 22.—P 193 st. Repeat last 4 rows until 50 rows are K from fancy border. You have now reached the armholes.

Row 1.—Continue K the border in the front, then K 33, 47 st on the needle; turn the work, taking no notice of the remaining st for the present.

Row 2.—Cast on 4 st. purlwise, P to end.

Row 3 —K border, K 27; K 2 tog.

Row 4.—P 42.

Row 5.—K border, K 26, K 2 tog.

Row 6.—P 41.

Row 7.—K border, K 25, K 2 tog.

Row 8.—P 40.

Row 9.—K border, K 24, K 2 tog.

Row 10.—P 39.

Row 11.—K border, K 23, K 2 tog.

Row 12.—P 38.

Row 13.—K border, K 22, K 2 tog.

Row 14.—P 37.

Row 15.—K border, K 21, K 2 tog.

Row 16.—P 36.

Row 17.—K border, K 20, K 2 tog.

Row 18.—P 35.

K 6 rows without dec.

Row 25.—K border, K 2 tog, K to end.

Row 26.—P. Repeat last 2 rows twice. Continue K without dec on these 31 st, until 43 rows are K from the cast off st.

Cast off 5 st at armhole end every other row 5 times, cast off the last 6 st. This finishes the shoulder. Join wool at armhole to K the back. Cast off 4 st, K 95, leaving the remaining 47 st for the other shoulder, turn. Cast off 4 st purlwise, P to end. Continue K 1 row, P 1 row, dec 1 st at the beginning of every row 16 times. Continue on these 75 st until 34 rows are K from cast off st.

Row 1.—K 18, * w o, K 3, pass, repeat from * 12 times, K 18.

Row 2.—P 75 st.

Row 3.—K 20, pass, w o, repeat 12 times, w o, K 19.

Row 4.—P. Repeat the last 4 rows. Repeat rows 1 and 2. Cast off 5 st at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Continue on the 45 st left. Cast off 5, K 1, * w o K 3, pass, repeat from * twice, turn. P back. Cast off 10 st. Join wool, cast off 13 centre st, * K 3, pass, w o, repeat from * 3 times, K 4, turn. Cast off 5, P to end. Cast off 10 st. This finishes the back.

To K the second front shoulder, join wool at Armhole.

Row 1.—*Armhole.*—Cast off 4 st, K 28, * K 3, pass, w.o. repeat from * 3 times, K 3, pass.

Row 2.—P 40, P 2 tog.

Row 3.—K 28, * w o, K 3, pass, repeat from * 3 times, w o, K 1.

Row 4.—P 39, P 2 tog.

Row 5.—K 26, * K 3, pass, w o, repeat 3 times, K 3, pass.

Row 6.—P 38, 2 tog.

Row 7.—K 26, * w o, K 3, pass, repeat from * 3 times, w o, K 1.

Row 8.—P 37, 2 tog.

Row 9.—K 24, * K 3, pass, w o, repeat from * 3 times, K 3, pass.

Row 10.—P 36, 2 tog.

Row 11.—K 24, * w o, K 3, pass, repeat from * 3 times, w o, K 1.

Row 12.—P 35, 2 tog.

Row 13.—K 22, * K 3, pass, w o, repeat from * 3 times, K 3, pass.

Row 14.—P 34, 2 tog.

Row 15.—K 22, * w o, pass, repeat 3 times, w o, K 1.

Row 16.—P 34, 2 tog. K 6 rows without dec.

Row 23.—K 18, 2 tog, * w o, K 3, pass, repeat from * twice, K 3, pass.

Row 24.—P.

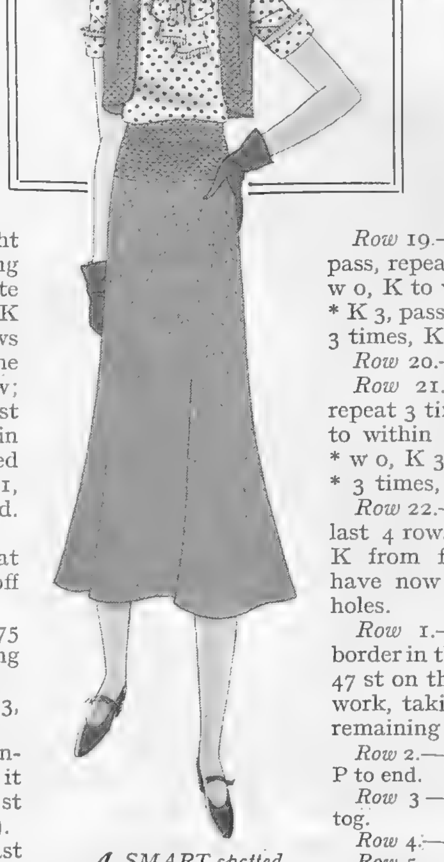
Row 25.—K 18, 2 tog, * w o, K 3, pass, repeat from * 3 times, w o, K 1.

Row 26.—P.

Row 27.—K 16, 2 tog, * K 3, pass, w o, repeat from * 3 times, K 3, pass.

Row 28.—P 31. Continue without dec until 46 rows are K from cast off st. Cast off 5 st at armhole end every other row 5 times. Cast off the last 6 st. Press the zouave and skirt under a damp cloth, run elastic through the holes at waist. Sew up the shoulder seams, joining the border carefully. Crochet a row of loops to neaten the armholes as follows:—

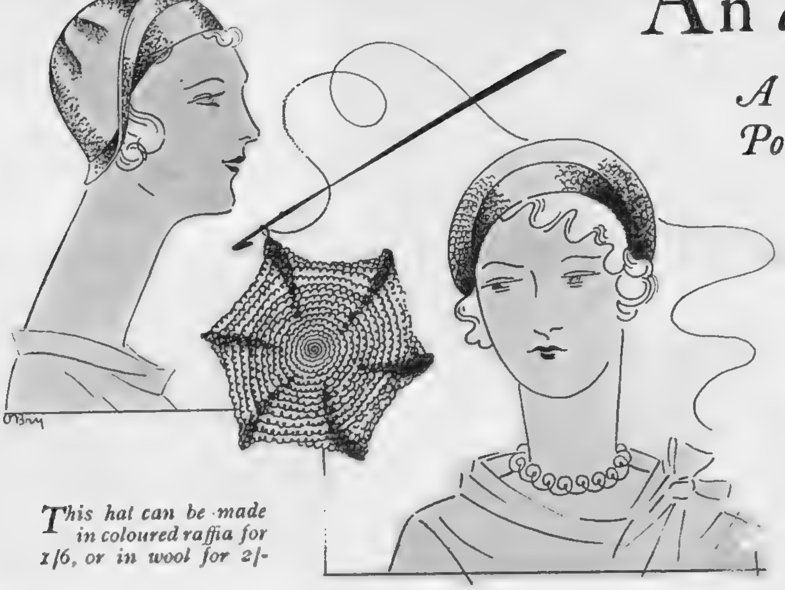
Make 1 double crochet into a st, 3 chain, miss 1 st, 1 double crochet into the next. Repeat all round, joining with a slip st. Press shoulder seams, round armholes, and your two-piece suit is finished.



A SMART spotted blouse would look well with this suit. The pattern for it will be found on page 73

An *attractive* Ensemble

A Crochet Hat and cross-stitch Pochette which may be carried out either in Wool or in Raffia



This hat can be made in coloured raffia for 1/6, or in wool for 2/-

THIS attractive crochet hat can be made of Crystal Raffia, a pretty material which works up like silk straw, or of wool.

Simple crochet stitches are used and the veriest beginner would have no difficulty in making one.

Materials required.

3 Cards of "Crystal" raffia. A Stratnoid Steel Hook No. 12. Head Lining. If of wool 3 ozs. of three-ply are required.

THE raffia can be obtained in a variety of colours and you will need to work with two cards at once, as the raffia must be worked double. If of wool the brim could be made of a contrasting colour.

The work is begun in the centre of the crown, with four chain stitches which should be joined to make a ring. To do this, slipstitch the last stitch into the first. Continue round this ring with d.c. (double crochet).

1st round. 10 d.c. into the ring. Mark the first d.c. with a piece of coloured cotton to guide you, as you need to know when each new round is begun.

2nd round. 2 d.c. into each stitch of the previous round.

3rd round. * 1 d.c. into the first stitch, 2 d.c. into the next, and repeat from * all round.

4th round. 1 d.c. in each stitch.

5th round. * 1 d.c. in each of the first 2 d.c., 2 d.c. in the next stitch, and repeat from * all round.

6th round. 1 d.c. in each stitch.

7th round. * 1 d.c. in each of the first 3 d.c., 2 d.c. in the next stitch, and repeat from * all round.

8th round. * 1 d.c. in each of the first 4 d.c., 2 d.c. in the next stitch, and repeat from * all round.

9th round. * 1 d.c. in each of the first 5 d.c., 2 d.c. in the next stitch, and repeat from * all round.

Continue working in this way, getting one extra stitch between the increases. In this manner, the extra stitches always come one above another, and form a "spider's web."

Pull the work with your fingers occasionally to accentuate this shape, and you will see where to work your extra stitches without having to count them round. *Always* work *two* stitches above *two previous stitches.*

Keep the work flat and continue working like this until your crochet measures about 7 inches across. For a bigger head measurement make the work 7¼ or 7½ inches across. The size of this piece determines the head measurement, so it is essential to make this piece large enough to form the crown of the hat.

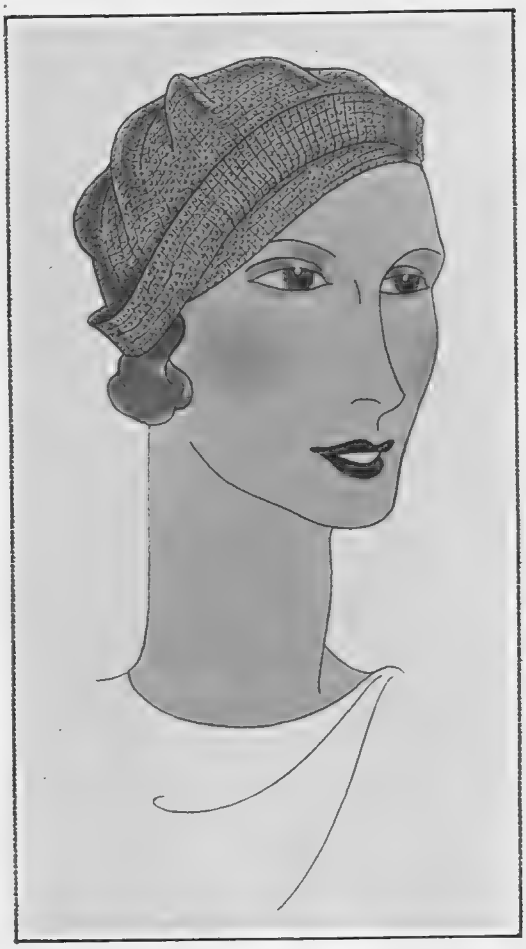
Now continue the work in plain rounds of 1 d.c. in each stitch, working round and round until you have a little cap which should fit the head fairly tightly. If the cap is not tight enough, decrease in the last two rounds by missing out a "hole," and crocheting into the next one, every three stitches.

The Brim.

THIS is a straight band of crochet 2½ inches wide, and long enough to meet round the head.

Begin by making a length of chain, 2½ inches long, and work backwards and forwards over these chain stitches until it is the desired length.

Slip the hat on, and arrange the brim to suit your face, pinning it down here and there. It can be arranged singly, or double—according to whichever is most becoming to you. Take the hat off, and sew the brim with strong stitches to the hat.



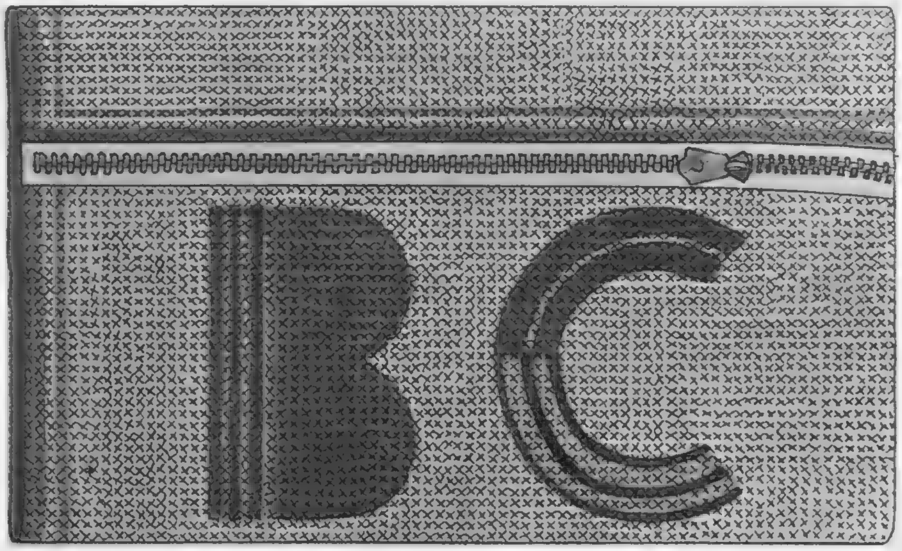
IF this hat is made of raffia it will need a silk lining, but if of wool it will cling more closely to the head if it is unlined

Raffia does not usually need pressing, but this can be done with a *cold* iron to give an even flat appearance to the work.

Wool should be pressed with a hot iron over a damp cloth.

The Cross-stitch Pochette

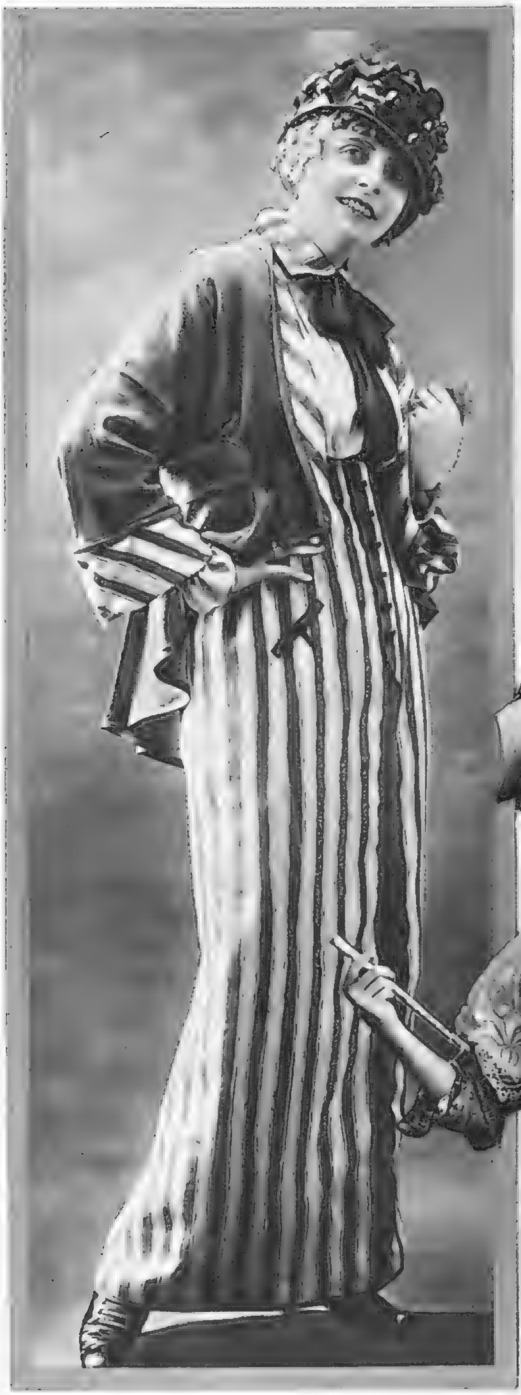
TO make this pochette, ½ yard of 27" width canvas is required. It measures 10" by 6" and is fastened by a zip fastener, which costs 2/1 for a 10" length. The entire bag is worked in cross-stitch, with a border and monogram in contrasting colours. Unusual designs for initials 3" high, may be obtained for 6d. a letter from the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2

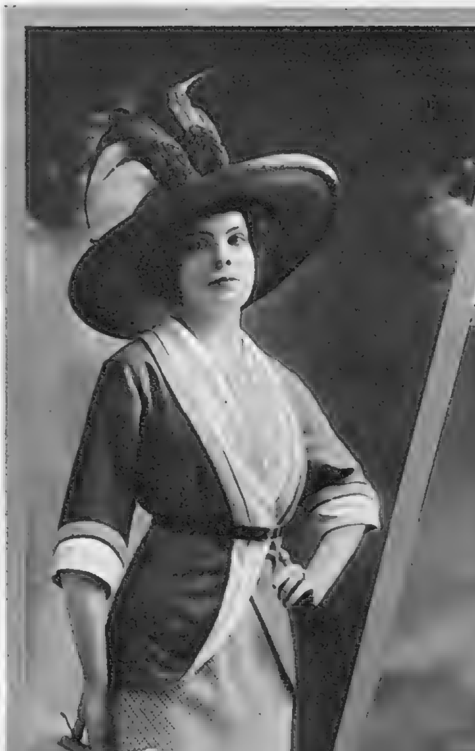


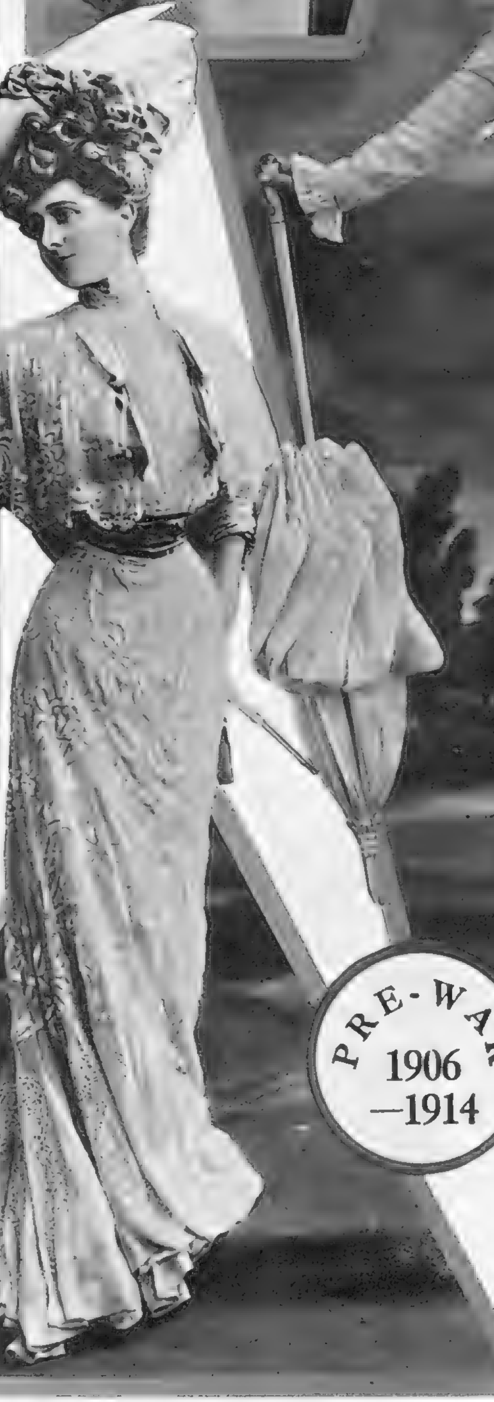
That's Fashion

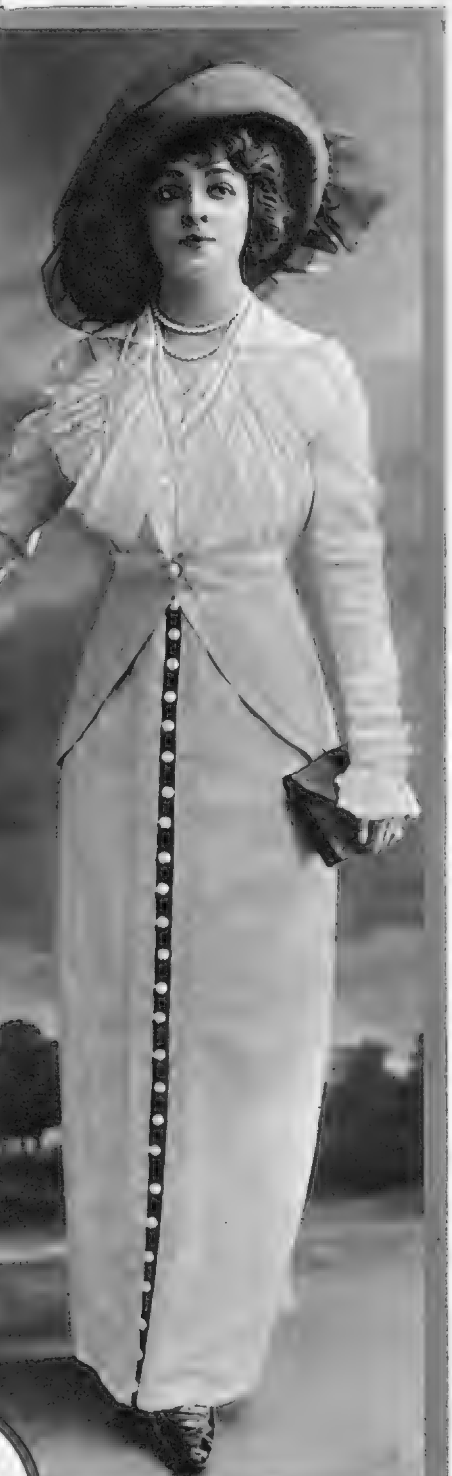
Right:

A SUMMER tailor-made of 1912 has sleeves of a contemporary briefness, but the splendour of the vast hat adorned with plumes is something to marvel at









Above:

THE influence of the Directoire mode is apparent in this 1914 hobble skirt of butcher blue and white stripes, which is worn with a matching blue coat and a toque of flowers

Right:

THIS magnificent toilette was seen at Ranelagh in 1906. It is of embroidered white cashmere appliquéd with Cluny lace, and is trimmed with plaid ribbon

Extreme Right:

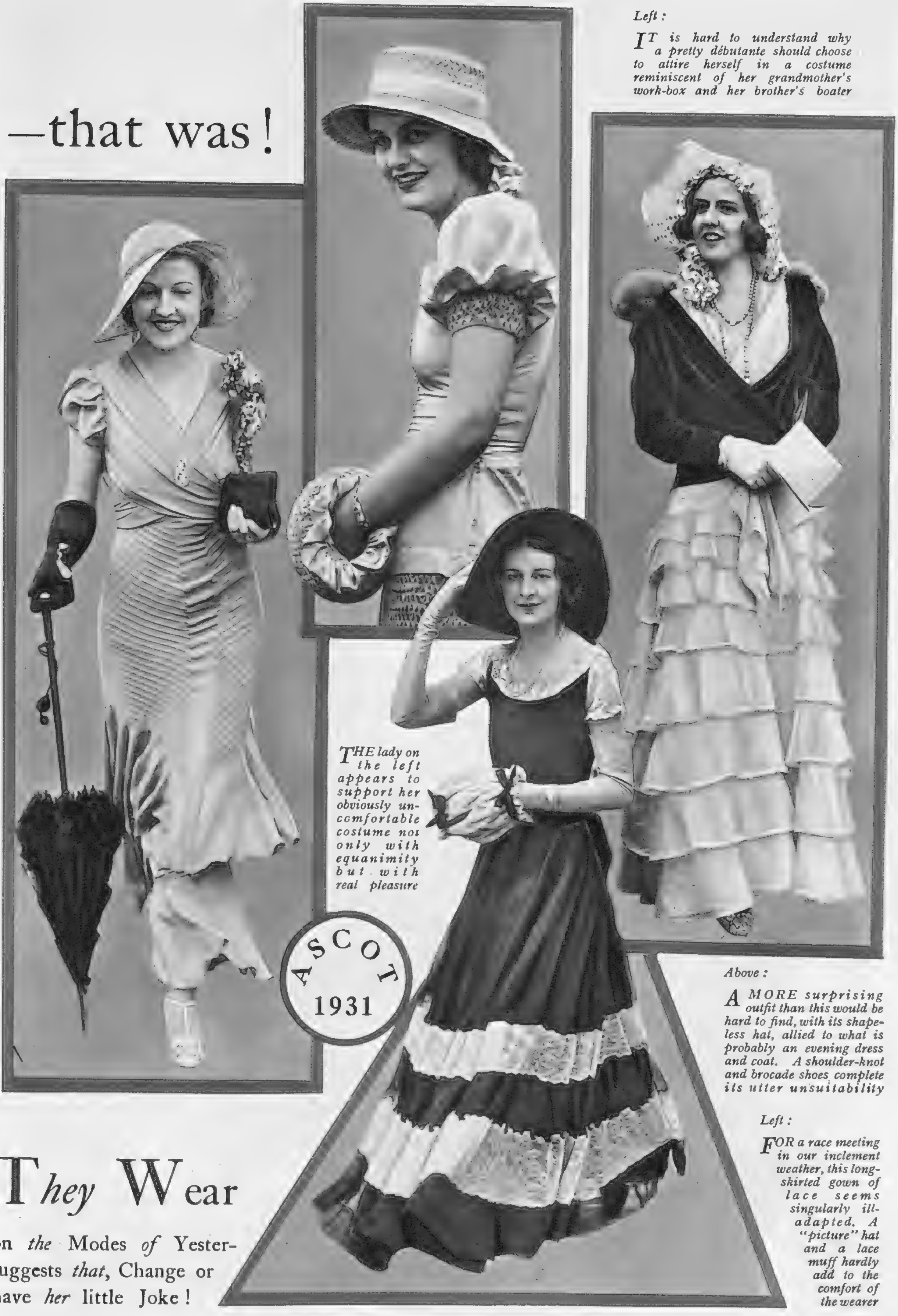
MADAME RENOUARDT, the famous French actress, chose this walking costume—hikers please note—in 1912

PRE-WAR
1906
—1914

T*hey* W ore

A Pictorial *Commentary* day *and* To-day *which* *no* Change-Fashion will

—that was!



ASCOT 1931

Left:

IT is hard to understand why a pretty débutante should choose to attire herself in a costume reminiscent of her grandmother's work-box and her brother's boater

THE lady on the left appears to support her obviously uncomfortable costume not only with equanimity but with real pleasure

Above:

A MORE surprising outfit than this would be hard to find, with its shapeless hat, allied to what is probably an evening dress and coat. A shoulder-knot and brocade shoes complete its utter unsuitability

Left:

FOR a race meeting in our inclement weather, this long-skirted gown of lace seems singularly ill-adapted. A "picture" hat and a lace muff hardly add to the comfort of the wearer

T*hey* W*ear*

on *the* Modes *of* Yester-
suggests *that*, Change or
have *her* little Joke!

SMALL people like emulating their elders and playing at pastry-making is considered an excellent occupation

Photographs by E. J. Mason

Plan *THEIR* Holidays, too!

BUT allow them the maximum of liberty and the free use of their growing limbs and imaginations

By Carol Avis

"THIS is the children's holiday, my dear, I don't hope to enjoy it much myself . . . . " is an expression one so often hears. It all seems such a pity, when a little better organisation can result in a delightful adventure for you and them. Besides, children are so quick to sense the least suggestion of isolation. It adds immensely to the spirit of the occasion if Mother is enjoying it, too.

Of course, as in most things, it is largely a matter of planning. In the first place there is a lot to be said for the choice of a place; though perhaps it is a little late in the season to talk of plans. Crowds and promenades and jolly thoroughfares

AN old tin bath partly filled with water and some penny boats provide the next best thing to the seaside

E. J. Mason

MINOR gymnastics are not as dangerous as they look and constitute an excellent outlet for the children's boundless energy

may be a source of delight to small people, but they are an equal source of anxiety to a harassed mother. That is why a quiet spot is infinitely better. A place where you can safely devote an hour or two to your own interests sometimes, secure in the knowledge that a flat beach, a reasonably safe tide and a drowsy street or two offer very little possibility of disaster. The little ones will appreciate the freedom of it too.

Freedom is going to make just all the difference for them between a happy holiday and a rather miserable one, and that is why a little place of your own is so much better than asking them to endure the restrictions of an hotel. A little furnished house always helps towards the success of the holiday.

A LADDER and two carpenter's stands constitute this simple gymnasium. The photographs on this and the opposite page were taken at the Hampstead Open-air Nursery School

Meals, for instance, can be planned to fit in with every expedition, whereas the expedition would otherwise be sadly at the mercy of the meals. Put yourself in the children's place and imagine how pleasant it is when life assumes the aspect of a delightful picnic for a few weeks, especially if the rest of the year is spent at school and conducted, so to speak, to time-table.

Comfortable clothes will help a lot, too, and please remember that though little bodies exposed to sunshine are absorbing health, severe scorching will do no good and frays young tempers into the bargain. In fact, you will be wise to take a little thought for to-morrow by putting some cooling lotion into your trunk and a bandage or two; bare legs exposed to sun and sea water will be bound to demand some treatment during the first few days. And, talking of sun, insist upon hats for the first day or two until they are accustomed to the glare and heat, otherwise headaches may result. For the boys, shorts and cricket shirts are sensible, and the grey variety of shirt will soil far less quickly than the white, while for the girls any washing frock will do provided it is not fussy or fragile.

So far as their play is concerned, leave them alone. I doubt if any amount of grown-up play is sweeter than a little of their own, and some tactful intervention occasionally will be all that is necessary.

Not that you should leave them entirely to themselves and the seaside. Have a conference with them each morning on the day's plans, and assemble a programme, but let them think they have schemed it themselves. Their own plans are so much superior to yours!

One woman I know, has a particularly sensible scheme.

"I choose a place," she tells me, "where it is quiet enough for the children, yet near enough to a town to satisfy my own taste for amusement when I feel like it." That seems an ideal combination, doesn't it?

Her family, as it happens, is rather an "ill-assorted" one, to use her own expression, meaning that their ages are such that they cannot be expected to provide much companionship for each other. This is a difficulty which one is very apt to regard as insurmountable, but my friend is not content to leave it at that. So John, who is twelve, brings a school friend of his own age, and five-year-old Jane brings another little person her own size, while Michael, in his third year, is still young enough to play alone.

Anyhow, although seeming to add to the difficulties by adding to the numbers, the result of this plan is often the reverse if the visitors are the right ones.

Another mother I know hired a donkey for the holidays last year. The kiddies adored it, and he provided all kinds of fun for them, to say nothing of timely assistance when little feet were lagging on a long jaunt. This may seem rather a drastic thing to do, but this donkey is a particularly well-behaved one. As my friend laughingly remarks, "Almost one of the family."

Finally, go prepared for rain. Clothes that don't mind a wetting are always appreciated, and if your trunk can produce some new games, a suprise of some kind, or a fresh book to read, tempers will be miraculously smoothed and the prospect of a day indoors quite a cheerful one.

New Ways with Fruit

By

A. M. Norton

WHY not take a leaf out of our neighbours' recipe books and combine fruit with fish and meat?

Above: An unusual salad consists of lettuce and a Pommel cheese surrounded by raisins cooked in brandy

Left: Braised ham with a soupçon of orange juice and tinned peaches is a delicious summer dish

Below: Oranges filled with sole or plaice and covered with a thick orange sauce should be served very hot

IN England we do not make as much of fruit as our neighbours do abroad. It appears on the table at the sweet course in the shape of pies, puddings, or just stewed, and in its raw state for dessert, but it is seldom met with as an accompaniment to, or part of, a dish of fish or meat. The classical exceptions are red currant jelly with roast mutton and apple sauce with goose; recently orange sauce with duck or pigeon has come into favour.

Fruit and fish are a pleasant combination. Purée of gooseberries goes well with grilled mackerel, and a few cooked gooseberries chopped finely with a hard boiled egg and added to a parsley sauce are very good with boiled cod. Fillets of plaice or sole, baked in the oven and served in half oranges with an orange sauce over them, make an excellent and attractive looking dish. Skinned and seeded grapes added to a good white sauce are delicious with fillets of sole. This sauce is not as expensive as it sounds, as your greengrocer will often be very glad to sell you for a few pence a handful of loose muscatels which have fallen off the bunches in transit. Their flavour is unrivalled and as only the stalks have broken, the fruit is in good condition.

Raisins mixed with a little boiled rice and bacon cut in small pieces is one of the nicest stuffings for roast pheasant; orange forcemeat gives a delicate flavour to a boiled fowl, and fried apples are a pleasant change with roast chicken. Brown orange sauce is served with cutlets, and is especially good with veal or pork, its rather tart nature bringing out the full flavour of the meat.

THE following recipes are tried favourites and are all quite simple to make.

Fillets of Sole in Orange.

Take some fillets of sole or plaice, trim them, sprinkle with lemon juice, pepper and salt, roll up and bake in the oven until they have lost their transparent appearance. Cut some oranges in half. Allow half an orange to each fillet. Remove the pulp and cut in small pieces; make a thick white sauce, season with pepper and salt, remove from the fire and add the orange pulp and any of the juice that may have run out. The sauce should still be thick enough to coat the spoon. Put a fillet in each half orange, cover with the sauce, taking care not to let it overlap the edge of the orange, and put in a hot oven to brown on the top. Serve immediately.

Brown Orange Sauce.

Take some thick brown sauce. Add the juice of one orange and a squeeze of lemon, pepper and salt to taste. Boil the thin rind of the orange for a few minutes, drain, and cut into strips as for marmalade. Add to the sauce and stir all together over the fire until hot. Serve with veal, or any other cutlets.

Orange Forcemeat for Boiled Fowl.

Mince a small piece of lean cold veal or lamb, and about the same amount of suet; add a dessert-spoonful of ground almonds, minced apple, and the grated rind of half an orange. Season with a pinch of salt, a small salt-spoonful of all spice and a squeeze of lemon juice. Mix well together and bind with a well-beaten egg. If liked a few blanched and chopped almonds can be added. Stuff the fowl with this, and boil in a *court bouillion*, that is to say, water flavoured with onion, parsley and mixed spices.

Cherry Sauce for Braised Tongue.

Put in a pan a table-spoonful of red currant jelly, and a wine-glassful of port. Boil gently until the jelly dissolves. Add the juice of an orange and season well with pepper; boil again for two minutes. Drain some cooked or bottled cherries which have been warmed in their own liquid, and add to the sauce. Candied cherries can also be used, and claret can be substituted for the port.

Braised Ham and Peaches.

Braise your slices of ham in a nicely flavoured brown gravy to which has been added a table-spoonful of port wine. Just before serving add the juice of an orange. Drain some tinned peaches which have been warmed in their own syrup. Serve the ham slices in neat rolls in the centre of the dish, pour the gravy over and arrange the peaches round.

Raisin Salad with Cold Guinea Fowl or Game.

Run some lettuce leaves through a dressing of oil and vinegar. Place in individual dishes and put a small Pommel cheese in the centre of each dish. Stew some seeded raisins in a little cooking brandy until they are soft and swollen and have soaked up the liquid. Let them cool and arrange round the cheese in each dish.

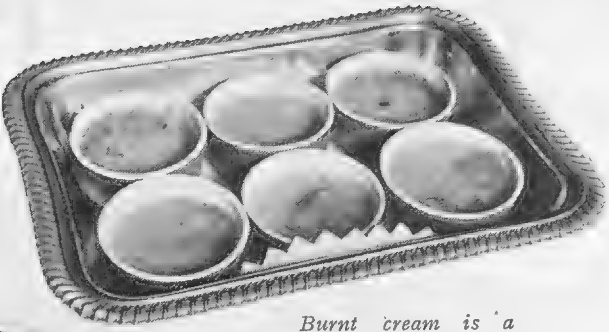
Sweets *for* Special Occasions

SOME easy recipes for making delicious creams which are worthy of the most epicurean and honoured guests

WE all have them sometime, those occasions when we want everything to be "particularly nice," and feel a little extravagance is justified. A "Real Cream," as a friend enthusiastically described it, not a cornflour or custard imitation, excellent though some of the latter are, is always appreciated. The following recipes are so simple to make that even an inexperienced cook can turn them out successfully.

Orange Cream

Take the juice of two oranges, add to half a pint of cream, and sweeten to taste with sugar. Put some pieces of Savoy fingers in the dish in which the cream will be served, pour the mixture over, and let it stand for several hours. Serve very cold.



Burnt cream is a simple dish to prepare, but makes a very rich and delicious sweet

Pineapple creams are easily made and, particularly when flavoured with Kirsch or Maraschino, equally easy to eat

Syllabubs are as good to eat as their name is mysterious and inviting

Syllabubs

Put the juice of one small lemon, 2 oz. of sugar, half a wine-glassful of sherry, half a wine-glassful of brandy, and half a pint of cream in a large bowl, and whip all together until quite stiff. Spoon it into tall glasses to set. They should be made eight or nine hours before they are needed. When set there should be a drainage of liquid at the bottom of each glass, and the cream on the top should be quite firm.

Pine-apple Cream

Take a small tin of pine-apple, drain the pieces, and cut into small dice. Whip half a pint of cream very stiffly, mix in the pine-apple, and add sugar to taste. Fill little custard glasses with the mixture and serve very cold. A little kirsch or maraschino is an improvement. The above quantity should fill five or six glasses.

Almond Cream

Whip half a pint of cream, flavour with almond essence, and add sugar to taste. Blanch some sweet almonds, cut into thin slices, and mix with the cream. Serve in individual glasses.

Rum Cream

Beat the yolks of three eggs with 3 oz. of sugar, a pinch of salt and vanilla essence to flavour, add one pint of cream, and stir over the fire until nearly boiling. Dissolve half an ounce of gelatine in a little water and strain into the cream. Let it cool a little, then add three tablespoonfuls of rum and one of brandy. Pour into a wet mould and turn out when cold.

Burnt Cream

Well beat the yolks of three eggs. Boil half a pint of cream for one minute in a milk saucepan; take it from the fire, add the beaten yolks and boil it up again. Three-quarter fill little fireproof ramikin dishes with the mixture, and allow it to cool. When cold, cover thickly with castor sugar and brown under a grill or with a salamander. Serve very cold.

The melted sugar should be like a thin layer of toffee on the top. The above quantity should fill five little dishes. Allow one for each person, as it is rather a rich sweet.

Liqueur Cream

Whip a half pint of cream stiffly. Add a dessertspoonful each of rum, curaçao and maraschino. Whip again if necessary. Cut some crystallised fruits into small dice, add to the cream, fill small glasses with the mixture, and decorate with ratafias. Serve very cold, and hand wafers separately.

Velvet Cream

Dissolve half an ounce of gelatine in a small quantity of water. Add a teacupful of sherry and the juice of a lemon to a pint of cream.

Sweeten to taste and strain in the gelatine. Pour into the dish in which it will be served. Serve very cold.

Plum Fool

Stew ½ lb. of plums and put them through a sieve. Measure the purée and whip stiffly the same amount of cream. Mix them together, sweeten to taste and add a little sherry or maraschino.

Serve in individual glasses and hand wafers or Savoy Fingers separately. Half a pint of cream and half a pint of fruit purée will fill six glasses. Serve very cold.

Lemon Cream

½ pint of cream, the juice and peel of half a lemon, 2 oz. of sugar, ratafia biscuits, three or four sponge cakes, glacé cherries.

Put the cream and lemon rind into a double saucepan and make it scalding hot but do not let it boil. Add the sugar, heat it up again, but it must never boil. Add the lemon juice, remove from the fire and stir until nearly cold. Cut some sponge cakes into slices and put in a glass or china dish.

Soak them in a little rum and milk and pour the cream over them. Decorate with the ratafia biscuits and cherries. This is a very old recipe.

Green and *Purple* Artichokes

How to cook and eat them

By F. White

E. J. Mason

WHEN buying artichokes be careful to choose those with rounded tips. Pointed leaves are a sign of age

ARTICHOKES stuffed with forcemeat are delicious and make an excellent first course for a luncheon party

THIS delicious vegetable would be more frequently served in private houses if people only knew how easy it is to cook and eat. Artichokes have the outstanding merit of being absolutely free of starch, and can therefore be given safely to diabetics, and anyone who has had to cook for them will know what a boon it is to have another means of varying their difficult diet.

Artichokes make a sociable dish: the leisurely process of pulling off each leaf to eat the fleshy morsel at its base is ideal for an interchange of wit and silence. The conical green ones are French, the English or Globe artichokes are tinged with purple. Those from Naples are considered the largest, tenderest and best, then come the French, and the Spanish ones which are frequently dark purple, sometimes almost black.

When buying be careful to choose young artichokes with rounded leaves. Pointed leaves are a sign of age.

To Boil Artichokes

Cut the stalks off close to the base. Take off the outside leaves with a sharp knife, cut straight across the top of the leaves, to cut off the tips. Wash them well and put them in cold water with a little vinegar in it to draw out the insects. Rinse again with cold water, drain, and throw them into plenty of boiling, slightly salted water for half an hour to one hour, according to their age. You will know when they are done because the leaves will pull out easily. Lift them up and drain upside down. They can be served like this on a folded table napkin, or they can have the choke scooped out of the middle with a spoon and be sent to table standing upright on a dish with their centres filled with hot melted butter or Hollandaise sauce.

If you want the base or *fonds d'artichauts* to make a separate dish it is quite permissible to pull off the edible leaves in the kitchen, put a little salad sauce in a small grapefruit glass, arrange the best of the leaves in it and send this to the table with crisp bread or biscuits and butter as an *hors d'œuvre*. This is a pretty and novel dish, and makes quite a good introduction to a little dinner or intimate luncheon party.

A Good Salad Sauce

Put the yolk of a hard-boiled egg into a basin and mash it up with half a teaspoonful of castor sugar, the same of made mustard, a little pepper and salt, and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Mix well and stir in slowly half a gill of fresh cream, until it is sufficiently thick. It will thicken as you stir, and care must be taken not to let it get too thick.

Stuffed Artichokes

If a more substantial dish be required, when the choke has been removed the centre may be filled with a forcemeat of some kind, sprinkled with fine breadcrumbs, and then with butter. Put them in the oven to brown, and serve surrounded by tomato sauce in the dish in which they are baked.

A Suitable Forcemeat

8 oz. cooked meat (veal, chicken or rabbit) put through a mixer with 2 oz. cooked ham, 2 oz. fine white breadcrumbs and 2 oz. finely chopped mushrooms. Season with pepper and salt, blend with a lightly beaten egg, and a little thickened gravy or sauce, just enough to moisten the mixture and prevent it being stodgy.

The *choke*, of course, is *never* eaten.

Artichauts à la Crème

Cook the artichokes, and serve the leaves separately as suggested, or buy a bottle or tin of *fonds d'artichauts*. Make a *velouté* sauce with 1 oz. butter, 1 oz. flour, ½ pint of nicely flavoured chicken stock, ½ pint milk, season with cayenne pepper and salt, finish with yolk of egg and a little cream, add a squeeze of lemon juice. Heat the already cooked *fonds d'artichauts* in some chicken broth until quite hot through. When the sauce is ready, lift out and drain, arrange on a dish and pour the sauce over them. This sauce may be used instead of Hollandaise to fill boiled artichokes when the choke has been removed. The dish may be garnished with old-fashioned sippets of toast. These are made of bread cut into slices about ¼ inch thick, toasted and cut into the shape of a small triangle.

Artichauts Frits

If the *fonds d'artichauts* are small, leave them whole; if large, cut them in quarters; if uncooked, put them into cold water for some time—say one hour or longer—lift out, drain well. Make a batter with one egg, 1 oz. flour, 2½ tablespoonfuls of milk, season with cayenne pepper and salt. Let the artichoke *fonds* soak in this batter for half an hour, then lift out one at a time and fry very crisply in deep fat. If this is not enough batter, double the quantities—the amount depends on how many artichoke fritters you want to make.

Alternatives for AUGUST

Some unusual suggestions for sultry days when one wishes to avoid the ubiquitous joint and pudding

By A. H. ADAIR

POLISH iced soup is easy to make and a perfect dish for a very hot day

THE stuffed cucumbers should be finished in a fireproof dish and served with the stock in which they have been cooked poured over through a fine strainer

A SOUFFLÉ must be served the moment it is ready. It is better to wait for the soufflé than to keep it waiting

AUGUST, so full of many pleasant things is one of the most difficult months for the housewife. Nothing is at its best, and the choice of dishes becomes a real problem. In France they hold the view—and one cannot but agree—that butcher's meat is too heavy to be included often in the menu, and it is during the hot months that most people, especially in the warmer parts of the South and South West, eat pork, preserved or fresh, and many spicy and interesting dishes make their appearance.

However, the prejudice against pork in a month "without an R to it" is too deeply rooted in the minds of English people to be lightly dismissed, and we must turn to other things. Poultry is unfortunately not very good, but we can vary our fare with ducks and guinea-fowl, and by including plenty of salads, vegetable dishes and fruit with junkets, soufflés and cream cheeses as alternatives we should succeed in making our meals varied and healthy.

Polish Iced Soup

Have two handfuls of sorrel, wash it in cold water and remove the centre stalks. Chop it coarsely and cook for ten minutes in boiling salted water. If you are making soup for four people you would have slightly more than four portions of water, and so on. Chop very finely a small clove of garlic and one hard-boiled egg (for those who do not like it the garlic may be omitted). Add pepper and more salt if necessary, the juice of a lemon and a few thin slices of cucumber. Remove the soup from the fire, stir in one egg beaten until very frothy, pour the soup into the tureen and let it get very cold. Just before serving put in three or four lumps of ice, but it must really be at the last minute, otherwise the ice would melt and weaken the soup.

If sorrel is not available, this soup can be made with spinach, in which case you add the extra juice of half a lemon. It is a most pleasant and refreshing dish for really hot days.

Stuffed Cucumbers

For a dish for six people you would require two cucumbers. Choose them as fat as possible, peel them and cut each cucumber into three pieces. Scoop out the centres and poach the pieces in boiling salted water for ten minutes. Meanwhile prepare the following stuffing: a quarter of a pound of lean pork, the same quantity of veal, these to be minced. Add a slice of stale bread soaked in milk, a small piece of chopped parsley and two mushrooms, a shallot, an onion and a skinned tomato chopped together. Mix this well, add salt and pepper, and when you have removed the cucumber and drained it well fill the holes with the stuffing. Put in a shallow saucepan two rashers of bacon cut in cubes, two onions and two tomatoes coarsely cut and a teacupful of stock, salt and pepper. Place the stuffed cucumbers on this bed and cook, covered, for twenty minutes on a slow fire. Arrange the stuffed cucumber in a fireproof dish, sprinkle with dry breadcrumbs and brown in the oven or under the grill. Meanwhile keep the contents of the saucepan hot, and just before serving pour them over the cucumber through a fine strainer.

Chocolate Soufflé

A soufflé is not nearly so complicated to make as most people think, and this recipe is a particularly simple one. For four people take two table-spoonfuls of chocolate powder and melt it with a tablespoonful of water and a tablespoonful of castor sugar over the fire. The amount of sugar depends on the sweetness of your chocolate powder. Mix to a smooth paste, and while still hot stir in the yolks of three eggs. Mix thoroughly and allow this to cool. Meanwhile beat to a very stiff froth the whites of six eggs. Add these little by little to the chocolate and yolks, mixing all well together. Pour this into a buttered soufflé dish and cook in a moderate oven for a quarter of an hour. Five minutes before removing the soufflé sprinkle the top with castor sugar.

It is not, as so many people think, dangerous to open the oven door during the cooking of a soufflé; it is in fact desirable to do so, as it may be inclined to cook too fast on the top, and you may have to change its position in the oven. Do not, of course, bang the oven door, and do not keep the soufflé waiting; it must be served the moment it is ready.

HOLIDAY FIRST AIDS

Accidents will happen on the best-regulated holidays, and it is well to know how to act promptly and efficiently

HOLIDAY SPIRIT
FRACTURE

IN our previous issue mention was made in an article dealing with nerves of a book by Xavier Cuyeff. Interested readers may like to know that this is entitled "Nerves, Indigestion and Worry," and is published by Simpkin, Marshall, Ltd.

Burns.

A burn or scald should immediately be steeped in oil and the air excluded. The best thing to use is Carron oil, obtainable at any chemist, but failing this olive oil or even butter can be used.

Sun-stroke.

Again cold-water bandages and quiet and dark are the only possible treatment. It is advisable to call a doctor.

Sunburn.

Severe sunburn should be treated in the same way as other burns. The immediate discomfort of a scorching will be relieved by bathing with witch-hazel and then applying cold cream.

Food Poisoning.

A strong dose of bi-carbonate of soda is a simple and efficient antidote to many poisons, especially fish poisoning. Castor oil may be given as long as it is certain that the pains, fever, etc., are not caused by appendicitis, when it is dangerous. Starvation and then a milk diet will complete the cure when the poison is eliminated. Elixir of paregoric relieves abdominal pain. Half a teaspoonful every three hours is the correct dose.

Stings and Bites.

A slice of raw onion tied over a wasp sting, cleg or mosquito bite, will take out the pain and inflammation and prevent subsequent poisoning. Ammonia, eau-de-Cologne or Milton give almost immediate relief. Bi-carbonate of soda and saliva in conjunction are also useful anti-irritants.

Heat Rash.

Prickly heat, " sun-rash " and heat bumps, which sometimes result from sudden change of diet and exposure to sun and sea air, can be relieved by the application of a calomel and lead lotion (from any chemist) and small doses of milk of magnesia are helpful.

Abrasions and Cuts.

Children, and even grown-ups, are likely to get grazes and cuts which sometimes give a lot of trouble. Clean the sore place thoroughly at the earliest opportunity. This should be done with boracic acid powder dissolved in boiling water and sterilised cotton wool (a small packet can be tucked in the smallest of travelling accoutrements)—*never* with a sponge or washing square, which may be thoroughly infective. Failing boracic, common salt is a useful antiseptic.

Excessive bleeding can generally be stopped by a ligature tied tightly round the limb above the wound. The limb should be raised and a clean swab of linen or cotton-wool should be pressed against the wound, preferably steeped in cold water and peroxide.

Sprains and Strains.

A twisted ankle, wrist or knee-joint may cause lasting trouble unless attended to at once. An immediate compress of cold water should be applied, and the affected part must not be used. Witch-hazel or Pond's Extract make a soothing compress.

Fractures.

If a broken bone is suspected a temporary splint should be manufactured and great care exercised in moving the patient until medical aid can be obtained. Many a compound fracture and torn ligaments have been caused *after* a simple fracture by the ignorance of first aiders.

HEAD ACCIDENT
BITES

REJUVENATION through PACKS and MASKS

The Theory and Practice of Facial Packs in Modern Beauty Culture

THE growth of the use of beauty masks and packs by specialists and amateurs of Beauty Culture speaks for their efficacy, but the theory underlying their application is little understood except by experts, and if the ingredients are incorrectly amalgamated or improperly used they may do more harm than good.

The basis of many beauty masks is fuller's-earth, to which are added emollients and herbal concoctions proved by experiment and experience to be of benefit to the skin and underlying tissues. Egg is also a useful ingredient of beauty masks, as it has an astringent, cleansing and tightening effect and probably some nutritive value. It is known that the pores of the skin are the most valuable auxiliaries of the internal organs as eliminators of waste matter and for the absorption of nutriment.

The fact that these simple and easily obtained ingredients admittedly figure in some of the famous beauty specialists' beauty masks has led many women to concoct masks and facial packs for themselves. This is extremely unwise, for it must be remembered that dermatological and chemical experience are required to achieve a properly balanced preparation for skin treatments, and now that there are on the market facial packs prepared by experts in laboratories under medical supervision, women who desire a home mask treatment would be advised to avail themselves of them rather than experiment with concoctions of their own.

There is one clasmic pack which can be purchased in most of the best stores and chemists', put up in jars or tubes, which consists of an easily applied creamy substance which is the result of many years' experiment and is scientifically prepared, which should prove very useful to the home beauty culturist.

To be successful, face packs must be carefully concocted by a specialist

By "CHRYSIS"

RELAXATION

Further information will be forwarded to interested readers on receipt of a post-card. Write to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve" 346, Strand, W.C.2.

BEFORE
AFTER

The result of the occasional use of a good beauty mask is to clear and clean the complexion, refine its texture and to smooth out superficial lines. This all seems rather miraculous and mysterious, and so a few words on the way in which the treatment acts may be of interest.

It is the nature of the pores of the skin to attempt to throw off anything that clogs and stifles them. Therefore when the skin is covered with the thick substance of the mask cream they automatically begin to act, that is to open, and the acid secretions come to the surface. The substance of the mask absorbs the acids and impurities and certain of its ingredients act as solvents of the fatty secretions and black-heads; thus the complexion is left clear and clean and the pores are open and ready to take in such constituents of the mask as are beneficial and nutritive. The perfect beauty mask also contains some gently acting astringent to stimulate the natural reaction—the closing of the pores and the refinement of the surface of the skin. Apart from the lightening effect caused by the removal of impurities, it also has bleaching properties and the stimulation of the circulation, increasing the healthy, subcutaneous blood-flow, brings back fresh, youthful colouring to tired, inert, sallow-looking flesh.

To obtain the full benefit, the mask cream should be spread on thickly and gently and left for half an hour, then carefully removed so as not to stretch the skin in any way.

To lie quietly in a darkened room and relax as much as possible during the operation of the treatment will add to its efficacy. It is the quickest form of facial recuperation after fatigue and the best preparation for a party at which one wants to appear at one's best.

Black Ivory

(Continued from page 7)

The time taken in the Middle Passage, from Anamaboe to Grenada, was seven weeks. A few terse and grim entries: "Bured one man slave," "Bured one woman slave," occur during this period. But on the whole the *Adventure* was a fortunate ship in this respect. Her loss was only four out of sixty-three, and on a previous voyage under a Captain Tuell not a single slave died; whereas the average mortality has been estimated at from eight to ten per cent.

The slaves were sold in the West Indies at round about £37 sterling, and the voyage resulted in a profit of £400, roughly twenty-three per cent. on the capital outlay.

The queer thing was that mutiny in these floating hells was not of more frequent occurrence. One such happening is recorded in a Liverpool slaver bearing the unconsciously ironical name of *Perfect*, which in January, 1759, was lying at Mana with a hundred negroes on board. Some more who had been paid for remained to be brought off, and the mate, second mate, and boatswain, with half the crew, went ashore for them. During their absence the slaves by some means managed to free themselves from their irons and swarmed up on deck. The captain and four others quickly fell victims to their fury, and the remaining six men on board took refuge in the *Spencer*, another slaver lying near at hand.

Next morning the *Spencer* bombarded the *Perfect* for over an hour, but the blacks still holding out, the *Spencer's* captain declined to risk boarding; and finally the mutineers ran the vessel ashore and set fire to her.

THERE were humane men to be found among the slaver captains as well as brutes in human form; men who did their best according to the standards of the time to keep the poor creatures under their charge clean and healthy. A Captain Lindsay, for instance, a well-known New England slaver, records having lost "only one small gall," the rest being "all in helth and fatt." As a matter of fact, humanity and business policy jumped together, for negroes being sold by "live weight" at so much a pound, a slave in good condition and "fatt" was worth a great deal more than a lean and poor one.

Two very remarkable men figure in the annals of the Liverpool slave trade—Captain John Newton, and Captain, otherwise known as "Mind-your-eye," Crow. Newton, who in later life took Holy Orders and was jointly responsible with the poet Cowper for the Olney Hymns, started life as a midshipman in H.M.S. *Harwich*, but, having deserted his ship rather than be parted from his sweetheart, a Miss Catlett, whom he later married, he was flogged and degraded. After many vicissitudes he became mate of a slaver, and held command for many years in the Guinea trade. The effect of his gloomy Calvinistic religion on the mind of the gentle "stricken deer," his poet friend, has been generally held to be far from salutary: but he was a humane man to his slaves, and did the best he could for both their bodily and spiritual needs.

"Mind-your-eye" Crow commanded the last slave ship sailing out of Liverpool. He was a Manxman who had lost an eye in a fight, and in that connection a tale is told of how he came by his nickname. Mr. Aspinall, the owner of his ship, met a fellow-merchant in Liverpool, who complained that, however long were the instructions he gave his skippers, they never made a voyage pay. "Now, tell me," he concluded, "what instructions do you give *your* skipper?" "Well," replied his friend, "I simply say, 'Crow, mind your eye! You will find many ships at Bonny.'" "'Crow,'" exclaimed the other, "why, I know the man, and he has only one eye to mind." "True," rejoined Mr. Aspinall, "but that one's a piercer."

Captain Crow's career was unusually adventurous, even for those stirring days. In 1794 his ship was captured by a French privateer and taken to Lorient, where nearly two thousand deaths occurred during his captivity. He took part in more than one brisk action, and in 1806, when in command of the slaver *Mary*, fought two British ships for seven hours under the impression that they were Frenchmen. When he was expecting a fight he would bring the pick of the negroes on deck and let them practise shooting, to their intense delight. He was always on the best of terms with his live cargoes, and there were generally some of his former charges waiting for him on the wharf at Kingston, to salute him with a "God bress Massa—how Massa do dis voyage?"

ALTHOUGH the trade was prohibited after 1808, it still went on as merrily as ever under the rose, many American ex-privateers engaging in it, such as the *Saucy Jack* and the *Commodore Perry*. Some of these smugglers, when cornered, showed a courage worthy of a better cause, and the *Camperdown*, an English slaver brig, when she was tackled by the sloops *Rambler* and *Trial* off Sierra Leone, not only destroyed them both but carried off their black crews as slaves.

A vessel, although known to be a slaver, could not, according to the letter of the law, be condemned unless she actually had slaves on board when she was captured, and this regulation had horrible and unlooked-for consequences. A case in point was that of the Spanish brigs *Rapido* and *Regulus*, which, when chased in the Bight of Benin, made all sail up the river and ran ashore. "During the chase," reported Captain Ramsay, of the British ship *Black Joke*, "they were seen from our vessels to throw their slaves overboard, by twos, shackled together by the ankles, and left in this manner to sink or swim as they best could."

The denial by the United States Government of the right of British ships of war to search suspected slavers flying the American flag brought the scum of the ocean under the Stars and Stripes to carry on their abominable traffic with impunity. Cuba and Brazil at this time were the chief landing places for slaves, and it is said to have been from the bodies of dead negroes in a slaver's hold that the yellow fever was first introduced into Rio.

Among the well-known slavers captured during the 'fifties were the notorious *Orion* and the beautiful clipper ship *Nightingale*, whose figurehead was a bust of Jenny Lind. The *Orion* was overhauled with a cargo of slaves on board in April, 1859, by the frigate *Triton*, but since she was under the American flag at the time she was handed over to a United States cruiser and taken to New York, where for some reason she was released Later in the year another British ship, the *Pluto*, fell in with her. She had 880 slaves on board at the time, and on her again claiming the protection of the Stars and Stripes, the British captain expressed his intention of boarding her and examining her papers, whereupon the flag was hauled down and thrown overboard.

But perhaps the most famous of these later slave-smugglers was the yacht *Wanderer*, a fast schooner with a big spread of canvas, built at Port Jefferson, Long Island, in 1857, for Mr. Johnson, a wealthy member of the New York Yacht Club. Mr. Johnson sold her to a Captain Corrie, who had been newly elected to the club, and he immediately had her fitted out, ostensibly for a pleasure cruise. His sailing master was a brother of "Bully" Semmes, of *Alabama* fame, and a picturesque adventurer named Egbert Farnham also accompanied the party. After calling at Trinidad she went across to St. Helena and the Congo, and off that river came upon the warship *Medusa* on the look-out for slavers.

This was inconvenient, but Captain Corrie, with consummate impudence, acted up to the role of millionaire yachtsman, and tended hospitality on a lavish scale to the *Medusa's* officers. Then, as soon as the *Medusa* was safely out of the way, she slipped into the dark river to the hidden barracoons, where she took on board 750 strong young negroes.

Arriving on the coast of Georgia with her cargo, she lay hidden in the swamps there until a grand ball given by Lamar, one of the partners in the venture, to the officers of the fort at the entrance to the Savannah river, provided an opportunity to smuggle the slaves ashore.

But Corrie, Lamar and Co. were not yet out of the wood. A doctor called in to some of the sick negroes inconveniently detected that they were Africans newly imported, and informed the authorities, with the result that the chiefs of the enterprise soon found themselves under arrest. They were lucky enough, however, to get off with no penalty but the loss of their vessel, and the voyage brought its promoters a profit of $10,000 apiece.

ALTHOUGH the recruiting of native labour in the Solomons was not, strictly speaking, slave trading at all, in the hands of the type of unscrupulous adventurers for whom the Islands in the 'sixties and 'seventies were a happy hunting ground, it became something very like it.

The most notorious of these latter-day buccaneers was the celebrated "Bully" Hayes, a big, bearded man with a bald head, the son of a Cleveland grog-seller, started his adventurous life by horse-stealing, and added in succession bigamy, gun-running, black-birding, "paying with the foresheet," and, so it is said, the murder of his wife and children, to the list of his exploits. But he was, for all that, the "mildest-mannered man that ever cut a throat."

Of the tales, true and otherwise, that are told of Hayes the following may serve as an example:

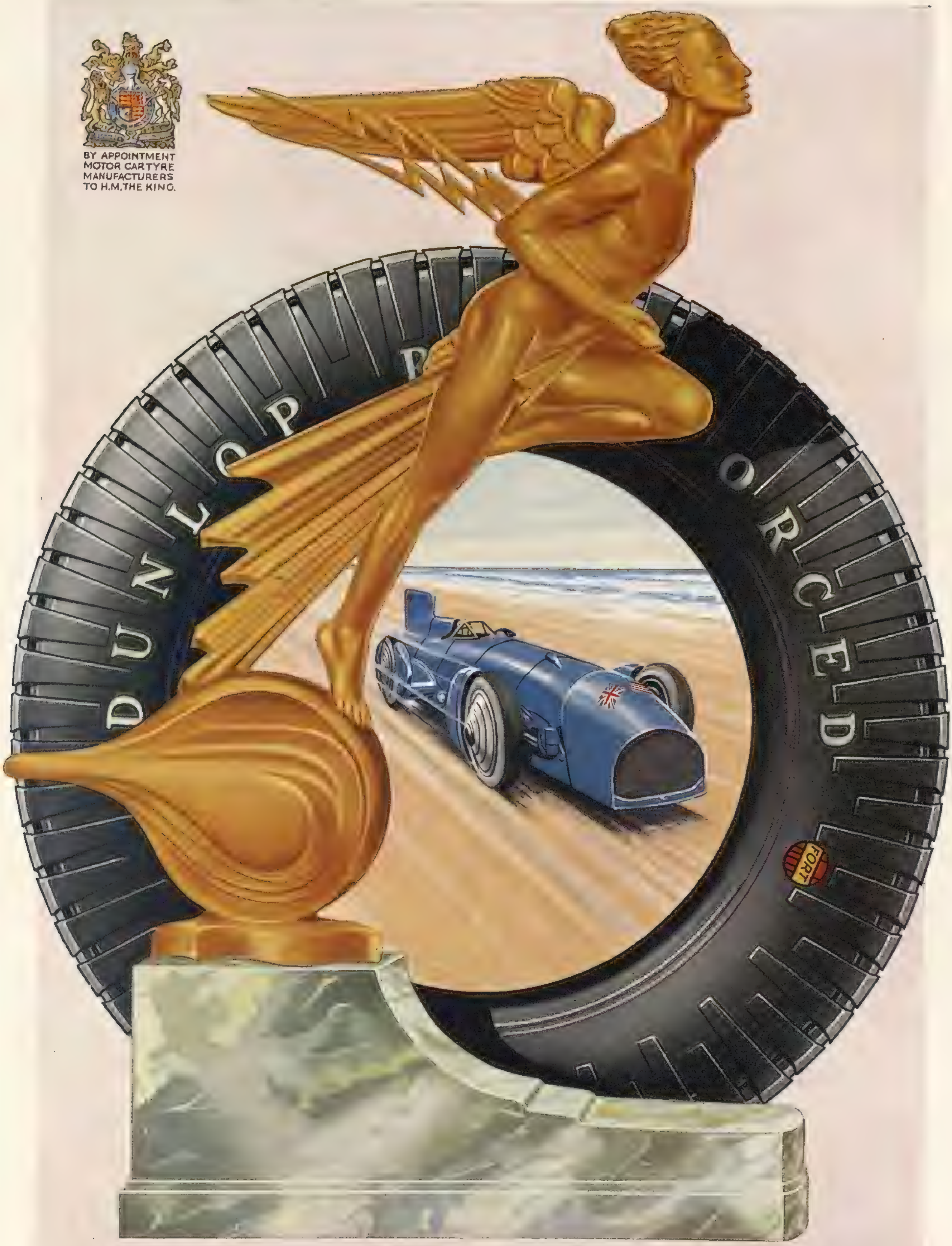
The *Rona* had anchored outside the reef at Rarotonga with a cargo of arms which Hayes had not succeeded in running to the Maories, and a whole crowd of natives were on board inspecting the "trade," when the brig was found to be on fire. With enough powder in her to blow her sky-high, there was no time to be lost, so all hands set to work to get the ship under way, and run her ashore on a sandy beach in the reef, Hayes in the meantime having bored several holes in her so that the fire soon put itself out.

Next day the holes were plugged, and the brig got off into deep water with the willing help of the natives. As soon as his ship was safely afloat, this unscrupulous ruffian promptly showed his gratitude by clapping the hatches on and sailing off with his captives to the Queensland plantations.

Hayes's end was a fitting one. In San Francisco he made the acquaintance of a rich merchant named Ford, who engaged him to pilot his yacht on a trip to the Islands. Just before she sailed, Hayes induced the owner to go ashore for something which he said had been forgotten. He then at once set sail, taking the merchant's wife with him—nothing loth, if all tales be true.

Off Jaluit he had a quarrel with the mate of the yacht, and, avowing his intention of shooting him, dived below in search of a revolver. But on his return his intended victim was ready for him, and as soon as his bald head hove in sight down came the boom crutch upon it with crashing force—after which, the story goes, the mate hauled him on deck, and dropped him, still breathing, over the rail.

END.


BY APPOINTMENT
MOTOR CARTYRE
MANUFACTURERS
TO H.M. THE KING.
DUNLOP
FORT
IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

C.F.H. 1005

Quite a new flavour!

YOU never tried a jelly quite so delicious as this. It's a wine jelly at a price you can afford. Not just a "wine flavoured" jelly, but a real wine jelly with all the distinctive bouquet of the rich black wine grapes of Sunny Spain.

Try it to-day! See how it pleases your family, grown-ups and children alike. See how it tickles even an invalid's difficult fancy. And remember there is no purer jelly made!

Try These New Recipes

Wincarnis Wine Jelly is delightful served plain, and it lends itself wonderfully to a whole host of new dishes, such as

Banana Jelly

Take 1 packet Wincarnis Jelly, 6 Bananas. Dissolve the jelly in sufficient hot water to make a little less than one pint in all and leave it to cool. Slice the bananas. Pour a quarter of the jelly into an oiled mould and when set arrange slices of banana on it, one overlapping the other. To keep the banana slices in position pour on about 2 tablespoons of jelly. When set firm pour in another layer of jelly and arrange bananas on it as before. Let it set and use up the rest of the jelly and bananas in the same way.

Wincarnis Sago Mould

Take 1 packet of Wincarnis Jelly, 3 ozs. fine Sago and $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of boiling water. Wash Sago and sprinkle into boiling water. Boil till all the grains are quite clear. Take off gas, put in jelly and stir until dissolved. Pour into oiled mould and turn out when set.

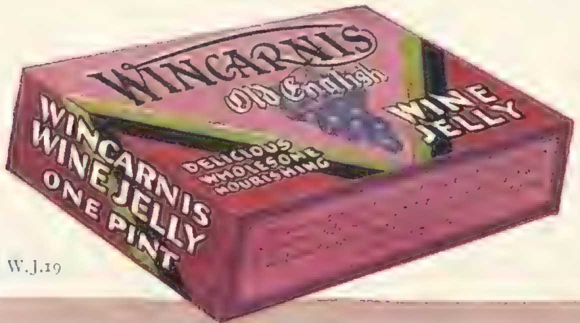
Wincarnis Blancmange

Take $\frac{1}{2}$ packet of Wincarnis Jelly, 1 smallest size tin unsweetened condensed milk. Dissolve jelly in saucepan with 1 gill of hot water—don't let it boil. When quite cold, add 1 gill or the small tin of unsweetened milk, and pour into the oiled mould.

WINCARNIS
Old English
WINE JELLY

$7\frac{1}{2}$d. a packet at all good Grocers' and Chemists'

In case of difficulty send direct to Coleman and Company Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, mentioning the name of your Grocer.



W.J.19

Stratoplaning *with* Piccard

(*Continued from page 27*)

"Probably blew up." It remains to be mentioned, on the scientific side, into which I have ventured very gingerly, that the uncontrolled and infinitely slow nature of the descent prohibited Piccard from getting any results from his "ion trap" save at two altitudes, the electricity without not being sucked up through his tube. But his vase inside the sphere gave results, bearing on cosmic rays, in which regard he dictated to me this round finding:

"*If our preliminary results are confirmed, it follows that the cosmic rays seem not to have their origin in the stars but in matter of very little density because the secondary rays of the cosmic rays are longer at the height of five miles than at ten.*"

"And these cosmic rays, Professor. People are saying that matter was not anterior to radiation, but the other way round, that rays preceded the creation of material atoms, that, in fact, in the beginning 'God made light.' And that light was followed by rays and rays made matter, including ourselves."

A professorial gesture of deprecation ensued upon this babble, as if to say: "Really, that's right outside my province, infinitely too tremendous a question, go and ask that of the talking ones"

PICCARD is a perfectly charming fellow, blend of natural modesty and desire to give everything, free, to his fellows. "*Un pur.*" When I arrived in Brussels he was being feted at the Town Hall, the University, the National Research Institute, the Palace. The lion of the hour. Yet he rang me up, five hours after I had posted him a letter, and fixed an appointment. Curious, but he has a Martian touch: as we have seen fit to imagine Martians, at all events, with great bulging foreheads, cerebral development. But, except for his exactness, he is not a bit the professor. The first thing he said was, "How do you pronounce your name?" That was the professor, wanting to know exactly. Physically, he is of the tall, long-legged type. He has steady, big blue-grey eyes behind round glasses, and delicately chiselled nose and chin. He talks any language you like. Simplicity is the keynote of the man.

"Why all this attention? I could have done this any time in the past twenty years had I had the money. King Albert made it possible. That is all. When I carry out some really interesting experiments in regard to Relativity in a rotating balloon nobody pays any attention. Or, when I repeat them on the Righi."

In order to simplify matters, I produce some cuttings and pictures. Piccard reads them through, a faint smile at times. Has he not read them before? No, he has not. He has read nothing at all about himself, and I sit opposite while he does so.

"Is it true, Professor, that you refused three million francs offered by an American syndicate?"

"Something like that. It had to be exclusive. What is 'exclusive'? This . . . this is for everybody!"

Auguste Antoine Piccard is not rich. He was born at Bâle forty-seven years ago, the twin son of a chemistry professor still living at Lausanne. After a spell at Zürich, he was appointed professor of physics at Brussels, in 1922. He married a daughter of the French historian Denis, and his family is on the increase. Up and down the stairs they romped, while father spent his time between me and the telephone.

"When are you restarting, Professor?"

"Going up again? Never. My wife passed such hours when the papers said I was dead that I have promised never to return to the Stratosphere. It is now for others. We have shown the way. Perhaps the most useful was staying up those sixteen hours—proving that one could live up there all that time."

"And Kipfer?"

"He will return. I can perhaps be of use on the ground, helping him. He will require a new sphere with certain improvements. There must not be the incident of the valve again. And the *sonde électrostate*—for measuring ionisation through the tube—must be perfected. No, it will not be necessary to go higher than we did. Nor would this be easy because it would require a still bigger balloon—ours was of 14,000 cubic metres—and the bigger the balloon, the more difficult the starting off. We had to wait and wait for the perfect stillness that is necessary. Sufficient data for all immediate uses of the Stratosphere can be obtained at ten miles high. So why go higher?"

"Tell me about the Stratosphere, Professor."

"Everything is wonderfully calm and clear there—the perfect rest cure! One could clearly see the features of the moon with the naked eye. There are no clouds at all and no vertical winds or other weather intemperancies. You can also be certain of a more or less constant temperature. Oddly enough, this reaches its lowest—80 or 90 degrees below zero—over the Equator. Not the most violent tempest down here has the slightest repercussion up there, owing to the absence of water vapour. An atmosphere deprived of moisture is as incapable of generating a storm as is an engine of moving. I have no hesitation in saying that within a few years from now the Stratosphere will be used by long-distance aircraft just as these to-day fly relatively close to the earth."

We have had such a fill of marvellous aeroplane prognostications for the immediate future, of giant air liners careering to and fro across the Atlantic, that I asked Professor Piccard to repeat this. Piccard repeated what he had said, and then proceeded:

"What we did will give courage to the world to fly in sealed cabins above breathing line. In an atmospheric density nine times more feeble than here below, speed will necessarily be three times as great. This speed, indispensable in order that the machine may be sustained, will not imply more fuel because if the aeroplane consumes three times as much in an hour it also flies three times as fast. One will cancel out the other. The future of transcontinental and other long-distance flying lies in the Stratosphere. Not only will time be gained, but almost absolute security owing to the absence of weather vagaries. With present propellers a maximum of 300 miles an hour *constant* is assured. The main problem, of course, is getting up there. Probably for some years to come this will be achieved under the aeroplane's existing fuel power. In Germany, Junkers and others are already hard on the problem and soon the first Stratoplane will be making investigations up there: first at 8 miles, later, higher. Many aspects must be inquired into, tested, for we are dealing with an, as yet, largely unknown element."

(The Junkers machine referred to is a monoplane with a span of 30 yards and weighing 8,000 lb. The crew will be in a sealed cabin much like Piccard's sphere and will be able to breathe on the submarine principle. Control will be entirely from within and the exterior is being fitted with all manner of instruments. There will only be one flaw. If a motor "conks out" there will be no mechanic venturing out on the wings. In the Stratosphere, he would be blown to bits.)

Piccard went on:

"In due course the rocket aeroplane will materialise. The Junkers is also taking up a rocket apparatus to experiment with. Thus, if the rocket is employed at 8,000 feet it will shoot the machine up to, say, 12,000 feet. And each time a rocket fires off, the machine moves forward with the speed emanating from that discharge plus the speed it was already flying at. The rocket benefits by all the atmospheric peculiarities of the Stratosphere even as it loses from conditions on earth. It may be that the aeroplane of decades ahead will be half 'plane, half rocket, the former operating as at present until the Stratosphere is attained and then the rockets coming into play. Of course, immense speeds should be attained in this manner—far in excess of the 300 miles an hour which is the immediate goal of constructors concentrating on the Stratosphere. There will be many difficulties of motor construction, also physical. Travellers in Stratoplanes will have to be kept warm because, even as we suffered through being shut in practically a non-moving globe, the aeroplane's rush through a temperature of sixty degrees below zero will bring great cold. One thing is certain—the machines will have to be all black in order to attract as much of the sun's rays as possible."

GREAT black craft hurtling ten miles up. To New York in twelve hours. To Bombay in fifteen. To China in twenty. I have always held off writing imaginative stuff boosting aviation, but after a chat with Piccard—the certitude of the man—that this will be so, and not so far ahead either—I am constrained to revise my scepticism.

For he has touched our imaginations thereby giving a great impetus to the study of Stratospherics: and anything that gets people away from this world at the present juncture must be for the good. It is a sad commentary that he had to wait twenty years for funds, although, naturally, had he succeeded earlier, the aeroplane would not have been sufficiently developed for man even to dream of attaining the higher regions by flight. Still . . . the money that is wasted on armaments . . . and nobody to subscribe for Piccard save little Belgium, inspired by her fine King. Actually, £500,000 has been subscribed for the Foundation of National Research and as Piccard has only used a little over £2,000 of this there should be no lack in the future when (as assuredly they will) other pioneers come praying to be allowed to carry on the good work. In fact, we seem to be on the threshold of a revival of the balloon. Piccard himself is all for it.

It does seem, therefore, as if in the near future more than one giant balloon will be suspended ten, twelve miles up, while its occupants, in their aerial laboratory, make their tests at their ease and in comfort and safety compared with the lot of the first two to dare. The aerial laboratory speeding at 300 m.p.h. hardly strikes one as a practical proposition. The old-time balloon, suspended aloft as good as motionless except when a different altitude is required, should be the agency of investigation, particularly of those cosmic rays which may either destroy matter or create worlds. No one knows. All one knows is that Piccard's cool courage has set us off on their trail as never in the past. We are only at the dawn of Stratospherics. As also (Professor Junkers reminds us) we are only at the dawn of the conquest of the higher strata of the air for flying purposes. Piccard has given us a new area, almost a new world, to think of. Already, experts are planning Stratoplaning costumes for long-distance travellers—electrically warmed clothing with oxygen reserve and anti-thirst precautions. Already, sceptics are saying, "All very well. Once up there you may be all right for skimming across continents in safety. But how about coming down? Supposing you come down into a hurricane?" It is a good sign, a stimulant. The pooh-poohing period has passed. We have now definitely entered upon the subjection to our needs of the higher strata of the atmosphere.

What will it all bring in its wake? Such things as countries attacking other countries situated thousands of miles away?

Meanwhile, fellow profane ones, permit me to leave you with a very interesting newcomer—the Stratosphere. Ever after likely to be closely linked with the name of Auguste Antoine Piccard, rarest of mortals, self-obliterating laboratory professor and spectacular man of action.

End

The Racketeers :

(*Continued from page* 31)

not a crook talkie. You've made a big mistake."

She shook her head. "No, I haven't. I hated it, *hated* it! But I knew it wasn't really *you*. I got to love you, Jerry."

He came a little nearer, bending down to the height of her big, solemn eyes.

"Oh, Lord!" he said helplessly. After a moment's pause he turned away from her and went to the window. The street was darkening. "Molly, I'm going to tell you. . . . Something has happened to-day——"

"You met someone?" she interrupted.

"No. I met nobody. But you see that car?"

"Yes."

"I've been on a job to-day. That car was stolen for it, by someone else. Molly, I knew that car long ago. I've driven thousands of miles in it. I know every nut and bolt of it. It belongs to someone I knew very well." His voice checked a moment. "To someone I was going to marry. . . . I've sat in the heather, picnicking, with that car standing by. I've driven it, flat out, over half England. That's why I can't take you away."

"Tell me about it, Jerry."

"I was just turned down flat at the end. Just got a letter saying that she was going to marry someone else. Nothing more."

"Did she?" the girl asked slowly.

"Yes. I saw it in the papers. I've never set eyes on her since."

"But why did she——"

"Good God!" he burst out, "I don't know. Day and night for six months I've asked myself that. And I've gone mad over it, I suppose. . . . I threw everything up. I had to have distraction. I couldn't bear the old things, the old places. I was a weak, blasted fool, Molly. I met someone and took up this racket."

"Do you still love her like that, Jerry?" the girl asked tremulously.

"I tell myself I hate her," he said. "But I don't. I worship her. The car told me that to-day. . . ."

"Jerry," she cried, "you must get away. They'll know about the car now. They'll get you."

"Oh, I'll take it away soon."

"Now?"

"Leave me alone a bit, will you, Molly?"

When he turned round again she was gone, and the door was shut. He began to pace the room. . . .

IT was quite dark when the door was opened, and the girl stood there again.

"Jerry, there's a policeman at the door, about the car."

For a second his heart stopped, and raced on again. He took a couple of steps towards her, and searched her white, expressionless face.

"Oh, well——" he said, and walked past her into the little hall, up to the front door, standing open. A police constable on the doorstep spoke to him civilly: "Sorry, sir. Your car lights are out. Just turn them on. I'm not looking for trouble."

Jerry Wade switched on the lights. His heart thudded against his ribs. He came back to the policeman, and a shilling changed hands.

"Thank you, sir. Good night."

"Good night."

The girl was still at the door of his room.

"I thought for a moment," he said, "that you might—that you'd fetched him."

She said nothing.

"You could, Molly, you know. You could double-cross me. It would serve me right."

"Jerry," she said desperately, "will you take me away?"

He shook his head. "Sorry, Molly dear. It would be bad luck for you, anyway."

She gave him a long, searching glance, and left him. He listened to her footsteps going slowly down to the basement, picked up his hat, and went back to the car.

He drove it faster this time, so fast that he must have crashed if he had not known it so well. Past Victoria Station up towards the Park, with supple wrists and light hands on the wheel. At Hyde Park Corner he stopped for a traffic block, and a newspaper boy ran across, shouting something. There was a glimpse of a contents bill, something about "Bond Street Raid." For a moment he thought of stopping the boy, but the traffic moved on. He came at last to Grosvenor Square, and stopped the car outside one of the high sombre houses. He got out and rang the bell. His nerve almost failed him; a footman opened the door.

"I've brought back Mrs. Lasker's car," Jerry said.

"Mrs. Lasker is not here, sir."

"No. I'm just leaving it."

The footman bowed. "Very good, sir. Any name, sir?"

"No," said Jerry. He was turning away when a door was opened at the side of the hall. An old gentleman walked out, took a quick look at Jerry Wade, held out his hand.

"I've just brought—Clare's car back," Jerry answered stiffly. The name didn't come easily. He ignored the old gentleman's hand, but it fell on his arm.

"I want to see you, Jerry. Come in."

"No. I'd rather not."

He tried to shake off the old gentleman's grip, but it was surprisingly firm. He hesitated. He so urgently wanted to hear some news of Clare, after that utter silence.

The racketeer found himself following this old eminent gentleman, this Sir Kenneth Callaghan, K.B.E., M.P., this father of Clare, past the footman's mask of a face, into the library—into the exquisite room that he had known so intimately. He found Sir Kenneth sitting opposite to him, under a light that shone kindly on that old gentleman's chubby, fresh face, on his bald head fringed with scanty white hair.

"I'm glad to see you, Jerry Wade," said Sir Kenneth.

Jerry had no reply to that. Sir Kenneth went on smoothly: "Where did you get Clare's car?"

"I just found it. And brought it back. Did she tell you she had lost it?"

"No. I haven't seen her to-day. Have you?"

"No."

"Why didn't you take it to her house?"

"Oh, don't torture me!" Jerry Wade burst out. "Why do you want me? Why *can* you want me here?"

"I'm torturing myself, Jerry . . . I want to tell you something about Clare."

"I don't want to hear anything," Jerry said quickly.

"Oh, yes, you do. Terribly. I can't have you thinking what you do about Clare, the dearest thing I have in the world."

"How do you know what I think?"

"Clare told me what she wrote you, six months ago. Less than nothing. It was terribly wrong of her. I tried to find you, but you had vanished."

"I meant to vanish."

"Yes. Threw up your position and vanished. I don't know what you have been doing since——"

The old gentleman waited.

"No," said Jerry Wade at last. "I don't suppose you do."

"I'm going to tell you why Clare married Burton Lasker," Sir Kenneth continued in his soft, ecclesiastical tones. "It was because of me. Because I am a crook, Jerry."

Jerry Wade's body stiffened in his chair.

"Or perhaps I should say I *was* a crook. I'll tell you the story. It's due to you. It's not very long. You know what I am now," said the little old gentleman. "A knight, a rich man, a director of a good many respectable concerns. Men look up to me. At any rate," he chuckled softly, "they occasionally borrow money from me. When I was twenty—a very long time ago, Jerry—I was in South Africa. I was penniless. I hit a man over the head in Capetown. Hit him pretty hard. I took three thousand pounds off him. You see, he had just sold a claim on the Rand and was rather stupidly carrying the money in notes. South Africa was a rough place in those days. They caught me the next day at the docks. I was a pretty poor sort of crook, Jerry, but they gave me the same as if I had been a good one——"

"They *gave* you——" Jerry said slowly.

"Three years. On the breakwater at Capetown. When it was over I came home and worked. And, later, I married. My wife is dead, as you know. I told her everything. In South Africa, as the years passed, I dare say it was forgotten. No one else in England knew, except one man—a trooper in the Cape Police who had something to do with my trial. A bad man in a fine corps, Jerry. He was sacked, came to England and met me, quite by chance. Thirty years ago, and he has lived on me ever since."

"Blackmail?"

"Yes. One of the most terrible blackguards that God ever gave breath to."

"Who was he?" Jerry asked roughly.

"His name is Lasker. Burton Lasker."

"My God, I guessed that!" Jerry Wade rose, went across to the old man, towered over him threateningly. "Clare's husband, eh? So you made her do *that*, to shut his mouth? You took her away from me for *that*?"

"I ask you to believe," Sir Kenneth said in his quiet, even voice, "that I would have killed myself before I would have allowed Clare to marry Lasker. It was this way. Lasker was bleeding me to death. Was threatening, always threatening. But I kept it all from Clare—from all of you. At last he made a terrific demand. For £100,000. I should, of course, have gone to the police long before. But I didn't. At this last demand I lost my nerve. I could see Clare left to the mercy of the world. Because I knew the beast Lasker. In my extremity I told Clare, to prepare her for the exposure that I feared——"

"But that was all finished. You had been punished——"

"Is one ever finished, with a man like Lasker? I told Clare the whole story. My brain just could not contain it any longer. Clare went straight off, unknown to me, to Lasker, and asked his price. Well, you know it. Marriage. She married him by special licence the next day, without saying a word to me until it was over. I did not see her for a month. Then she was changed . . ."

"I'm sorry, sir . . . Clare would do that, of course."

"Well, she did it."

Sir Kenneth Callaghan was silent a moment. "Lasker is evil," he said. "Evil. Right through. He drinks. There are other women. You must think kindly of Clare." He raised his voice. "Until he dies this agony must go on—always."

"You and I might wait," said Jerry Wade, "but Clare mustn't. Clare can't stay on with Lasker. I must do something."

"What?"

"I could, for instance, kill him."

"Oh, no," said Sir Kenneth Callaghan in a matter-of-fact voice. "*I've* thought of doing that. But it wouldn't do at all. What would happen to *you*?"

Jerry Wade laughed.

"Have you seen the evening papers, Sir Kenneth?"

"No. Why?"

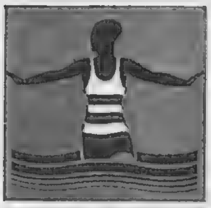
"There was a raid to-day on Moseley & Schlegel's, the Bond Street jewellers. I was in it. I am a gangster."

The old man looked at him uncomprehendingly.

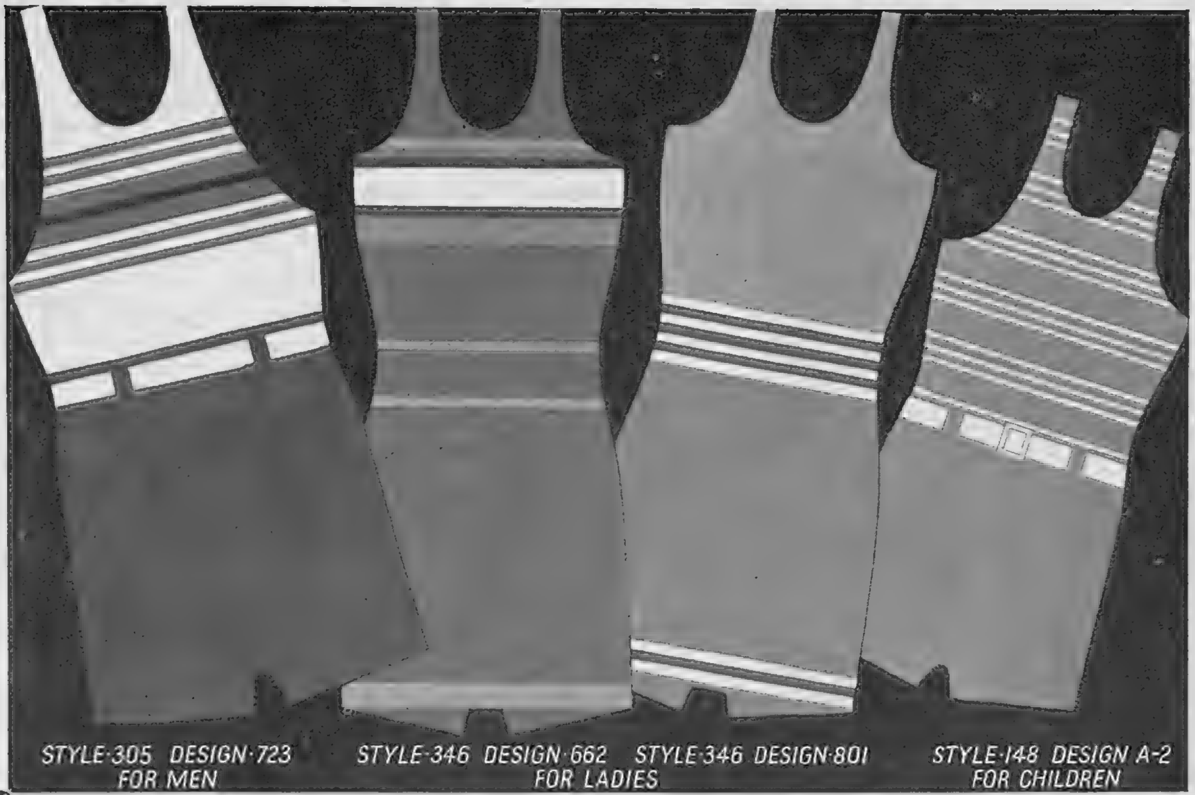
"Yes," said Jerry Wade. "Clare's car was stolen for it, by someone else. It wasn't used. So I brought it back. You see, sir, there's more than Lasker between me and Clare—now."

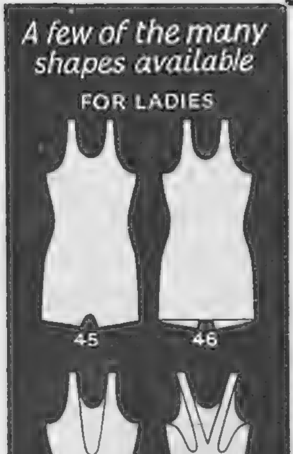
Sir Kenneth squeezed his cigarette on to an ash-tray. "It takes a lot to surprise me, Jerry. People get hit, and go down." He looked up keenly.

(*Continued on page* 94)



Trade Mark.


STYLE·305 DESIGN·723
FOR MEN
STYLE·346 DESIGN·662
STYLE·346 DESIGN·801
FOR LADIES
STYLE·148 DESIGN A-2
FOR CHILDREN


A few of the many shapes available
FOR LADIES
45
46
55
65
FOR MEN
28
6
FOR CHILDREN
109
100

Foreign

MULTIFORM and MULTICOLOUR

for a multitude of tastes......

The range of Ribana Multicolour Swimming Suits is so varied in style, so diversified in colour, as to provide a different design for each of a multitude of bathers.

The artistic courage which dared to do unusual things with stripes of blue, yellow or flaming orange, with cool greens and blazing reds, has provided very thoroughly for personal preference.

You may choose from a hundred or more shapes, stripes and colours, a Ribana Multicolour design that is new, novel and so different as to be almost individual.

Warm, soft wool, of course, responding freely to every movement—fitting like a silken glove to every curve of the body.

All Ribana styles are available in a variety of colour combinations.

RIBANA SWIMMING SUITS are finely woven from pure soft Australian wool in a wide variety of styles and colours for Men, Women and Children. They conform naturally and comfortably to the figure.

RIBANA SWIMMING SUITS are sold by all enterprising stores and those good shops where swimming suits are a speciality.
PRICES FROM 10/11.
For Women's Sizes.

Ribana

PURE WOOL

SWIMMING SUITS

THE WEAVE THAT FITS AND LOOKS LIKE SILK

If you have any difficulty in obtaining Ribana Swimming Suits, send for Style Folder and name of your nearest supplier. Use this coupon.

To RIBANA LTD. (Dept. B4), Leith House, Wood Street, London, E.C.2.

Please send me, post free, particulars of Ribana Swimming Suits.

NAME..

ADDRESS..

(½d. stamp if sent in unsealed envelope.)

Garland Ad.

TANGEE

Natural Waterproof
Ideal For Summer

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK

Swimming, dancing, outdoor sports . . . all the pleasures of summer conspire to ruin your make-up. More than any other time, you need Tangee, the one lipstick that ***stays on*** despite sun and water! And looks ***natural*** all the while.

Tangee gives that vital glow of freshness, that natural colour which is so much in vogue to-day! For Tangee is based on a marvellous colour principle . . entirely different from any other lipstick! Magically it takes on colour after you apply it . . . and blends perfectly with your ***natural, individual*** colouring, whether blonde, brunette or red-head.

Tangee ***Lipstick,*** 4/6. The same marvellous colour principle in ***Rouge Compact,*** 3/6. ***Crème Rouge,*** 4/6. ***Face Powder,*** blended to match the natural skin tones, 4/6. ***Night Cream,*** both cleanses and nourishes, 4/6. ***Day Cream,*** protects the skin, 4/6. ***Cosmetic,*** a new "mascara," will not smart, 4/6.

TANGEE
COSMETIC

SEND 1/- for TANGEE BEAUTY SET
(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up.")
CALMON & NEATE, LTD. (Dept. 18),
8 Gerrard Street, London, W.1.

Name ....

Address ....

" Are you going to stay down, boy ? "

" No. I've given it up to-night."

" Do the police know you ? "

" I don't think so."

" Anyone likely to give you away ? I always wanted you to marry Clare," Sir Kenneth said, after a pause. " I would still wish it, if it were possible."

Jerry picked his hat from the floor. " Thank you, sir. Good-bye."

The old gentleman nodded. " Yes," he said, " you must go away. You must not touch Lasker. That's madness. Promise me that."

" Oh, very well," Jerry Wade said wearily. " If you say so, I must. But I don't really care a damn, for myself. I've chucked this racket because I've discovered to-day that it doesn't make me forget. But I don't care a damn."

" You never know. I have paid to the Law for what I did. But God's law is different. It isn't always a law of vengeance, Jerry. Sometimes God sees that the strain is too much—that a man has reached the breaking-point."

" Good-bye, sir."

Jerry Wade went out.

The car was still standing in front of the house. He looked at it, and passed on. He walked the streets until an intolerable loneliness possessed him.

At last out of his thoughts one clear thing emerged. Clare had not let him down. Clare was what she had always been, was doing what she had always done—facing life bravely, with a laugh. That was how she had driven her car, in the far-off days, fast and perilously, seeing an opening and taking it—bravely. That was how she had married Lasker—bravely. He saw her now differently—without hate, without desperation. Saw her rising from the mud that Lasker was piling round her, white and unsullied, like a flower. And he saw himself . . .

HE let himself into the mean house with his key and entered his room, turning on the light. He looked round it for a moment before he rang the bell. And when the girl opened the door he was standing there with a smile in his eyes, waiting. She wore a small black hat that heightened the pallor of her face ; she held her hands behind her back.

" Going out, Molly ? "

" No. I've just come in."

She shut the door.

" Molly," he said.

" Yes ? "

" I've changed my mind. I've given up this racket, but I'm not going to run away. I'm going to see it through, if there's anything to see through. Perhaps they don't know me. Perhaps they do. Anyway, I'm not going to run away. Afterwards," he said, " when things are clear—will you marry me, Molly ? "

" Jerry ! "

" I'm giving up all this, do you understand ? I'll work. I'll do *something.*"

" Oh, Jerry," she cried, " do you want me more than—anything ? "

" I want you," he said doggedly.

Her big eyes searched his face, and he smiled back at them. But suddenly she shook her head. " It'd never do, Jerry." She brought her right hand quickly from behind her, holding out an evening edition. " Haven't you seen the papers ? "

" Why ? What has happened ? "

" Lasker is dead."

" What ! " he shouted.

" Read it, Jerry."

He snatched the paper. Bold headlines ran right across the front page :

" BOND ST. RAID. MR. LASKER DEAD."

Below he read :

" Mr. Burton Lasker, who, as reported in our earlier editions, was knocked down by the Mercédès car which participated in the spectacular smash-and-grab raid on Messrs. Moseley & Schlegel's jewellery establishment in Bond Street this afternoon, died in St. George's Hospital at 6 p.m., without regaining consciousness.

" Mr. Lasker had just left Messrs. Moseley & Schlegel's premises in company with Mlle. Agnès Cloty, the French actress, when the raid took place. He had stepped off the kerb when the escaping car hit him, and he sustained severe injuries. Mrs. Lasker was at St. George's Hospital until the end."

Further on he read :

" The driver of the car was killed instantly when it crashed against the railings of Hyde Park. Eye-witnesses state that it was driven across Grosvenor Square at a speed estimated at between 70 and 80 miles an hour. The other man in the car, who was uninjured, is in custody. He is reported to have told the police that they had no accomplices. Both men are unknown to the police . . . " So on and so on . . .

Jerry Wade dropped the paper, staring. He remembered the crashing of glass, the woman's scream. . . . And Marriner had no accomplices, except poor old Bert. . . .

" That's why I can't marry you, Jerry," the girl said quietly. " Mrs. Lasker is free."

" Yes." Then he wheeled round to her and asked : " How do *you* know about Lasker ? About—Mrs. Lasker ? "

" Jerry, I couldn't help looking at the car before you took it away. When you told me about it, and her. I saw the name on that little plate on the dashboard——"

" Yes, yes. The plate you have to fit when you take a car abroad. Go on."

" And the address. Mrs. Lasker, 15 Bath Street, Park Lane. I went there, Jerry——"

" You went *there* ! "

" Did I do wrong ? I didn't mean to. I went there after I read in the paper about Lasker. Jerry, don't look like that. I could see," she said earnestly, " I was no good to you. You loved her, and she was free. You don't love me, Jerry . . . I saw her. She had just come from the hospital. She is very beautiful."

" Yes," Jerry Wade said. To himself he was saying, " Lasker is dead. Lasker is *dead !* "

" I told her all about you, Jerry. That you loved her, like that."

" And—everything else ? "

" Yes. Did I do wrong, Jerry ? "

The girl waited tremulously.

" You were right," he said at last. " Absolutely right. She had to know, before I see her. Because I've got to go and see her, Molly." He took a step nearer to the girl, bent down and kissed her gently on the lips. " Thank you, Molly. You're a brave girl."

She tried to smile at him. " I told her what you had said to me about her car. And she said no one had ever been allowed to use it but herself. She had kept it from Lasker until to-day. He had taken that Frenchwoman out in it to-day. She hated him for that, I think . . . Don't go out, Jerry," she added quickly.

" Why, Molly ? I must——"

" No. She's coming here, after she has been to her father."

The girl turned away and ran into the hall. Jerry followed her, but her light footsteps were on the stairs to the basement where she lived—where she would continue to live . . .

" Molly," he cried, but there was no answer.

He went to the front door, opened it and stood there, waiting.

A policeman came strolling along ; and as he reached Jerry Wade he remembered a shilling that had passed a couple of hours earlier.

" Good evening, sir," the policeman said civilly.

" Oh ! . . . Good evening."

The Law marched on.

And at last a slim, black car came down the street ; slid silently up to the open door, up to Jerry Wade.

And Jerry Wade was at the door of the car, fumbling at the handle.

END

Make the most of Summer happiness

HAPPY summer days! River and sea beckon you to enjoy their cool freshness. White roads allure as they stretch away into the far distance. Velvety tennis courts display their smooth greenness. Mountains and moors invite you into their solitudes.

Make the most of the happiness the summer offers. Maintain the health and energy which will enable you to enjoy the sunshine and the fresh air to the full. Avoid fatigue and summer lassitude by making sure that your light summer diet contains sufficient of the nourishment which creates vitality and health.

The lightest meal is reinforced and made complete in nutritive value when "Ovaltine"—served cold—is your daily beverage. This deliciously refreshing and easily-digested food-drink contains the rich goodness of creamy milk, barley malt and eggs. Every food element needed for health and vitality is present in a correctly balanced and concentrated form.

'OVALTINE'

The delightful COLD Summer Drink

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland,

1/3, 2/- *and* 3/9 *per tin.*

P. 722

Bad teeth are disfiguring . .

but tender gums are SLOW POISON

If *your* gums bleed easily, are tender, you are in the first stages of Pyorrhœa. And Pyorrhœa is slow poison. A poison that gradually spreads through your whole system. You are never well. You are tired, run down always. Poisoned !

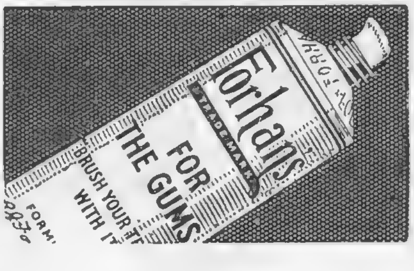
Many serious illnesses are directly traceable to a Pyorrhœa-poisoned bloodstream. Neglect is suicidal. If you already have any symptoms of Pyorrhœa, go to your dentist at once. But, better still, don't wait for those symptoms. Forhan's For the Gums was made—by a dentist—expressly to prevent Pyorrhœa. Start using it today. Brush your teeth with it twice daily. And regularly massage your gums with a little on your finger. It's a simple precaution—but a very certain one.

4 OUT OF 5

after 40, and many
younger, sacrifice health
to grim Pyorrhœa

Forhan's

For the Gums



THOS. CHRISTY & CO., 4-12 OLD SWAN LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

The Spider and Bruce.

(*Continued from page* 13)

"So you knew I was getting anonymous letters ?" Bruce said.

"No," she exclaimed, "I never dreamt of such a thing. Why should I ? I——"

Lois's eyes seemed compelling Jacinth's glance. The look in Lois's eyes muted Jacinth.

"That evening," Lois said. "I remember now. When Kitty telephoned just before dinner. I'd left the safe open. I didn't remember till I was talking to her, and then I felt 'Well, Jacinth won't pry.'"

"And I didn't !" cried Jacinth, and ran to Bruce, seizing his hand, pressing on him, staring into his eyes. "She's accusing me of taking them ! I didn't. I never even saw them. Everybody accuses me of things. You know I'm innocent. You know I——"

"What's all this ?" demanded Bruce. "For God's sake, don't paw me ! What's happened, Lois ?"

"I left her in my room when you called me down to the telephone," said Lois ; then turned on Jacinth. "You took them, read them, thought some other man had written them to me ? You sent them to—show me up ?"

"I didn't. I thought—I mean I never saw them. I never have seen one. I don't know what you mean. It's horribly, horribly cruel of you !"

"That's easily proved," said Bruce. "I'll ring up Teddy at Scotland Yard. A C.I.D. man will find a little mystery of this kind easy to probe. You're striking-looking, you know, my girl. How did you make your three journeys to Mitch—Morden ? Ticket-collector, bus-conductor, taxi-driver —anybody would identify a description of you."

Bruce's hand was on the receiver of the telephone when Jacinth burst into tears.

The consequence of Jacinth's blubbered lies and admissions were that half an hour later her suit-cases lay on the top of a taxi, while she sat inside, stiff with fury, yet quaking with fear.

Suddenly, as Bruce gave directions to the man at the wheel, Lois leant in.

"Why, Jacinth, why ? How *could* you ? I've never hurt you in any way, have I ?"

Not an eyelash of Jacinth's stirred.

"I know," said Lois under her breath. "It's because you—care for him. You fell in love with him. Anybody would. You—lost your head. It was wicked, hateful, but —I understand, and I—I can't help pitying you."

Five £5 notes were laid on Jacinth's lap. The taxi jerked on. In love ! Fool—poor, blasted fool ! In love with a stiff old stick like Bruce !

Jacinth used powder, lip-stick and rouge, carefully folded the notes, twitched up her skirt, deposited them under her stocking, and practised a smile.

She must begin all over again.

The spider had learnt a lesson from Bruce.

END

From *a* 'Plane *Darkly*:

(*Continued from page* 45)

But, to write pulsating, living drama, you must not have a sense of eternal veritas or eternal truth. In the world, the truth is the next little thing that comes round the corner.

Why, the talkies are beating the theatre is that they do contain more life. When the talkie depicts the story of a mill, it shows you a mill. It gives you an idea of its intimacy and its size, the one a second after the other. The stage cannot do that.

The talkie can become an aeroplane when it likes or the eyes of a servant girl when it pleases. The three dimensions of the stage are its limitations.

Limitations and imitations are its curse. They are also the curse of the world generally.

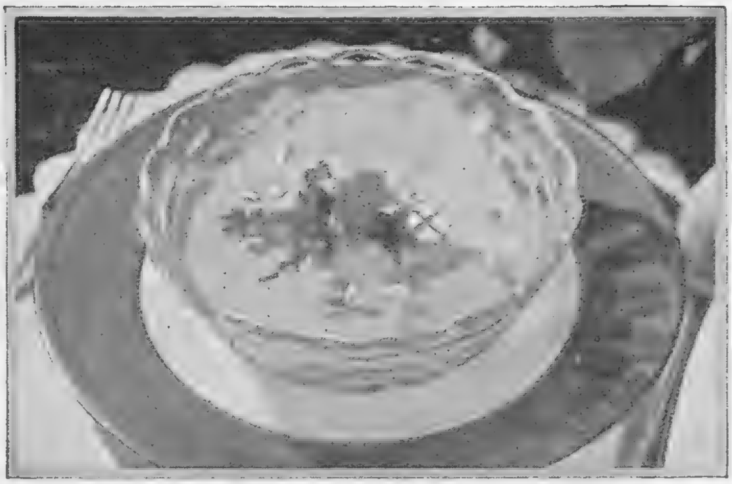
END

Raw vegetable salad

Valuable health-salad. Best eaten alone or with cheese.

Ingredients. As many as possible of young carrots and turnips, chopped or spring onions, green peas, cucumber, radishes, watercress, tomatoes, lettuce, white cabbage heart, celery (when in season), apple. Heinz Salad Cream.

Instructions. Prepare all vegetables carefully and cut into small pieces. (Carrots and turnips when no longer tender may be grated.) Mix thoroughly with Heinz Salad Cream, or with same Salad Cream turned into Tartare by addition of tablespoonful of chopped parsley, dessertspoonful of chopped gherkins or capers, and, if possible, half teaspoonful of mixed tarragon and chervil. Put into bowl or bowls and sprinkle with chopped parsley, paprika, or sieved yolk of egg.



These fashionable health-salads!

—there's nothing more delicious if you know the right dressing

HEINZ
SALAD
CREAM

Those tempting little "health-salads" of combined fruit and vegetables—which most modern women have already discovered—are so exceedingly good for one and so attractive to look at on the table that readers may be glad of a few recipes. Here are three—easy and economical to make.

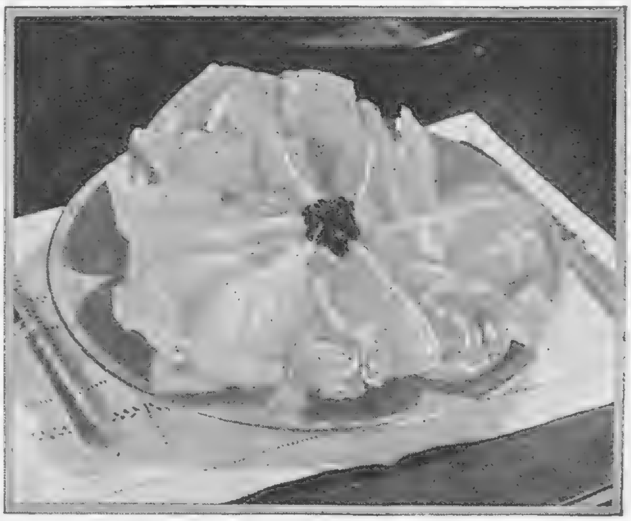
Don't they sound delicious? They are, too! But a word of warning: you must use the right dressing with them. No salad cream is more perfectly "right" than HEINZ, which possesses just the suggestion of "tang" that a fruit and vegetable salad demands. You can buy it at any grocers at 6d., 10d. and 1/1½ a bottle.

Send name and address to H. J. Heinz Co. Ltd., Harlesden, N.W.10, who will send you a Recipe Folder of new salads.

Tomato, prune & watercress

Ingredients. Ripe tomatoes. Prunes (soaked over night and gently stewed). Sweet almonds. Watercress. Heinz Salad Cream.

Instructions. Plunge tomatoes into boiling water for few seconds, skin and leave in cold place. Stone prunes and insert blanched almonds. Wash and dry watercress. Cut tomatoes in rings, and arrange on watercress (use large flat dish or individual plates). Pour salad cream over each ring of tomato and place prune on each, pouring a little salad cream on the prunes. Serve cold.



Grapefruit, lettuce & walnut salad

Ingredients. Grapefruit. Lettuce. Shelled walnuts. Heinz Salad Cream.

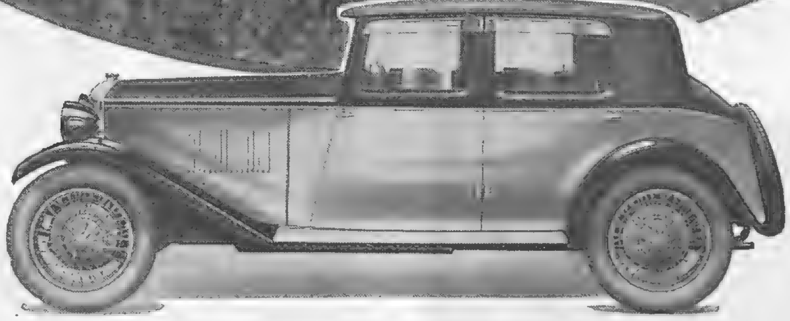
Instructions. Wash lettuce in ice-cold water. Divide leaves and reserve crispest for salad. Peel grapefruit like orange, removing all pith. Remove pips and "quarter," keeping each section as a whole. Dry lettuce and place on salad plates. Arrange pieces of grapefruit like petals of a daisy on the lettuce. Put a few shelled walnuts in centre to carry out idea of a flower. Serve with Heinz Salad Cream.

ENJOY YOUR SALAD DAYS—THESE THREE NEW WAYS!

A Small Car *with* Big Performance

The Riley "Alpine Six"

Two views—picturesque and prosaic—of the Riley "Alpine Six" Saloon



The "Alpine Six" offers a choice of two saloons, fabric and half-panelled

By The Earl of Cardigan

THERE has of late been a tendency, which from many points of view is sound, for British manufacturers to build larger and more powerful cars, designed chiefly for extreme top-gear flexibility. The last car which I reviewed was an excellent example of this type, and it was therefore a happy coincidence that it should be followed by the Riley—an admirable example of the small-engined, high-efficiency, typically English motor car.

It is difficult in a few words to analyse the profound difference between these two types, but it may be said of the former that it aims at pleasing motorists all the world over, whereas the latter studies more particularly the preferences of an English public. Both policies have their enthusiastic advocates, amongst whom the critic should endeavour to remain impartial, but I must confess that the new Riley "Alpine Six" which I tested recently came very near to making me a convert.

It is, at first sight, a small car, being compactly designed and having an engine of no more than 14 h.p. On closer acquaintance, however, two important facts are realised; first, that by brilliant engineering the little engine has been enabled to deliver no less than 50 b.h.p., and, secondly, that skilful use of body space ensures ample room and comfort for the occupants.

In traffic the Riley is particularly handy, acceleration being lively and the four-speed gearbox admirably designed. A dead silent third speed is of just the right ratio for a quick "get-away," and I have seldom encountered a gearbox of ordinary type in which changes can be made with such certainty and confidence. Only by gross carelessness is it possible to make a "crash" change, and the experienced driver will find that he can pick up his third gear, almost without thinking, at any speed within its considerable range.

The steering is very light and pleasant, and the brakes do their work in an agreeable and unobtrusive manner. In short, one may take the Riley without previous experience straight into a Derby-day traffic stream—I actually did this—and handle it without suffering a moment of anxiety. It does everything that one expects of it, and makes no fuss about it.

ONCE on the open road, the impression of a small car is definitely lost. Here, in fact, is the justification for the two extra cylinders which differentiate this engine from that of the popular 9 h.p. model. It does its work, like the smaller unit, at a high rate of revolutions, but at no period does it develop any trace of vibration and "fuss," or merit the opprobrious term of "buzz-box" so often applied (and sometimes with justice) to small, high-efficiency engines.

On the contrary, up to 60 m.p.h. at least, its smoothness and apparent lack of effort is remarkable. The particular car lent to me not having been fully run in, I did not go above this speed. I was told, however, that 68 m.p.h. should be easily attainable, and 70 m.p.h. would have been my own estimate of this car's maximum.

In view of the fact that the annual tax is but £14, the higher ranges of speed testify to the designers' claim to have produced an engine of remarkable smoothness and efficiency. Maximum speed, as the average motorist will agree, is not everything. How much a car will do is of lesser importance than "how it does it." The "Alpine Six" not only covers the ground in a thoroughly business-like manner, but does so in an easy, well-bred way that stamps the car with a definite charm and personality of its own.

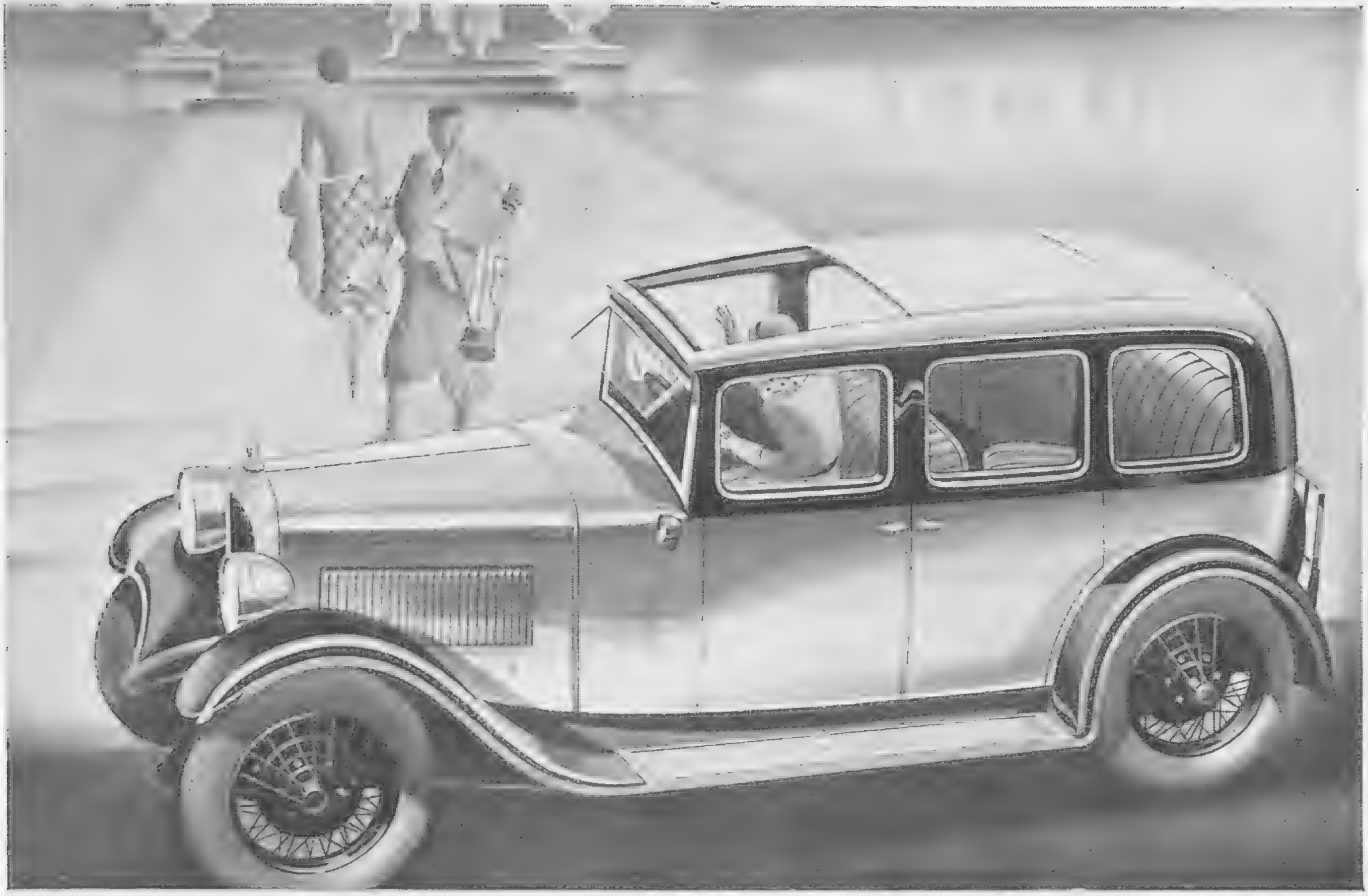
Another "big car" quality is the way in which this new Riley model sits down on the road. Its steadiness at speed is so complete that one has the impression of driving a 20 or even 30 h.p. car. In addition the springing, which is a shade on the hard side, is admirable in eliminating any tendency to roll, and also avoids that "pitching" motion which a small car will often develop when travelling fast over an indifferent surface.

The term "Alpine Six" is therefore well applied, for I can imagine myself driving this car with great pleasure, in spite of its low horse-power, over foreign roads. It has the necessary turn of speed for main-road cruising, a gearbox well suited to Continental gradients, and a marked capacity for getting over the ground without tiring its driver.

But for the danger of being misunderstood, I would describe it as a car for the enthusiast. That phrase, however, suggests something draughty, noisy and difficult to drive. The Riley is none of these things. At £365, it is a car which almost anyone may buy, while possessing a character and individuality which the enthusiastic motorist will appreciate and value.

The range of models embraces an open tourer and two saloons. One of these is fabric, the other is half-panelled. Both have extremely good-looking lines and the standard colour-schemes are most attractive.

AS · DEPENDABLE · AS · AN · AUSTIN



THE SIXTEEN BURNHAM SALOON

“I consider it was a lucky day when I purchased an Austin”

***Owner Report No. 339 ; Austin Sixteen ; Car No. 6TC 1974.**

To do 10,000 miles without an involuntary stop—save for a single puncture—would be meritorious even when given the best possible conditions. To cover this mileage on Egyptian and continental roads . . . to cross Europe and the Alps twice . . . with such amazingly trouble-free running, is a record that few cars in private owners’ hands could achieve. But to the Austin this is part of the day’s work—as the following report shows.

Recently, this owner took his Austin Sixteen from Cairo to Liverpool and back, involving a four thousand mile journey—an exacting test of mechanical excellence, suspension, climbing power and dependability. Both the St. Bernard and the St. Gothard passes were climbed with full loads in each case . . . . and the owner’s verdict is :

“The car behaved magnificently. I have covered 10,000 miles without any difficulty whatsoever. *I consider it was a lucky day when my choice led me to purchase an Austin.*”

Think, if such a capable car were yours, how confidently you could face any conditions to be encountered in this country! Why not try a car at your nearest Austin dealer’s?

* *Remember. This is an Austin owner’s experience. No specially made tests are solicited or published in this series of reports.*

The Sixteen Burnham Saloon with Sunshine Roof, as illustrated, £345. (At works). With fixed roof

£335

Upholstered in leather, furniture hide or moquette. Equipment includes: Triplex glass, chromium finish, Dunlop Tyres. Salisbury Fabric Saloon (6-window) £335. Beaconsfield Fabric Saloon (4-window) £335. New Open Road Tourer £310. Harrow 2-Seater £310. Twelve (4-cylinder) models from £275. Sunshine Roof £10 extra.

AUSTIN

READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE : 4d. EVERY MONTH

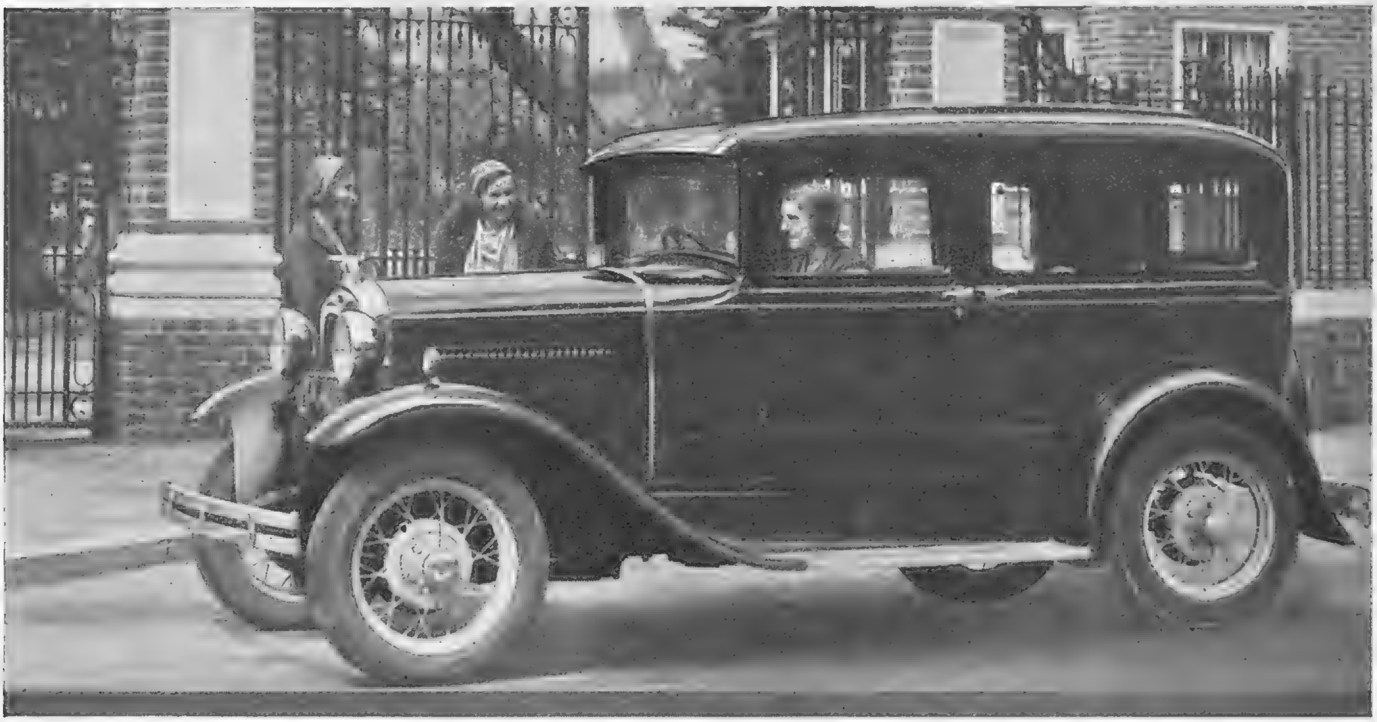
The Austin Motor Company Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven:
479-483 Oxford St., London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11

It Must Be A . . . .

Yes! It *must* be a comfortable roomy car. An amply-powered, yet not expensively-run car. One that will maintain a brisk average from end to end, from one side to the other, of the country. A car that can be driven from dawn to dusk of a midsummer day without fatigue. One with dependable brakes. A car with finger-light steering. Noiseless. Perfectly sprung. Of first-rate appearance, inside and out. And not too costly, either to buy, to run, or to maintain, year after year.

Is that all?

Then what you want
is the New FORD De Luxe Fordor Saloon £225
AT WORKS, MANCHESTER (14.9 h.p., £5 extra)



Outside Tredegar Park, Newport, Mon.

It is the costliest of the New FORD Range, comprising six body-types; but it is *still* the most economically bought and most inexpensively used car of its carrying-capacity and performance.
Let the Nearest FORD Dealer demonstrate its ability to give you just the service you want, at your own idea of motoring expenditure *as it should be.*
He will be delighted to do that, on any of the half-dozen New FORD cars, from £180 upward, two, four or five-seated, open, convertible or enclosed.

LINCOLN Ford Fordson
AIRCRAFT

Ford Motor Company Limited, 88, Regent Street, London, W.1. Trafford Park, Manchester

Motoring: Continued from page 98

By The Earl of Cardigan

The Ford Convoy of Passenger and Commercial vehicles, which has proved to be a very popular enterprise, passing through South Wales

Good Passengers and Bad

How they can help the Driver

IT is a fact to which any experienced motorist will testify, that really good drivers are lamentably rare. It is not often realised, however, that good passengers are almost equally scarce. Particularly is this so in the case of the front-seat passenger, whose position enables him to be such a help or such a nuisance to the driver in the course of a long run or a summer motoring tour.

At first sight, there may not seem to be a great deal that a passenger may do to lighten the task of the driver, but actually there are many small and unobtrusive services which he may render. One of these is map reading, and it is astonishing how well or how badly this may be done by different passengers. Some remind me of a young officer I once saw trying to read a map on horseback. The only way in which he could achieve this was by first turning his horse until its head pointed due north!

For cross-country journeys, the good map reader is invaluable. He knows, long before you enter a difficult town, that you must look out for a right-hand turn, take the main Mudwater road, and bear to the left where it forks. He says, " Go slowly here; you'll probably have to turn right at the cross-roads," and in a few moments you find yourself, miraculously, on the proper road and well clear of the town without a check.

It is a different matter when the inefficient passenger takes charge. " Wait a bit; I'm not sure we oughtn't to have turned there. Just a moment while I have a look. Let me see, Mudwater ought to be over this way, or have I got the dashed thing upside down ?" He then decides that he had better ask, and interrogates in turn a drunken man, a well-meaning old woman, and two individuals who are " strangers in these parts themselves."

It is, by the way, rather a remarkable phenomenon how frequently the apparently normal citizen from whom one asks the way turns out, on closer acquaintance, to be either a stranger or stone deaf, extremely garrulous or mentally deficient. I remember once addressing half a dozen people in a single street, and obtaining no intelligible reply from any of them. I then asked a rather determined-looking lady, who, after freezing me with a glance, enquired why I had thought it necessary to interrogate six members of the local school for deaf-mutes! There appeared to be no good answer to this question, and I retired hastily—along the wrong road.

INTELLIGENT anticipation must play a great part in the work of the efficient map reader. Signposts are often so placed as to be wholly or partly illegible, and it then saves a lot of trouble if one has a fairly clear idea as to which direction is likely to be the right one. The map reader should be able to say " Straight ahead," and to verify his bearings by glancing back at the signpost in passing. If he has read his map correctly, this can be done with a very fair degree of certainty.

Another respect in which the front-seat passenger can be most useful is in giving assistance in traffic. When making a right-handed turn into a busy thoroughfare, the driver's attention is mainly concentrated on vehicles approaching from his right. It is a great help to him if he can be told " all clear left," or " all clear after the tramcar." The presence of a front-seat passenger restricts very largely the driver's view in that direction—a handicap which the former should always be ready to alleviate.

A similar opportunity arises when the driver is backing his car into a confined space on the left-hand side of the street. Most drivers, having the front seat to themselves, will move or lean well over to the left when performing this manœuvre. The presence of a passenger prevents this, and is a nuisance unless the passenger himself is willing to be helpful. " In a little more; now straighten up." These directions, if given at the right moment, will make all the difference.

In emergencies of ordinary driving, the passenger generally does best to keep silent. It does occasionally happen, however, that a keen-eyed person may see something which the driver has missed, in which case he ought undoubtedly to say so.

The difference between the good and bad passenger is seen in the way in which the warning is delivered. The good passenger will simply say " Car left ! " a message which is clear, brief and quite sufficiently precise. In two words it covers everything. The bad passenger will probably ejaculate, " Oh, I say, look out ! " than which there can surely be no more futile and objectionable remark. It conveys nothing, and merely—I speak from my own experience—arouses feelings of nausea and hatred.

PERHAPS the greatest of all opportunities for a passenger to show his mettle occurs, however, when touring abroad. When driving on the right-hand side, one is very largely dependent on the passenger for guidance when overtaking other vehicles or negotiating any sort of traffic. Maps may be unfamiliar and confusing, and the language problem will restrict enquiries. If a long run is to be carried out to schedule, both driver and passengers must play their respective parts. In England conditions may be less exacting, but even here, as I have tried to show, good passengers may be a valuable asset. Certainly it is well worth the while of anyone who contemplates a motoring tour to select with care the man or woman who is to occupy the seat beside him. A little teamwork, and the long runs will seem both pleasanter and shorter.

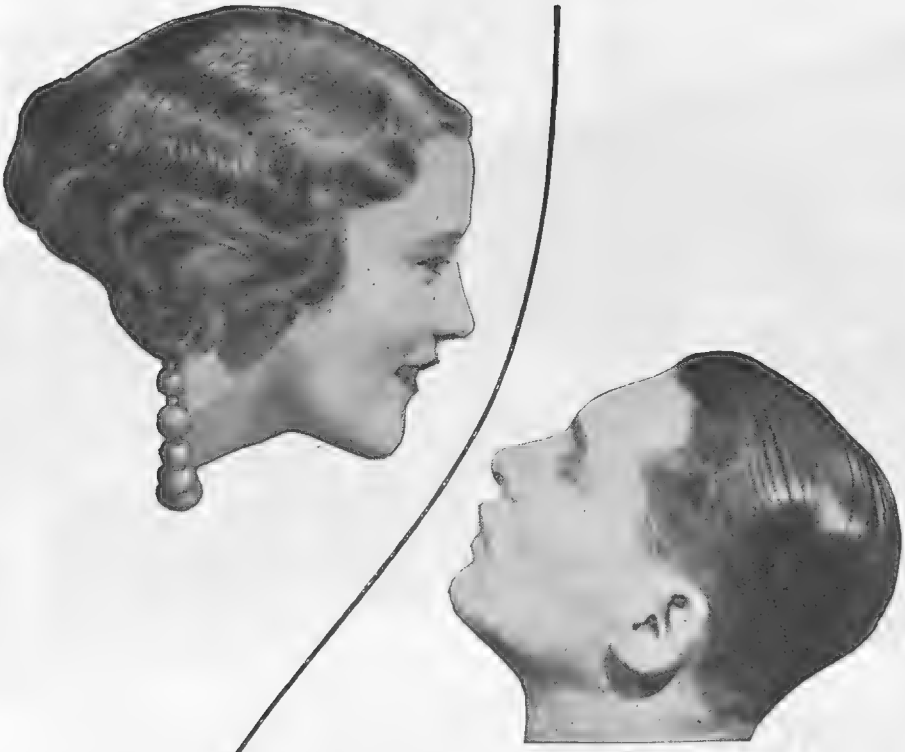
This Month's Motoring Hint

Hot Weather Driving

IT is not often in England that the weather is sufficiently hot to affect the ordinary motorist; in fact, it is seldom hot enough to please him. There are rare occasions, however, when the temperature rises to a point at which the problem of keeping cool does demand serious attention. The modern engine may generally be trusted not to overheat, but the modern passenger or driver, unless care is taken, is still liable to do so.

In really hot weather the best type of car, in my opinion, is a tourer with the hood up. This provides the maximum amount of fresh air, and yet protects the occupants from the direct rays of the sun. The windscreen also may be opened, but in this case goggles may be necessary to protect the eyes from dust and direct wind when travelling fast. In foreign countries tinted glasses are desirable, but in England the tarred roads are mercifully free from glare.

A couple of rugs should be carried, and thrown over the seats when the car is unoccupied. This is a most useful precaution, since there is nothing more unpleasant than returning to a car, possibly after a bathe, and sitting down upon a red-hot leather seat! Ladies with thin dresses are the worst sufferers in this respect.



CAN YOU RISK A CLOSE-UP?

No? Yet how simple it is to be free from every undainty odour, both in breath and body! Just a dabbing of Milton full strength wherever you are likely to perspire! Just ½ a teaspoonful of Milton in a tumbler of water used as a gargle! Just those little acts of care each morning or evening—and you can be *sure* of being utterly fresh and sweet all day. Milton cannot irritate the tenderest skin. It will preserve and whiten your teeth. It is the safest and most effective deodorant you can have for all intimate purposes! Use it—and be care-free!

MILTON
ANTISEPTIC

COINTREAU
LIQUEUR
ANGERS

Fruit Salads

can be made doubly delicious by the addition of a little COINTREAU A teaspoonful for each person is almost enough

COINTREAU

Extra Dry for England

THE DELICIOUS WHITE LIQUEUR IN THE SQUARE AMBER BOTTLE

Queen Victoria's Children

(*Continued from page 15*)

case of the Prince of Wales, until he was almost a man, it was without doubt very unfair on them. The parents were largely influenced by the Prince's mentor, Baron Stockmar—a German whose views were always at the disposal of his beloved Albert. He seems to have inculcated in both the Prince and the Queen a horrid fear lest their children might revert to that type of which their great uncles were so conspicuous examples.

It therefore behoved the Queen and the Prince to exercise the most rigid supervision, and they did so. Not only over the children's education but over their personal safety also the greatest care was taken.

THE Queen was fond enough of her sons and daughters, but she was not an easy-going mother. Greville records that Lady Lyttelton told him how severe she was in her manner towards them. The boys were beaten by their father, the girls sent to bed in the daytime. On one occasion Victoria herself administered corporal punishment to the Prince of Wales, but as a rule it fell to the lot of the Prince Consort to wield the cane, and he never overlooked acts of disobedience or other childish delinquencies.

French and German were taught them very early in life, and it is said that the Princess Royal, who was a very forward child, was able at the age of three to repeat French verses by heart. To encourage them in these studies, they were made to learn and act little plays in the respective languages. Religious training was also duly insisted upon, and this was the Queen's particular province.

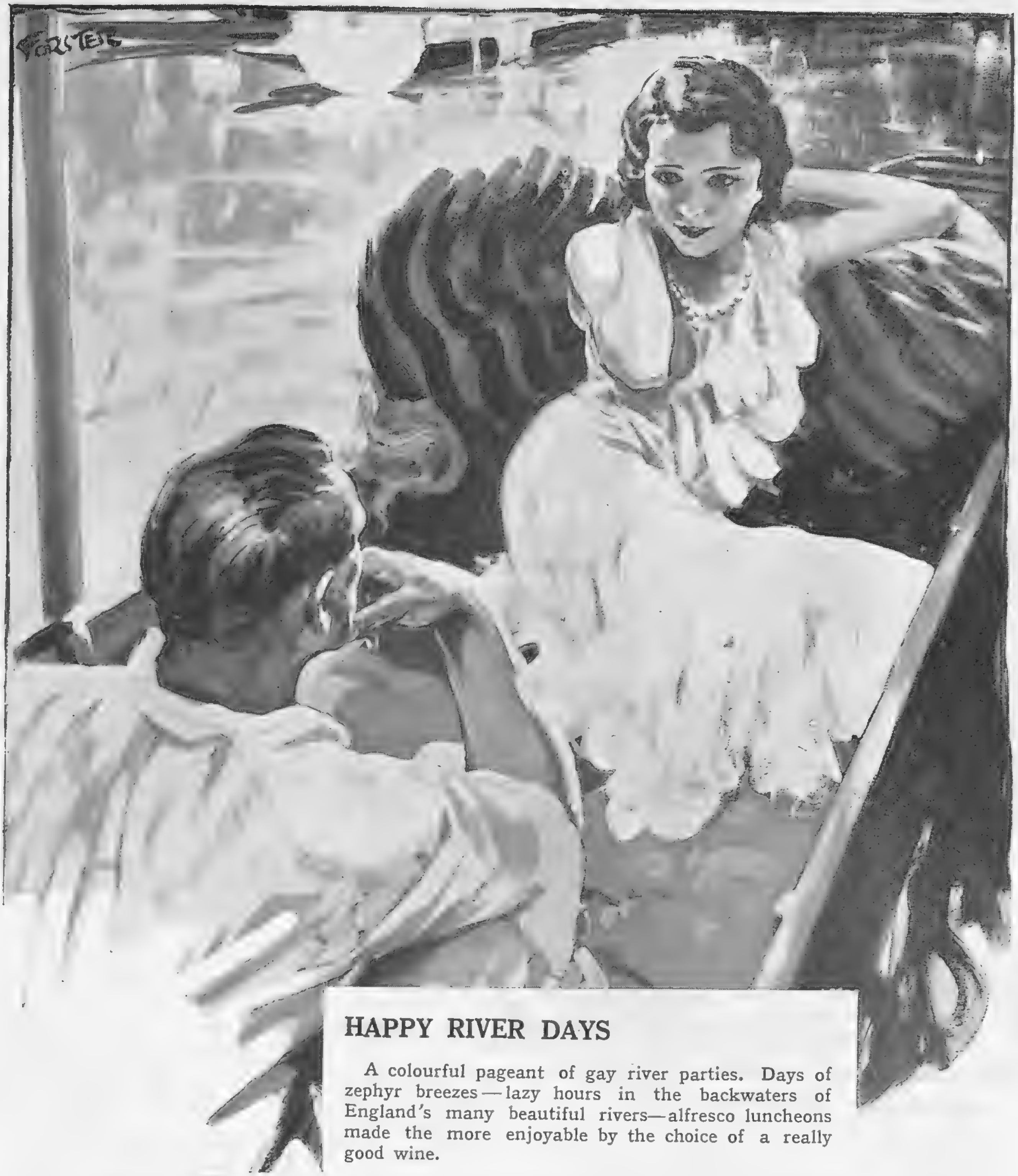
Every day the Prince paid a visit to the schoolroom at Windsor, which was situated next to the private audience chamber, and only one room away from Her Majesty's own sitting-room. It was a large and pleasant apartment with views over the South Terrace, the stables, and the Home Park, but one cannot help imagining that a gloom passed over it as a stern father asked questions and a humourless mother criticised the answers. The supervision of the Prince, indeed, grew greater as time went on, and took the form of asking for reports before luncheon from the various tutors and governesses, and going through them during that meal, administering scoldings when he considered it necessary, and often reducing individuals to tears.

But that is only one side of the picture. It was not all like that. There were pleasant interludes when round games were played and children's dances organised. There were delightful picnics, and in the grounds at Osborne there was a specially devised summerhouse where they could occupy themselves with such hobbies as gardening and cooking, carpentering and the rudiments of housekeeping. Here they acted as hosts and hostesses to their parents, and laughter rather than tears was the order of the day.

SOMETIMES they accompanied the Queen and the Prince on sea cruises, and apparently on those occasions discipline was relaxed, for we find Lady Lyttelton complaining to a friend that they "get so petted and neglected and irregular and idle in these cruises, in spite of much trouble taken by the Queen, that it takes long to recover." Sometimes one or other of them was permitted to visit a show of some kind, and it was while travelling to see the Eton Regatta that the Prince of Wales caused much amusement by asking his mother whether "a pink was not the female of a carnation."

And always there was Christmas. This festival was very dear to the heart of Prince Albert, and he it was who initiated the custom of exchanging presents in the Royal Household, and was instrumental in introducing the Christmas-tree of Germany into the royal palaces of England on this day. Those Christmas-trees were a great delight to the children.

(*Continued on page 104*)

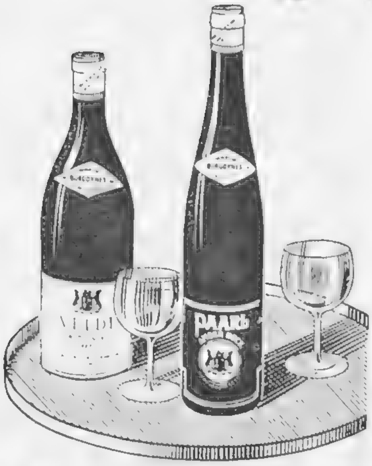


HAPPY RIVER DAYS

A colourful pageant of gay river parties. Days of zephyr breezes — lazy hours in the backwaters of England's many beautiful rivers—alfresco luncheons made the more enjoyable by the choice of a really good wine.

What an important part the wine plays. How good it is to know that to-day one can enjoy a truly delightful hock or burgundy—produced within the Empire. Burgoyne's South African Wines are well known for their excellent quality, and in particular Paarl Amber Hock and Veldt Burgundy make an irresistible appeal to all who desire really good wines at a moderate price.

Paarl Amber Hock and Veldt Burgundy are only 3/- per bottle and 1/7 per half bottle. Obtainable at all wine merchants. Make a note now.



DIEU ET MON DROIT
BY APPOINTMENT

P. B. Burgoyne & Co., Ltd.
Empire Wine Growers.
Est. 1871.

Burgoyne's

PAARL AMBER HOCK & VELDT BURGUNDY

Quality Tells
VAT 69

"BLENDED with genius and mellowed with age. The very Bottle, beautifully and uniquely shaped, finished with a silk ribbon and wax seal, provides a touch of aristocratic distinction, which the contents do everything to endorse."
"Bystander."

WM. SANDERSON & SON, Ltd.
Distillers, LEITH.
Estd. 1863

Please Help TO COMBAT CANCER

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (FREE) is the first Special Hospital in London devoted to Cancer Treatment and Research. It is equipped with the most up-to-date appliances. Poor Patients are admitted free. A certain number of beds are provided for advanced cases who may remain for life.
Whilst carrying on the work of relieving suffering humanity, The Cancer Hospital is applying itself to the methodical and scientific investigation into the causes of Cancer, and the results of its invaluable Research work are placed at the disposal of the medical practitioners of the world.
The Cancer Hospital needs **£150,000**—now—for a new Radiological Block, and other extensions now being erected, which will add 80 beds to the hospital's in-patient accommodation; and also for radium.

The Cancer Hospital
(FREE)
(Incorporated under Royal Charter)
FULHAM ROAD LONDON, S.W.3
Bankers: Coutts & Co., 440, Strand. Secretary: J. Courtney Buchanan, C.B.E.

Queen Victoria's Children

(*Continued from page* 102)

As they grew older the children had some small concessions made to them in the matter of liberty. Thus when he was fifteen the Prince of Wales was given a small dress allowance. But coupled with it were careful instructions as to its proper use. The keeping of a diary was encouraged, but it had to be submitted to a parental eye.

There is no doubt that in the methods with which these children were brought up a sense of humour was entirely lacking. It was lacking also in the excessive clinging to form and ceremony which made it possible for such an announcement as the following to be made when the Prince of Wales was only a few months old: "His Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales and Duke of Cornwall, has appointed George Pearse, of Brandwinch, to be His Royal Highness's Gamekeeper for Brandwinch, Duchy of Cornwall."

Naturally caricaturists of the period found the royal nursery a fitting subject for their pencils, and many amusing, and some offensive, cartoons appeared. When it was rumoured in 1844 that a separate staff of servants was to be provided for the heir to the throne, who could then hardly speak, *Punch* suggested the following obvious appointments: "Master of the Rocking Horse, Comptroller of the Juvenile Vagaries, Sugar-Stick-in-Waiting, Captain of the Tin Guard, Black-Rod-in-Ordinary, Master of the Trap Ordnance, Clerk of the Pea Shooter, Assistant Battledore, Lord Privy Shuttlecock, and Quarter-Master-General of the Oranges."

BUT while in many ways the upbringing of their children was conducted by the Queen and the Prince in such a serious and intense form, they were both in reality trying to do the best for their children. The harshness of the treatment was in no way meted out with any intention of being cruel. They considered it to be their duty (that word which was ever on Prince Albert's lips and to which he devoted the whole of his married life), and they accepted Stockmar's views wholeheartedly. The Baron, who suffered from dyspepsia and whose Teutonic theories were not necessarily suitable for children in England, regarded education as being the greatest blessing in the world.

He pointed out that the position of the Queen and her husband was "a more difficult one than that of any other parents in the kingdom; because the royal children ought not only to be brought up to be moral characters, but also fitted to discharge successfully the arduous duties which may devolve upon them as future sovereigns."

It was a somewhat heavy load of responsibility for such young parents—they were not yet twenty-three at the time—to shoulder, but neither Victoria nor Albert was accustomed to shirk responsibility.

AS each new little member of the family arrived on the scene, he or she was regarded as so much fresh material for the parents to work upon. The mould was of a rigid uniformity and somehow or other each child must be made to fit it. Naturally, some were more pliable than others; of necessity the requisite shape was not always possible to obtain without tears and punishments; but always the busy moulders were at work. They permitted themselves no relaxation from their self-set toil. Unceasing supervision, long hours of work, strictly rationed leisure, and almost complete seclusion from the society of other children formed the principal ingredients with which they worked. The old-time adages with reference to children were also employed. They should be seen and not heard, spare the rod and spoil the child, and the rest of them.

How different from the modern methods of bringing up children, how far less pleasant (or, so it would appear) to the victims, how much more difficult for the parents! But after all, when one considers the after-life of these particular boys and girls, it seems to have worked very well.

END

ALFA-ROMEO

won the J.C.C. Double "12" and the Irish Grand Prix in 1929, and the Le Mans 24 Hour Race in 1931.

BENTLEY

won the J.C.C. Double "12" in 1930, and the Le Mans 24 Hour Race in 1929 and 1930.

M.G. Midget

won the J.C.C. Double "12" and the Irish Grand Prix in 1931.

Proof-

The above races were won on Shell lubricating oil. The makers of the Bentley and the M.G. Midget and the British Concessionaires of the Alfa-Romeo officially recommend the use of Shell lubricating oil.

Be up-to-date

SHELLubricate

Stuarts

The H*aut* Monde *of* Crookdom :

(*Continued from page* 17).

a notably elegant and lovely woman, dressed with taste, as befitted a passenger inscribed on the passenger list as the Duchesse de Y.

Wonderful how people rise in the world! In 1921 this duchess was a "hostess" in a Paris night club. But if you went back to 1911 you would have seen her, a barefoot brat, attending her mother's orange barrow in the streets of Marseilles.

Just when Lucille (her baptismal name) took her first step in crime no one knows except Lucille; but we do know just when and how she acquired her legitimate title of *duchesse*, because the records of her marriage to the decrepit old French *roué*, whose ancestors secured the title back in the days of Louis XIII, are all in order; and we also know that on her first visit to England soon after the war, she operated a baccarat club in a Mayfair mansion through the whole of a London season, and left for Paris with a useful reputation, a number of valuable acquaintances, and £15,000 in Bank of England notes in a jewel case.

In following years she came back twice and in certain circles was known as the Queen of the Baccarat Clubs. Persons of rank, wealth and power went to play in her gaming salon; none had cause for complaint.

THE *duchesse* is typical of the high-fliers among international women crooks who flit from capital to capital. You could not by any means persuade this sophisticated self-made lady to mark the cards, tamper with a roulette wheel, "pack" a poker table or employ one of those flexible-fingered gentlemen who can deal with equal facility from the top, the middle or the bottom of a pack. That would be silly, sharp, bad for business and especially for her sidelines.

She has her sidelines. She introduces men with money to men who want money. She assists, at a price, the socially ambitious, also moths anxious to "see life." She has married off fat widows of fifty to gigolos and taken a commission from both parties on the deal. Further, she does a lucrative trade in introducing rich fools, young and old, to crooks who can strip them, far, far away from her and her beat.

The particular affair as a result of which she had been "requested" to leave England was something about which the full truth will never be published. In the autumn of last year a gang of international crooks arranged to buy a French ancestral château, with contents, and re-sell. They sold to a wealthy Argentine cattle man on an expert's valuation, pictures, silver and so on. The price was well over £100,000.

Well, the expert was "nobbled." He passed as genuine, spurious pictures and works of art, and in all let his client in for twice as much as he should have paid. The sale had no sooner been completed and the money secured and sent out of the country, than the gang robbed the mansion, and not only stripped it of the few genuine old masters, silver, everything worth carrying away, but also cleared all the spurious pictures and *objets d'art*. No evidence left of the original fraud. The police were sent after the robbers, and failed to get them.

Our *duchesse* played the chief rôle in that coup. Her share of the spoils is said in quarters where these things are gossiped about to have amounted to over £10,000.

She had arranged to repeat a somewhat similar coup in England when the C.I.D.—who work now in close touch with the detective forces of Europe and New York police headquarters—paid her a social call and suggested that a sea voyage would benefit her health.

AS neat a piece of blackmailing work as the history of this branch of crime knows was accomplished in London around this time last year.

An American banker came over to stay three months in England and Europe. His wife had preceded him and was staying in Paris, intending to come to London for June and part of July. Her husband, having business in London, left the boat at Southampton, intending to stay a few days in London, and then fly over to Paris.

Now, on the boat he had met a most attractive Englishwoman. He first saw her in the dining saloon the first night out, several tables away, but in a direct line with his eye, and he recollected he had noticed her in the Palm Beach hotel where he had been staying two months before. It chanced then that he found their promenade deck chairs were alongside one another. So, casually, easily, and quite nicely, they met.

She was travelled, sophisticated, not young—perhaps 35—a man's woman; very well bred, but also most alluring; in short, the sort of woman a middle-aged banker would be attracted by. Her husband, she said, had gone up to Canada on a two-months' hunting expedition.

He thought there could be no harm in asking her to dine with him and go to the opera when they got to town. She smilingly consented. Then she told him her car was meeting her at Southampton. Would he like to motor up with her? He would.

The dark Rolls, the well-trained chauffeur, the discreet maid, impressed the banker, and confirmed his general impressions of his new acquaintance.

The first party was perfect. Another was arranged. She telephoned at the last moment she would not have time to get over for dinner, and would he give her supper?

Returning from the theatre, she flinched on the threshold of the hotel's luxury restaurant. She had a headache. Perhaps she ought to have dined. Couldn't they find a quieter place without music and dancing? He suggested a quiet little supper and a bottle of champagne in the sitting-room of his suite.

One in the morning. Cigarettes and liqueurs. Conversation getting flirtatious and rather intimate. A knock on the door. The lady calmly slid the single orchid-adorned strap of her frock off her shoulder and deftly disarranged her coiffure. "That," she said coolly, "is my husband, I expect."

The banker saw exactly how he stood. He could fight, probably in court tear this woman to pieces; tell his story to the police. But—his wife in Paris; also, his considerable position in the banking world.

He said that it looked like being an expensive supper party for him. She agreed, smiling, unruffled. "How much?" he asked. "Five thousand pounds," she said, "and we can part as we met—sweetly."

He gave her his cheque. He shook hands with her. "You can get it back on the stock market," she said, and lightly kissed him.

It was only when he came to talk the matter over with his London lawyer next day that the fly in the web understood that from the first moment in the Palm Beach hotel he had been marked down for a killing.

ONE extremely good-looking and very charming spider—her London lawyer, who had a fashionable practice, described her quite genuinely as "a lady"—had just paid into her bank the sum of £2,000 when she was interviewed by the police in the quite nasty matter of a case of jewels stolen from a country house at which she had been a welcome guest.

She had, as a matter of fact, passed the information about the jewels and their owner, along with a plan of the house, on to a gentleman who specialised in these things and had probably (although this was never ascertained) given some inside aid as well. She was politely requested to explain the abrupt increase in her bank account, which had been at very low ebb just at this time. (The money had been paid in in fifty-pound and hundred-pound notes).

But she was able to prove that it had been paid to her quite legitimately as commission on the sale for £25,000 (plus £10,000 for contents) of a wealthy retired cotton broker's mansion in the Park Lane vicinity—to an American Middle-West couple she had picked up at Cannes and whose daughter was marrying into the Guards. The seller had paid the commission in cash because he had the delicate thought that perhaps this charming lady would prefer it to a transaction which, by way of a cheque bearing his signature, linked them in a business way over this deal.

The police, baffled, apologised, and left.

INTERNATIONAL crime specialists will tell you that as a rule women are easier game than men for the wiles of the male spider. But the male spiders do not often play for very high stakes.

One, an authentic Baltic baron, who is reputed to do very well, and to date has managed his business so smoothly that not a single charge has ever been brought against him, was a member of the Pages' Corps at the Imperial Russian Court before he became an officer in one of the Guards' regiments of His Imperial Majesty.

After the revolution he got away with his skin and his papers, graduated as a *gigolo* in Paris and Riviera haunts, married a Canadian heiress (whose parents subsequently bought her divorce from him), and settled down to a spider's life.

He had done audacious things. Two years back he went up in his big racing car to Deauville after the high season in Paris, and put up at the Normandy. The house detective knew him and kept an eye on him.

One day he danced at the Casino with a noted courtesan who had arrived with a young Argentine millionaire young enough to be her son. The Argentino had been called to Paris and the Russian was presumably filling the gap. He had never met the lady before, but he was adroit and practised in making such contacts; he knew such women, and from the moment when the woman first noticed him to the moment when he bowed to her over their first aperitif together, not an hour had elapsed. When the Argentine returned, the Russian gracefully retired and was once again aloof, inscrutable, alone.

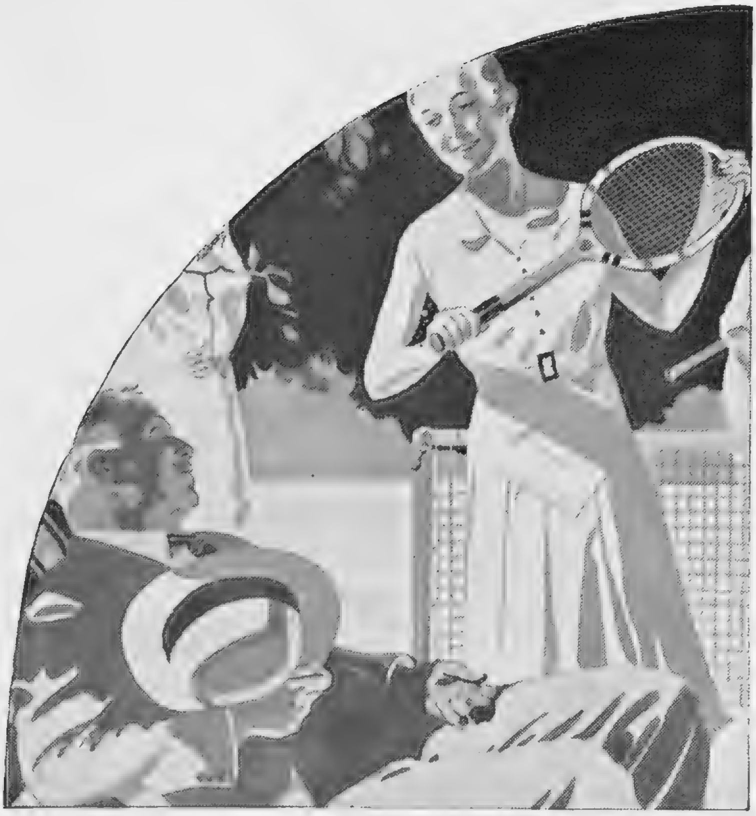
Perhaps in Paris he had discovered her liaison of the moment and seen in it an opportunity, and had begun to spin his little web there and carried the threads to Deauville. Perhaps he saw the woman by chance and had an inspiration for a web. However that may be, he followed her back to Paris. She was bored with her Argentino, and he was her type. She could, and did, entertain them both, the one openly for money and the other surreptitiously for love.

But the love affair was brief, for this Russian spider is a swift worker. The Argentino had given her quite a lot of jewellery and an opulent limousine. The spider coolly let himself into the fly's apartment one afternoon with the key she had given him, selected her best pieces of jewellery and then went to the garage and took out the car and parked it in his own name in the garage where he kept his own car.

He returned and told the lady what he had done. The scene between them must have had considerable dramatic interest. He dared her to inform the police. They were accomplices, were they not? She had got these things out of the rich young fool, in order to pass them on to him, her real lover. If she thought she could explain his explanation of the whole affair away, let her try! As for her Argentino, she could tell him the car had been stolen, and persuade him to let it go on the plea that a police inquiry would be very awkward for her.

What the lady said to him is known only to her intimate women friends. All that matters is that, hard, ultra-sophisticated cynical, astute, she still had to give this extraordinary rogue best. Possibly she asked him why he had done such a thing to her, and possibly he grinned and said it amused him. In any case there seemed no particular reason for this savage pleasantry, which subsequently entailed transactions with receivers of

(*Continued on page* 109)



'It really beats *me*—the way you carry on in heat like this, Mary.'

'You're much too easily beaten. Why don't you switch over to Vita-Weat? Then you wouldn't melt so easily!'

Cartons 1/6 and 10d.
Packets 6d. and 2d.

Vita-Weat

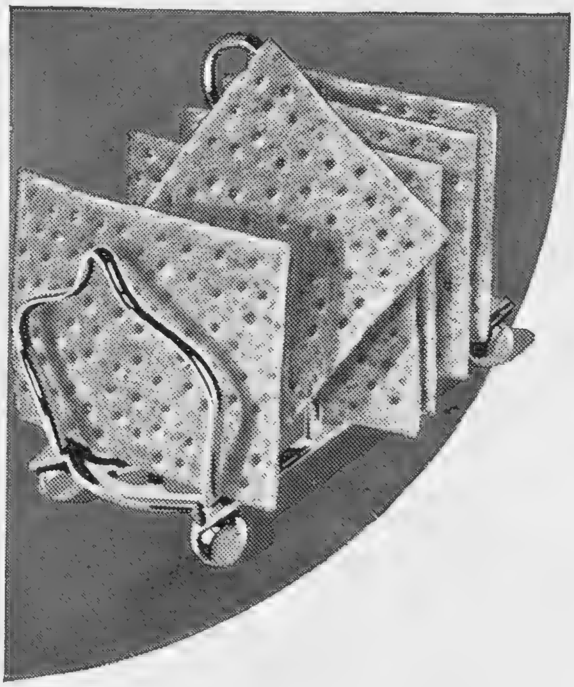
REGD.

Kept fresh & crisp in new moisture-proof packing

THE BREAD OF NEW HEALTH

If a heat wave finds you limp and leaves you lifeless, you will do very well to make Vita-Weat your daily bread. The crunchiness of this whole-wheat British crisp-bread whets the bluntest appetite, and it gives your inside—so liable to sluggishness in hot weather—just the proper amount of work to do. Because its starch granules are thoroughly disintegrated, it doesn't strain your digestion, cannot clog your system, and never runs to fat; and you feel all the cooler and more energetic in consequence. Put Vita-Weat on the table at every meal—and in the picnic-basket too.

A Free Sample will be sent on receipt of a postcard addressed to Peek Frean & Co., Ltd., Drummond Road, London, S.E. 16

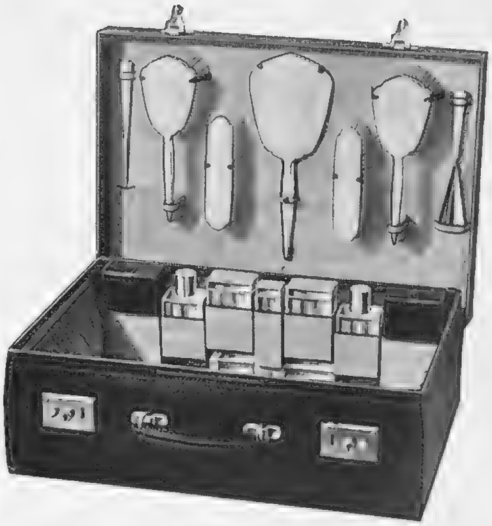


Made by
PEEK FREAN
MAKERS OF FAMOUS BISCUITS

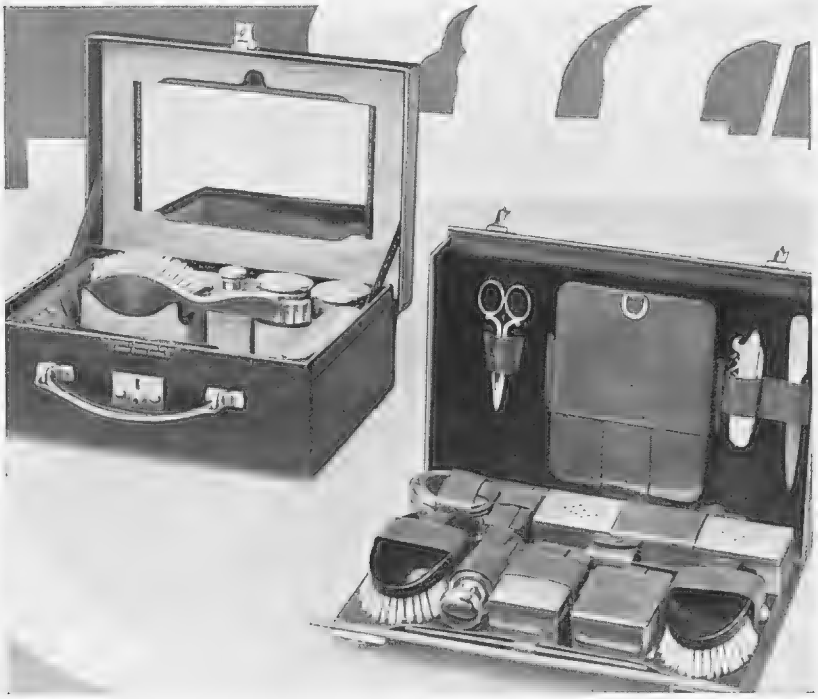
BY APPOINTMENT

A DRESSING CASE
the ever-welcome gift

Dressing Cases for both men and women . . . in hide and all kinds of choice leathers—exquisitely fitted out in gold, silver, enamel, tortoiseshell, ivory, and every manner of material that an artist craftsman can work upon. If desired, customers may select toilet requisites from the Company's stock or have their own fittings introduced. Illustrated Catalogues of fitted cases for both ladies and gentlemen will be gladly sent on request.



Lady's Dressing Case in polished morocco lined moiré antique with Sterling Silver gilt and enamel fittings. Size $20 \times 13\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ complete with mailcloth cover. £42 . 0 . 0



Lady's small size Dressing Case lined moiré antique fitted Sterling Silver gilt and enamel fittings. Size $11\frac{1}{2} \times 8 \times 4$ complete with mackintosh cover. £15 . 0 . 0

Gentleman's Polished pigskin Dressing Case with chromium plated fittings and cochineal brushes. Size closed $11\frac{1}{2} \times 8 \times 2\frac{3}{8}$ thick. £10 . 0 . 0

THE GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY, LTD.

JEWELLERS AND SILVERSMITHS TO H.M. THE KING

112 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1
(Corner of Glasshouse Street) NO OTHER ADDRESS

The H*aut* Monde *of* Crookdom

stolen property. If he wanted the thousand or so this business meant—for you don't get much for stolen property in the Paris underworld—he could have prized the money smoothly from the rich women who are the natural providers of such men.

CAPTAIN Y, as a moneyed young English clubman, without much of a reputation to lose, and no ties, knew all about spiders, and was as proof against the breed as a man could well be. He was lean, with a weak chin and a big nose—a bad combination, and one no doubt that the spider gang which ultimately caught him estimated at its precise value. He had been a mama's only boy. She had left him a round four hundred thousand pounds two years before. He had spent a lot of that on cars, clothes, women and the high life, but he had always been a close buyer, and no woman had yet contrived to twist his tail.

But in Paris one day, two men, whom we will call X and Z, called on him with an hotel proposition. He knew them casually, having met them around bars and restaurant lounges.

They had an option on a well-known place which he knew. It had been taken on just after the war by a couple of Americans who had made a lot of money catering for the early jazz craze in London, and then had descended on Paris to repeat the process. The place was now on the rocks, and going for a song. Captain Y liked the idea of owning a smart hotel with dance-restaurant complete. It gave him a *cachet* that he had never had before. But he got his lawyers to come over and consult French lawyers, and go into the whole thing thoroughly. Eventually the deal was put through. Captain Y held the controlling interest, with the two option-holders as partners.

The moribund hotel was redecorated and partly reconstructed. The restaurant was enlarged at the expense of the ballroom, the cabaret stage torn out, a good string orchestra hired, one of the leading *maîtres* persuaded to come over on a long-term contract. A special luxury floor was a feature of the hotel side. Some of the suites therein looked like Cleopatra's boudoir. Things were done well, so well, that the Captain, now committed, had no qualms about the allure of the place, but began to wonder if it would ever pay.

But from the first the place suffered from an epidemic of burglaries. They were kept as quiet as possible, but the talk got about. The police were puzzled. They were still more puzzled when, towards the end of the season when the luxury suites were all occupied, that entire floor was ransacked one evening, the burglars getting clean away with a big haul of cash and jewels from the visitors' cases. A completely planned affair betraying uncanny knowledge of the occupants' movements.

There were no more burglaries, and presently X and Z told Captain Y they wanted to sell out and get out. Captain Y bought them out for quite a small sum, and was agreeably surprised. X and Z shook the dust of France from their boot soles. And a high police official called on Captain Y and advised him to get in an architect and have certain alterations made in the lay-out of the luxury floor and the disposition of an exterior fire-escape serving it, and also to have the window catches of the rooms on that luxury floor changed. X and Z had personally seen to such details.

Had they played any active part in the robberies? Unthinkable! But what they had done was to plan, doubtless in consultation with the head of a gang of international thieves, an hotel with a floor especially planned to facilitate the operations of the second story men. Such a scheme needed finance and a cover. Captain Y's are made to fit a spider's web. Give a spider a bright idea in his particular line, and the business of going out and finding a man or woman with money from which they can be parted is only a trifling technical detail.

Tragedies and Comedies of History

(*Continued from page 41*)

Duplessis was rich and amorous. Her husband was neglectful and just lived on his wits. Duplessis loaded her with jewels, entertained her to rare feasts, and presented her with a carriage and horses. Balsamo had never given her such tributes of affection. Duplessis admired her white skin. Balsamo hardly ever noticed it. Duplessis became poetic about her lovely bosom and slender waist. Balsamo was always too drunk at night time to take interest in such charms. Lorenza decided it was time to close the door on her husband and slept in the arms of her lover. Balsamo for a long while thought his wife was just elaborating her old trick of fleecing her admirers, and when the truth dawned on him, he appealed in the courts against the enormity of men who broke up the homes of respectable citizens. He won his case. Lorenza was arrested and thrown into the prison of Sainte Pélagie.

Balsamo went back to his elixirs and face powders. But loneliness palled on him. He went to law again, this time to effect his beloved's release from prison. The lawyers laughed at him and Lorenza continued to languish in jail until the end of her sentence. The unhappy Balsamo was at the prison gates when she was released. He held out his arms and printed on Lorenza's thin parched lips a long kiss of forgiveness. "The past is dead," he said pompously. "The future is golden and ahead of us."

That golden future saw the advance to world renown of Count and Countess Cagliostro. The name of Balsamo was forgotten. Cagliostro had such a ring about it and the title of Count was so convincing. The arch swindler who had now recovered his wife realised the only way to keep her interested was to buy her grand clothes and enormous jewels. He could only do that by deception on a big scale. He founded lodges in opposition to freemasonry, gatherings of men who were gulled by an absurd ritual and fantastic ceremony. He established a forge for the demonstration of the transmutation of metals. He put lead into one crucible. There followed a nauseating stench of fumes and in the confusion the apparatus was turned round so that an astonished company saw a specially prepared metal pot filled with molten gold.

In London, in Paris, in Amsterdam, the name of Cagliostro became something to conjure with.

DURING this period of spectacular success, Lorenza flirted outrageously, but she had become experienced enough to hide her love affairs from her husband. Besides she now had cause for jealousy on her own account. Their life together might have continued without any really important incident if it had not been for a journey to bleak Courland. Cagliostro had been invited by the local nobles to found a lodge of Egyptian masonry at Mittau, and took his wife with him to the north.

At Mittau he met the Countess Elisa, sister of the Duke of Courland. She had been unhappily married and had spent her more recent years in the study of mystery and alchemy. Cagliostro's mouthings were meat and drink to her. He had never been sincerely admired by a woman of quality before, and the strange circumstance went to his head. He seized Elisa in his arms only to find that the countess was an ethereal being who regarded physical manifestations of affection with horror. She thought her divine Cagliostro above such sensual thoughts. From that moment Cagliostro's magic powers seemed to wane. He was asked to locate buried treasure and failed. He was requested to call up the spirits of the departed, but however much he rapped the table, no ghosts walked. He decided it was time to leave Mittau.

THEY came to St. Petersburg. Cagliostro knew the value of impudence. He could deceive the world if he worked on a grand enough scale. His wayward Lorenza would learn to admire him again if he succeeded in bringing the Russian nobility under the spell of his absurd Egyptian Masonry. He called himself the Grand Copt and founded a lodge. In order to throw dust in the eyes of his adherents it was necessary to employ an accomplice. Usually he selected an innocent girl who appeared behind a screen and wailed off the rigmarole of the ritual. But on this occasion he could not find an apt pupil and decided to employ an actress. The seance went badly and there was an uproar. Egyptian masonry in Russia died an abrupt death.

This was only the beginnings of Cagliostro's misfortunes.

He was again to pay the price of neglecting a pretty woman. Lorenza was far too beautiful a woman to pass unnoticed in Russia. Before she had been settled down in her hotel a couple of days she received a duty call from Potemkin, the favourite of the Empress Catherine. Lorenza was very lovely. Catherine was old and exacting. Potemkin called on Lorenza a second time. In a week, the ardent lover was calling in the evening.

About the same time Cagliostro happened to be at the royal palace. The Empress Catherine was ill and her two Scottish doctors could do nothing. They jeered at the sorcerer's confidence of obtaining a remedy. Cagliostro challenged them to make four poisoned pills. He would do the same. Afterwards he would swallow their pills and one drop of his elixir of life, if they would consent to swallow his pills. The deft challenge was naturally refused by the Scotsmen, and Cagliostro walked back to his hotel laughing at their discomfiture.

He arrived just in time to witness the departure of Potemkin from his wife's room.

The secret police informed the Empress of Potemkin's flirtation. The Scottish doctors requested the authorities to remove the exasperating Cagliostro from the capital. The two unwelcome visitors were escorted to the frontier by different routes.

And so their life of precarious and sordid adventure continued its extraordinary career. Before the end came they lived and swindled in every capital in Europe. Their escapades in London are immortalised in the cartoons of Gilray. During the scandal of the diamond necklace, Cagliostro was thrown into the Bastile. Finally he and Lorenza were exiled from France, and after an inglorious stay in London, wandered across Europe to Rome. The days of the revolution were at hand, but not yet come. Heresy was still a crime and Cagliostro fell a victim. He turned to freemasonry to obtain a means of livelihood, and was unlucky enough to initiate two spies of the church.

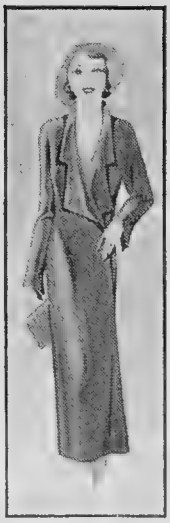
Cagliostro and his Lorenza were lodged in the cells of St. Angelo and never saw each other again. Lorenza ended her days in the strange surroundings of the convent of St. Apollonia. Cagliostro was accorded the less commodious existence of solitary confinement in a dungeon. He died in a cell in the castle of St. Leo at Montefeltro. It was a hole cut in the solid rock. For four years he endured the slow agony of something worse than death, and so far as we know he breathed his last about the year 1795.

But he was not forgotten. When the French revolutionaries invaded Rome in 1797, they remembered the sorcerer who had defied the Inquisition. Surely he must be a son of liberty and the people. They stormed the rocky castle of San Leo only to find that they had arrived two years too late

They took his skull and filled it with the wine of the Seven Hills and drank to the success of liberty, equality and fraternity.

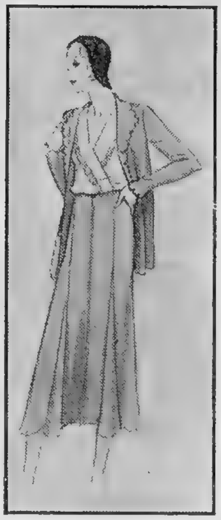
..END

corot models by instalments



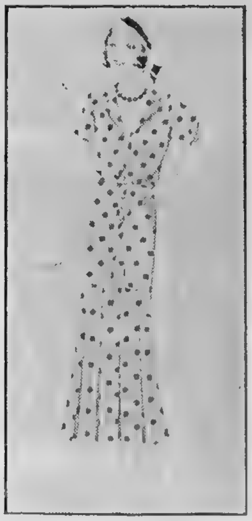
"en promenade"

a smart and useful coat for summer wear is one in a good quality silk, as depicted here. this model has the new draped rever front that is so new, and chooses a straight line that is becoming. this model can be copied in beige, green, blue or black. unlined.
cash 4½ gns. **13/6** monthly



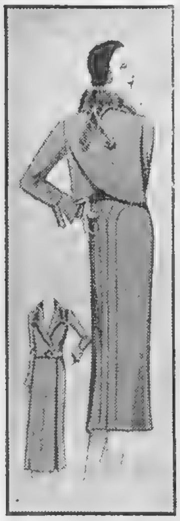
"cap ferrat"

the new ciel blue is the shade that has been chosen for this delightful ensemble in fine sheer wool romain, with its jacket showing the serrated edge that is so popular as a finish. the skirt is cleverly flared, and is worn over a tuck-in of ivory georgette, lace trimmed. light in weight and most seasonable.
cash 8 gns. **24/-** monthly



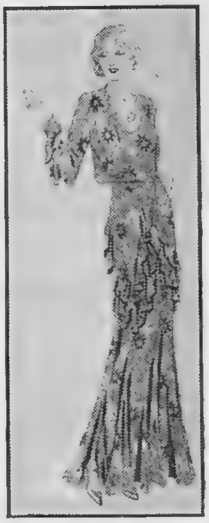
"stella plage"

the vogue of the spotted design has spread to frocks for beach, holiday or river wear. here is a style in suede georgette that shows all the points of present-day fashion: a flat pleated skirt, a short sleeve, and a design of spots in several shades on white or pastel grounds.
cash 2 gns. **6/-** monthly



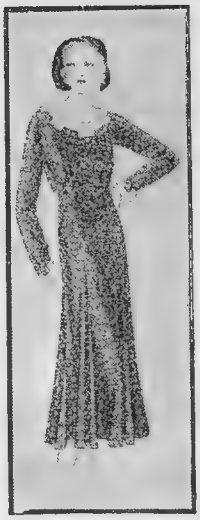
"marquise"

this coat with its double curved cape at the back, is of fine wool romain, with its collar and tab at back in flat fur fabric, all-round belt. in black only. unlined.
cash 6 gns. **18/-** monthly



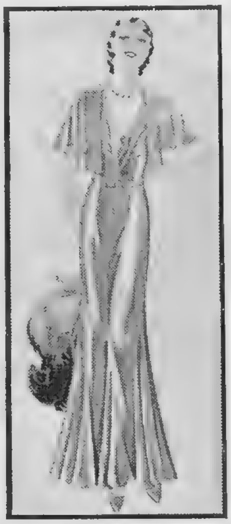
"lady kitty"

the smart woman will always cling to the printed chiffon ensemble for the more formal afternoon occasions of the summer and for informal evening wear. this delightful model comes in a wide range of exclusive prints in the new large designs, and has its coatee to match. lined crepe-de-chine.
cash 6 gns. **18/-** monthly



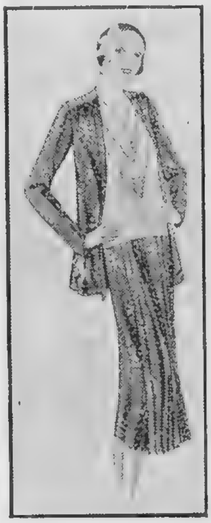
"lady molly"

an afternoon frock in printed crepe-de-chine shows the higher waistline defined with a novel belt. collar and cuffs of plain crepe-de-chine to tone. in many prints and colours.
cash 4 gns. **12/-** monthly



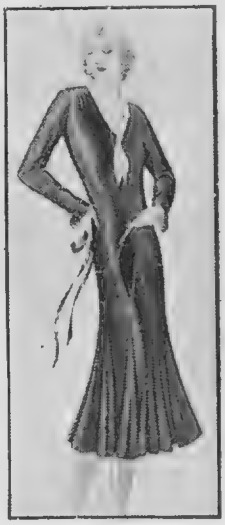
"the cameronian"

the evening gown that carries its matching jacket is assured of a welcome by the chic woman. this delightful gown of a heavy art satin shows the charm of the "cowl" neck. in many shades, or in black if desired.
cash 6 gns. **18/-** monthly



"longchamps"

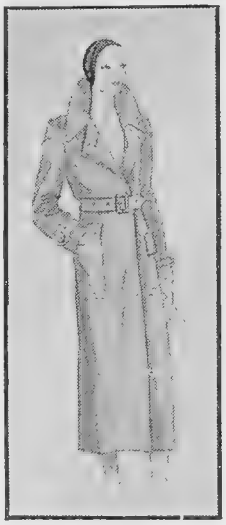
a smart three-piece suit for summer days has its cardigan coat and pleated skirt in printed crepe-de-chine, and has a sleeveless jumper in suede crepe trimmed with embroidered french knots. in many prints.
cash 4½ gns. **13/6** monthly



"5 o'clock"

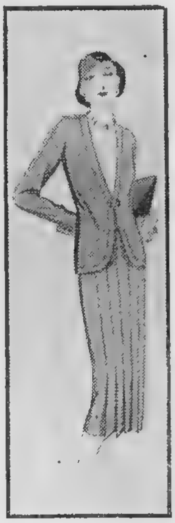
a delightful afternoon gown in black satin has a cleverly flared skirt, the line of which is enhanced by the use of tucks on the bodice. the dainty collar and cuff lining is of pink georgette. tie belt at back.
cash 4 gns. **12/-** monthly

there is no extra charge for payment by instalments.



"manhattan"

quite the smartest coat for sports wear or travelling is this sporting model in beige checked tweed. cut on the informal lines shown, it has the wide revers which can of course, button to the neck, and two large patch pockets. all round belt of self. lined throughout in crepe-de-chine.
cash 4½ gns. **13/6** monthly



"lincoln"

the practical cardigan suit is typified here in this model that is suitable for town or sports. it is made of a light weight cheviot in tones of blue, red, beige, etc., and comprises a smart pleated skirt with fitting hip yoke, and unlined cardigan coat that fastens with a link button.
cash 4 gns. **12/-** monthly

let corot of bond street supply you with your holiday outfit to-day. by this means you can secure the latest styles in smart printed frocks and two pieces, ensembles for sports wear, summer coats, river frocks, etc., and pay for them by convenient monthly instalments. on the payment of the first instalment the frock is yours. call at the new showrooms and choose your own model from among the thousand available, or post the coupon below for latest illustrations and full details.

post this coupon to corot to-day

corot ltd., 33 old bond street, london, w.1

free please send latest illustrations of new models and details of instalment plan

name ....

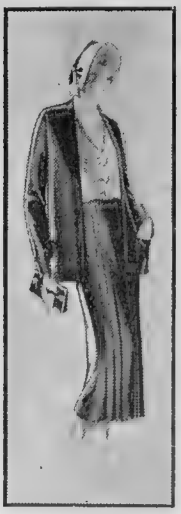
address ....

....b.44a

corot

(dept. b. 44 a.)
33 old bond street, london, w.1.
regent 0731

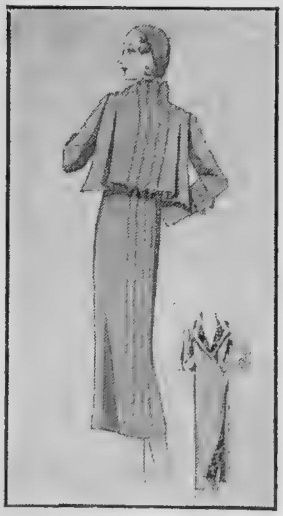
corot models by instalments



"la_mode"

a smart suit that will be very practical for present wear is in black satin with a blouse in suede crepe in white. the cardigan coat is banded with the dull side of the satin.

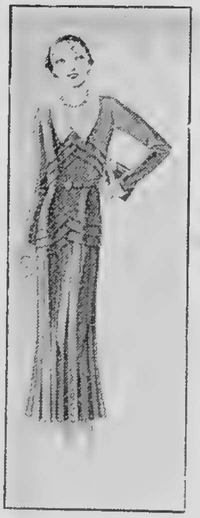
cash 5 gns. **15/-** monthly



"minerva"

plaid trimmings are quite the very smartest that one can choose to-day, and we have this tendency depicted in this coat of a fancy woollen weave in a deep red tone. here we use plaid silk in toning shades as a facing. the swing cape has its strappings of self carried down the back. other shades.

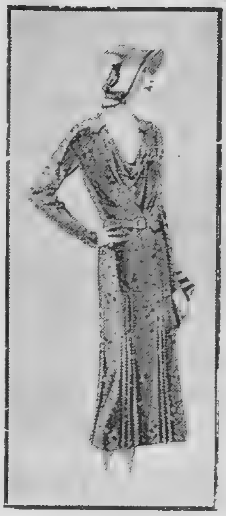
cash 5 gns. **15/-** monthly



"albany"

an afternoon frock in the new printed flamengo uses flat tucks to give the bolero effect bodice. the skirt is box-pleated all round. in black and white with white satin collar and cuffs.

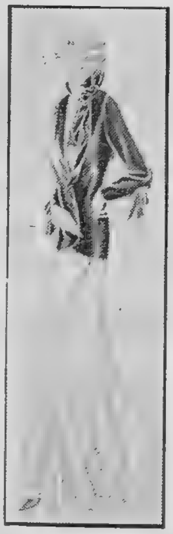
cash 6 gns. **18/-** monthly



"l'hermitage"

more than ordinary interest attaches to this "little" frock in printed crepe-de-chine, that finds so many uses in the summer outfit of the smart woman. the draped "cowl" collar is a new note that will be featured, and the slim lines of the bodice are continued in the flat pleated skirt. the all round belt is smartly buckled. in many prints and colours.

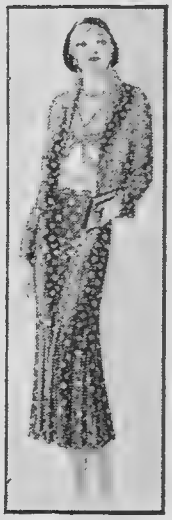
cash 3 gns. **9/-** monthly



"apres la danse"

chiffon velvet coatee for evening wear is trimmed with self-bows on collar and sleeves. new fitting hip length, lined throughout. in black and colours.

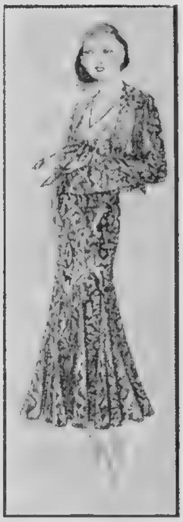
cash 4 gns **12/-** monthly



"riviera"

featuring the new hip length bolero comes a very attractive suit in printed art. crepe with the little lace trimmed sleeveless blouse in plain material to tone. in several prints and shades.

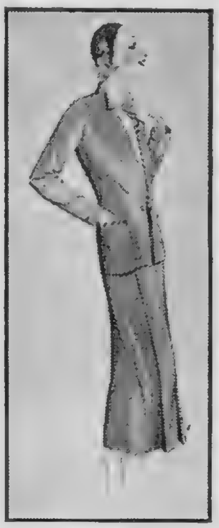
cash 6 gns. **18/-** monthly



"capucine"

printed crepe-de-chine afternoon frock with short attached bolero trimmed tiny yoke of plain georgette. fully flared skirt. many prints and colours.

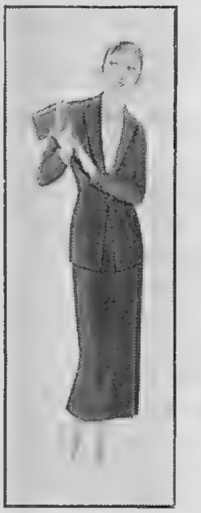
cash 5½ gns. **16/6** monthly



"anglesey"

the versatile two-piece suit is exemplified in this model of frisca. the skirt has box pleats in front, and the trim little coat shows the vandyked edge. in a soft rose and other shades.

cash 3 gns. **9/-** monthly

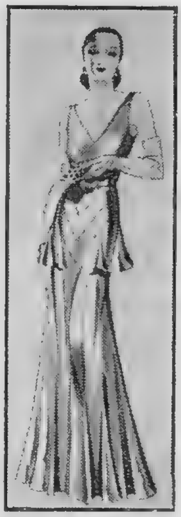


"auteuil"

black hopsack is the material in which this perfectly tailored costume has been made. it features the square lines of the coat with the link button fastening, and also defines the waistline to give the long slim line. the wrap-over skirt is also popular. coat lined with crepe-de-chine. cash 7 gns.

monthly **21/-**

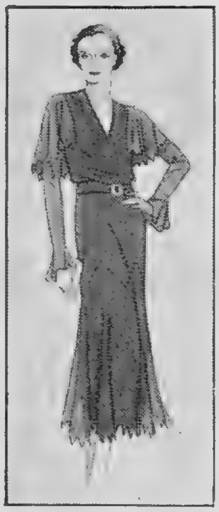
smartness can be yours to-day if you will take advantage of the corot payment by instalment plan. by this system you can purchase the latest corot model afternoon and evening gowns, costumes, coats, ensembles, etc., and pay for them by convenient monthly instalment account payments. these are styles specially designed and made by corot, and bearing the hall mark of smartness, yet they are offered at prices hitherto unheard of. call at **the showrooms, at yardley house, 33 old bond st.** (piccadilly end, corner of stafford street), and choose a corot model for yourself. if this is not possible send the coupon below for full details and illustrations of the latest styles.



"garbo"

a sophisticated evening gown in the supple art. satin has the basque movement shown in the two shaped flounces at the hip line. soft and clinging as to the bodice, with the higher waistline defined with a self belt, it has the sweeping skirt fully flared. in many shades or black.

cash 4 gns. **12/-** monthly



we guarantee satisfaction whether you shop personally or through the post.

"leonie"

a charming georgette afternoon gown stresses the new sleeve decoration, and the smartness of a vandyked edge. lined throughout with self. in many shades.

cash 4½ gns. **13/6** monthly

corot

(dept. b. 44 b.)
33 old bond street, london, w.1
regent 0731

post this coupon to corot to-day

corot ltd., 33 old bond street, london, w.1

free please send me illustrations of latest models and full details of your instalment plan.

name……………………………………

address……………………………………

……………………………………

i am particularly interested in…………………………b.44b.

VAPEX
(REG. TRADE MARK)
INHALANT
THE MAGIC DROP

ON YOUR CIGARETTE

This new method of using "Vapex" has been suggested to us by a number of people who have derived special benefit.

If you are troubled with obstinate Catarrh or Hay-Fever, put a drop of "Vapex" on the middle of your cigarette and smoke in the usual way. "Vapex" volatilises very rapidly and its antiseptic vapour is brought into direct contact with the mouth, throat and posterior nasal passages, bringing quick relief and effectively clearing the head. This method has been found specially useful in the treatment of long-standing catarrh, hay-fever, etc.

There are thus three good ways of using "Vapex." You can breathe the pleasant antiseptic vapour from

Your handkerchief
Your pillow
Your cigarette

Of Chemists, 2/- & 3/-

V.70

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

A CECIL ALDIN SPORTING TERRIER

Each page-picture of WOGGLES is a delight.
Each is beautifully reproduced in colours.

ONCE SEE WOGGLES AND YOU WILL NEVER FORGET HIM!

WOGGLES is appearing each week in

The Sketch

Every Wednesday: ONE SHILLING. **Publishing Office: 346, Strand, W.C.2.**

Stars *or* Meteors?

(*Continued from page* 49)

TALKING of origins, it is curious that those who come from furthest down seem to get furthest up. Everyone knows about Chaplin's boyhood in London, that Rudolf Valentino had been a dishwasher and that Chevalier came from the Paris slums, via the smaller *cafés chantants*, and Mary Pickford's father worked on the railway. Perhaps the longest and most spectacular journey to fame is that which Will Rogers is still making. Once an illiterate "cow-hand," then a rope thrower and maker of wise-cracks on the halls, next America's "humorist philosopher," internationally famous, entertaining and being entertained by the Prince of Wales, and so to become the screen's star comedian (*how* funny he is in "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur"), and now put forward as a potential President of the United States!

Among the other long distance travellers are Harold Lloyd, who was born in Nebraska and was once a porter in an hotel there; Eddie Cantor, who was a newspaper boy; Lilian Tashman, who, Cecil Beaton says, is the only sophisticated star in Hollywood, comes, like Clara Bow, from the poorer part of Brooklyn.

Gary Cooper was a rancher, and there are those who say that in spite of his success and the fact he has played opposite Marlene Dietrich and is loved by Lupe Velez, he ought to have "stayed that way," out in the great open spaces, because he has become ill and thin in Hollywood.

Joan Crawford, so satisfactorily married to the younger Fairbanks, was once so poor that she worked in a school at Kansas for her bed and board. Later she won dancing competitions and got her "big break" in "Dancing Daughters." Having starved (this time voluntarily) to attain her amazing slimness she is now one of the best dramatic actresses of the younger generation.

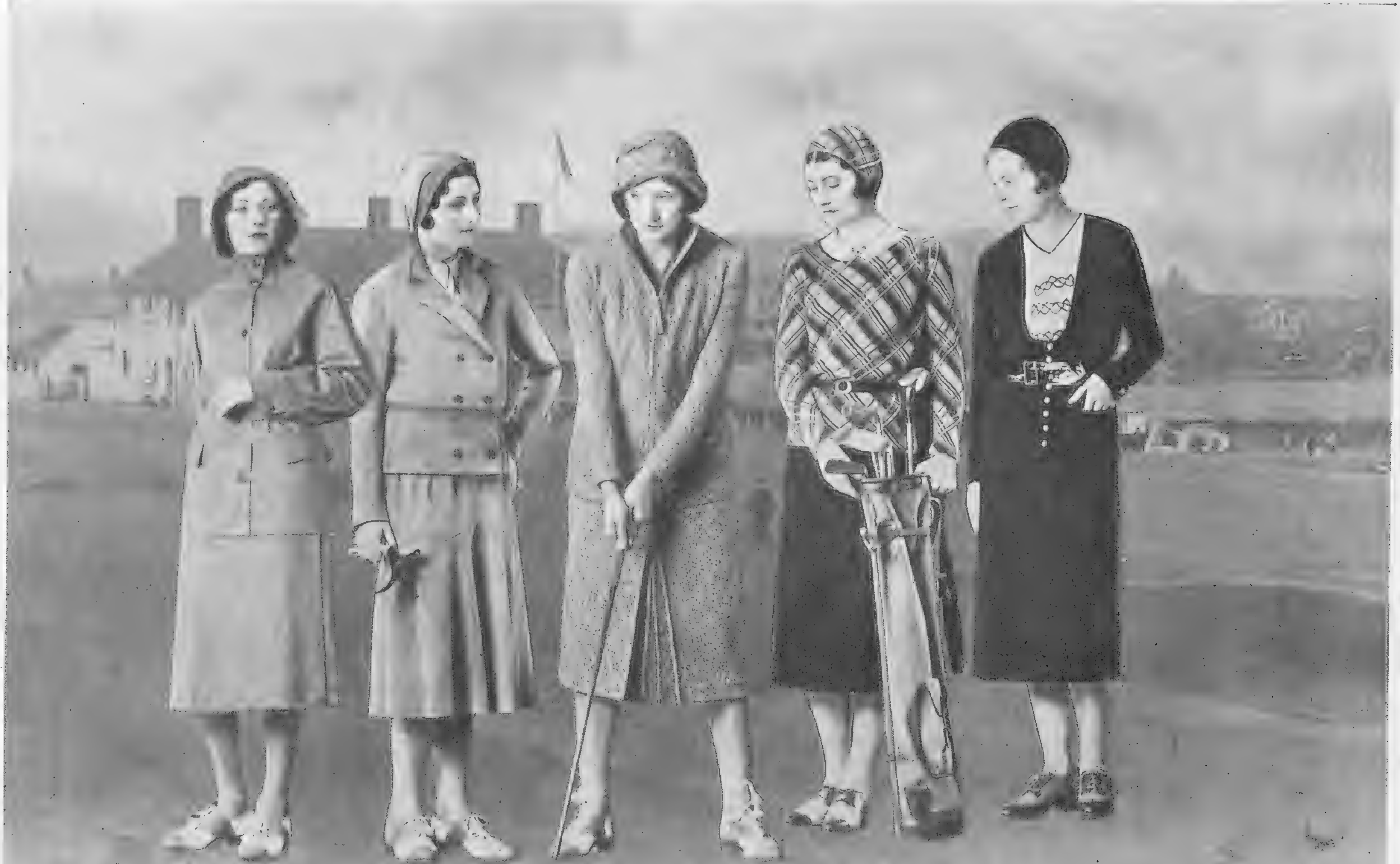
And with their circumstances they change their names. Mary Nolan has been Imogene Wilson since she was Mary Robertson, a little girl in an orphanage. She has been through bad times, but is prosperous again, has married and there is talk of a screen come-back. Mary Brian is only another way of saying Louise Wantzler. Lili Damita was born in Paris and her name was Lilianne Carre.

And so they rise to stardom and so they pass and nobody asks "Where?"

END

Golf: The "Britannia and Eve" Club Competition

Miss Shadlock (left) and Miss Clixby won the prizes presented by "Britannia & Eve" to the Thonock Club in connection with our Club Competition in which Thonock were second



MACKINTOSH SUIT in light-weight Indiana — very practical. Drab shades.
Price **2 Gns.**

SUEDE GOLFING SUIT — circular skirt and easy coat. In brown and green.
Price **11½ Gns.**
Neat Cap to match 29/6
Suède Gloves to match 12/6

GOLF SUIT in hand-woven Meyer Tweed, divided skirt, zip fastening.
Blue, green, wine, etc.
Price, made to order **16½ Gns.**

PULLOVER & CAP of Tartan design —demure white collar, plain pleated wool skirt. (Foreign)
Price, skirt (in all colours) **29/6**
Pullover 79/6 Cap 21/-

GOLFING SUIT in novelty jersey fabric: white lace stitch blouse. Black, chestnut, royal blue.
Price, complete with Cap **8 Gns.**

Sent on Approval

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE *(Debenhams Ltd.)*
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

The "SAN"

This hand-made model is an exceedingly smart one at a popular price.

It is made in rubber-proofed fine Indiana in 26 shades, piped edges, etc., in contrasting colour at **25/6.**

Also made in rubber-proofed Jap silk in 24 shades at **48/6.**

The range of ZARAMAC models and materials from 15/- to £11:11s. is the largest in the trade.

Buy ZARAMAC—the best.

Made in London by
ZAMBRENE, Ltd.
(*Wholesale only*)
3b Cannon Street, E.C.4
(*Manufacturers of Waterproofs since 1855*)

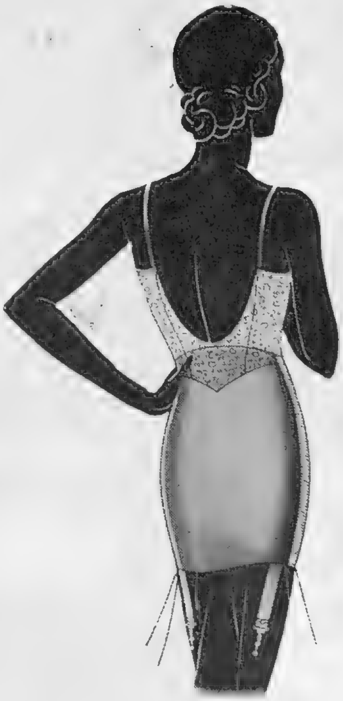
Procurable from all leading Stores and Drapers

"Zaramac"
STORMPROOFS
INSIST ON THE "ZARAMAC" LABEL

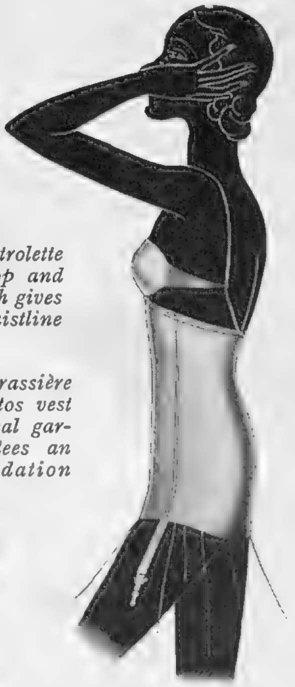
A FIRM FOUNDATION

is the first consideration of Fashion

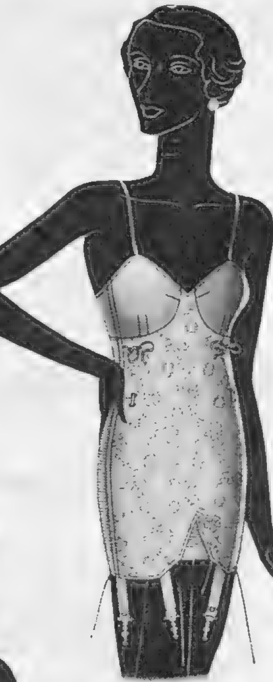
Some solutions to a problem which confronts all women



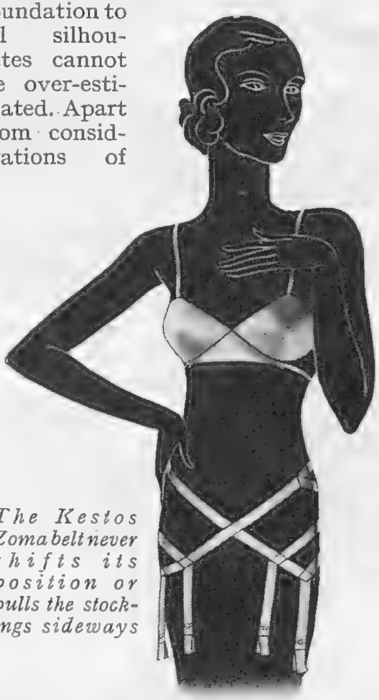
Left: A Berlei controlette has a backless lace top and a clever hip yoke which gives an absolutely smooth waistline



Right: A Kestos brassière buttoned to a Kestos vest constitutes an ideal garment and guarantees an unwrinkled foundation



This Berlei model for a full figure has an ingenious diaphragm control. Note the hidden lacings on either side



The Kestos Zoma belt never shifts its position or pulls the stockings sideways

As fashions fluctuate and change (and who knows what the couturiers have in store for us this autumn?) the importance of a firm, well-fitting belt which guarantees a good foundation to all silhouettes cannot be over-estimated. Apart from considerations of chic, the question of health is intimately connected with the corsets we wear, and it is of the utmost importance that they should support the figure without compressing it in the least. This result can only be achieved by the most perfect adjustment, and this in its turn can only be arrived at by very exact individual measurements. A new system has been evolved by the Berlei corset manufacturers, who, after exhaustive research, have classified womanhood into five basic types and have worked out the most ingenious indicator whereby every woman may discover to which type she belongs. Once these measurements have been accurately taken and your type has been ascertained, you can order not only a corset which approximates to your hip and waist measurements, etc., but a corset which has been specially built for your type of figure and will control and mould it to its greatest advantage without ever contravening the laws of nature.

For the woman who likes the minimum of corsetry, Kestos offers two excellent suggestions. One is the Kestos belt which, in conjunction with the Kestos brassière, surely makes the ideal foundation, for it smooths and controls the outlines of the body without any apparent pressure, and is the coolest and most comfortable of garments. For those who merely desire a stocking support, the Kestos Zoma belt is strongly to be recommended, because instead of pressing on the abdomen or the waist it is so constructed that the full weight is supported by the hip bones and it in no wise constricts the stomach. It has the added advantage of remaining firmly in position and can be guaranteed not to pull one's stockings sideways—a common fault in the average suspender belt.

Crisis *at* Carthage

(*Continued from page* 37)

"It is the signal," cried Hasdrubal. "The enemy is in flight!"

"Without Barca!" laughed Miriam, remembering Himilcar.

WHEN the dawn came the two on the hill were unaware that Barca lay dead on his couch.

In the wave of reaction that drove the people to excess the General had found hands round his throat, the strong hands of a trader, the clever hands of one of the Hundred and Four.

Neither Hasdrubal nor Miriam knew that.

Contentedly they looked down on the city, ignoring it, and had so looked down for long hours, while they talked.

He, thinking, but not caring, what punishment awaited him when he should be tried, turned to her.

"Why do things happen so?" he asked.

"You mean, why should Hasdrubal break his oath for me?" she parried.

"No. That is easily answered," he replied. "For me, Miriam, there was no alternative. You are woman, all woman! What I meant was that you preferred to go through the fire of Baal rather than to go to Barca, but you came freely to me . . ."

She laughed softly, contentedly.

"That, too, is easily answered," she replied. "Because I *am* woman, all woman!"

END

Twenty-Four Hours:

(*Continued from page* 43)

4.14 *p.m.*

THEY have just taken the President away to an emergency hospital. The anarchist has been smuggled, smashed and broken, through the crowds waiting to lynch him; the telegraph wires are humming across the world with the tragic news.

6.15 *p.m.*

FAR up in the Adirondack Mountains, a thousand miles away, a smiling man is just mounting a buck-board wagon when a mounted messenger dashes up the woodland trail.

"Mr. Vice-President," he cries to this Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, "Mr. McKinley has been shot in Buffalo! He is not expected to live!"

7 *p.m.*

MRS. MCKINLEY, in delicate health sits crocheting in the Milburn mansion. The telephone has been cut off, and her private physician has at last arrived to break the news of the outrage. She goes into a dead faint.

10 *p.m.*

ONE bullet has already been extracted from the President's body; the other has pierced the walls of the abdomen, and will probably prove fatal.

* * *

EPILOGUE.

Thus did the glorious new Twentieth Century dawn in the United States. Twenty years before President Garfield had been shot dead in the Pennsylvania railway depot in Washington; while it was only thirty-six years since President Lincoln was slain in the box of Booth's Theatre.

President William McKinley hovered between life and death for thirteen anxious days. Then he died; and little more than a month later his murderer—with a despatch remarkable in the annals of American justice—was electrocuted a mile from the scene of his crime. Two official doctors present at the execution and subsequent autopsy wrote scientific pamphlets to prove that Czolgosz was perfectly sane.

END

KIA-ORA LEMON SQUASH
KIA·ORA CRUSH
KIA-ORA LEMON SQUASH

The 'Sunshine' beverage ... sunshine in every sip

Lemons from sunny Messina, oranges from Valencia . . . sun-saturated fruit, gathered only at the moment of perfect tree-ripeness . . . crushed there and then on the spot . . . fruit juice retaining to the full all the flavour, mineral salts and vitamins of the fruit itself. Such is Kia-Ora.

You will like Kia-Ora—one of the good things of life. Make it your meal time drink. Offer it to your guests at lunch, dinner and supper. Kia-Ora is the drink, without equal, for picnics, tennis parties and all outdoor occasions.

Add five or more parts of water to one of Kia-Ora.

REDUCED PRICES:

Bottle (*Squash*) or Decanter (*Crush*) - 1/11

Full half size - - - - 1/-

(*Prices in Gt. Britain*)

Clowes K26

KIA-ORA Ltd., London, S.E. 1

The "*Eve*" Ladies' Autumn *and* Roehampton Foursomes (1931)

Conditions and Entry Forms are on page 120

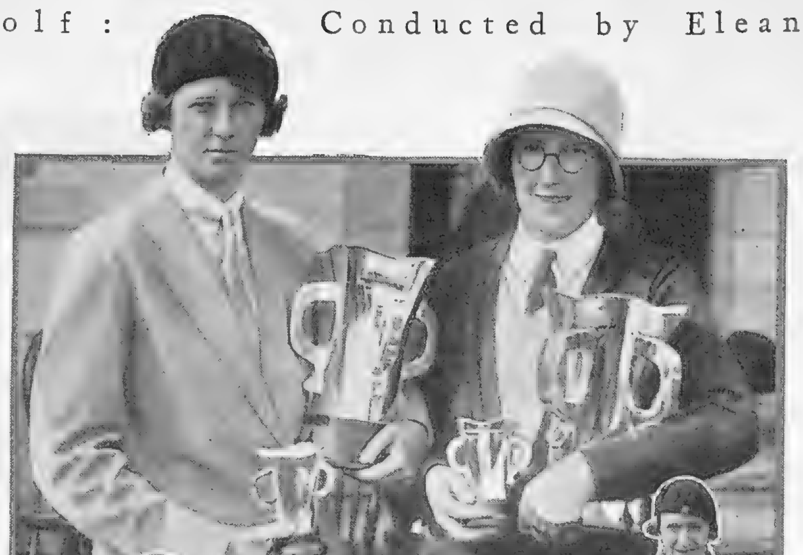
A Scottish Win in

Britannia & Eve's

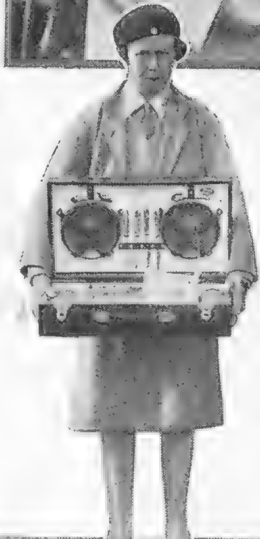
Scottish Foursomes

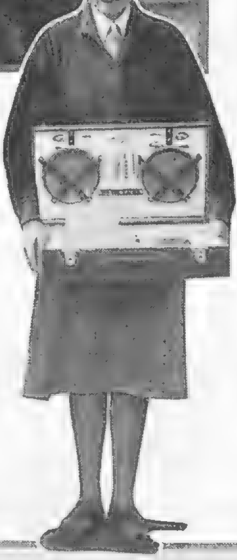
By Eleanor E. Helme

Miss Jean McCulloch, Mrs. Neilson and Mrs. Durwood at Gullane



Left:
The winners with their trophies and replicas. Miss S. A. Walker (Dunbar), on right, and Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery (St. Rule)





The runners-up with their prizes. Mrs. Hudson (left) and Miss P. Cotgrave (right)

BRITANNIA AND EVE'S Scottish Foursomes acquired a new dignity this year—not only a full entry but a waiting list, thirty-seven couples more than the limit of 128. Gullane, of course, is a popular club in a populous district, but that was not the only reason for a big entry, for couples came from far and wide, even one pair entering from Tollygunge, Calcutta. But all invaders were repulsed—not with ignominy, for there were English runners-up and one pair of English semi-finalists—but the Scottish players have always been noted for stemming invading tides, and Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery and Miss Susan Walker kept the flag flying, just as so many Scottish couples have done before them.

The defeat of Miss Enid Wilson, who played with Mrs. Hugh Percy, was achieved by another Scottish pair, Mrs. Ian Bowhill and her sister, Miss Robertson-Durham, in the fifth round, but Miss Montgomery's side did some very stout work for themselves, especially when they beat Mrs. J. B. Watson and Mrs. Ernest Hill, who only gave them three strokes, in the fourth round.

In one respect these foursomes were not up to tradition. Rain dared to fall, wind to blow, whereas "Eve weather" is supposed to be of the entirely set-fair variety. Beforehand the weather had been so bad that there was even casual water and flooded bunkers to be contended with, though the rough seemed kindly after Portmarnock's succulence, and the views over the Firth of Forth were equally beautiful in storm or shine. (*Continued on page 120*)

Left:
Miss Druitt negotiating a water-logged bunker at the 21st in the match against Miss Enid Wilson and Mrs. Hugh Percy

Below:
Miss Enid Wilson, Mrs. Hugh Percy, Miss Elspeth Cook and Miss Eileen Tweedie

Below:
Mrs. D. M. Boyd, Miss J. Stuart Gowans, Miss McK. Gunn and Mrs. G. Duff

Miss Enid Wilson wins the Open Championship

Miss Wanda Morgan (left), the runner-up, and Miss Enid Wilson, the new Open Champion

PORTMARNOCK and the Open Championship of 1931 wrote a considerable amount of golfing history. It was not only the first time that a qualifying round made life a burden, though that was memorable enough, nor that the Irish Free State had never before been visited by the Open Championship, nor even was it the atrocity of the weather nor the amazing hospitality of everybody concerned. It was the brilliance of Miss Enid Wilson.

In the first day's qualifying round, she was round Portmarnock in 75, four less than the par of the green, in weather conditions which beggar description. By following it up with 83 and so qualifying first Miss Wilson became a very suitable first holder of the Diana Fishwick Challenge Bowl. To head this list and then to win the championship too is a feat which may not be duplicated for many a long year. It is possible to say that in the match play stages she was never really pushed even when Mrs. Greenlees took her to the 17th in the semi-finals. In the final against Miss Wanda Morgan, who had beaten Miss Gourlay one up in the semi-final, Miss Wilson proceeded to push herself, playing in her own mind against a most rigorous par regardless of what Miss Morgan was doing. Miss Morgan held her nobly in the morning, so that Miss Wilson only had a lead of one at lunch time, but Miss Wilson's afternoon effort of one under fours for twelve holes, which gave her the final by 7 and 6, will stand out for all time as some of the most brilliant golf a woman has ever played in the Championship.

The "Britannia and Eve" GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (1931)

Scratch Match-play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges, September 9th, 10th and 11th. No Qualifying Round.

Open to all girls of any nationality who will be under nineteen years of age on September 8th, 1931.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Wednesday, August 26th, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below.

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch knock-out match play tournament at Stoke Poges, September 9th, 10th and 11th. Halved matches to be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, BRITANNIA AND EVE Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

The proprietors of BRITANNIA AND EVE reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 10th by players beaten in the first, second and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court who remains in the championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Mothers and chaperones of competitors playing in the championship will be eligible to compete in competitions for handicap prizes presented by BRITANNIA AND EVE, to be played at Stoke Poges on September 9th and 10th. Conditions will be posted at Stoke Poges on September 8th.

Competitors may practise free of charge on Monday, September 7th.

ACCOMMODATION

Accommodation may be had for competitors and their friends at the following addresses:

STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms 18s. per day. Apply to the Manager, Stoke Court.

STOKE POGES CLUB HOUSE. Terms 18s. per day. Apply to the Secretary, Stoke Poges Club, Slough.

BAYLIS HOUSE HOTEL, STOKE POGES LANE, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms 18s. per day, or 15s. without lunch. Apply to the Manager, Baylis House.

Early application is recommended to all of these.

ENTRANCE FORM **No Entrance Fee**

The "Eve" Girls' Open Golf Championship, Stoke Poges, September 9th, 10th and 11th.

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, BRITANNIA AND EVE, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Wednesday, August 26th.

Please enter

Miss ....

Home Address ....

....

Date and year of Birth.......................*Club, if any* ....

Telephone No. ....

The "EVE" Golf Competitions

Results of the June Monthly Medal Competition

CLASS I (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. D. Fewkes	Wollaton Park	82	18	64	74	10 below
Mrs. H. Phenix	Croham Hurst	78	11	67	76	9
Mrs. S. G. Smith	Langley Park	86	18	68	77	9 ,,
Miss W. Lee	Bramall Park	82	14	68	76	8 ,,
Miss K. Blackwell	Hesketh	83	14	69	76	7 ,,
Mrs. Feather	Prestbury and Upton	88	17	71	77	6 ,,
Miss N. Halsted	Banstead Downs	86	16	70	76	6 ,,
Miss M. Norcliffe	Bramall Park	85	15	70	76	6 ,,
Miss E. Rive	La Moye	86	18	68	73	5 ,,
Mrs. Tocher	Aberdeen	81	5	76	81	5 ,,
Mrs. A. Watson	Murcar	70	9	61	66	5 ,,
Mrs. Fraser	Ashton-on-Mersey	85	16	69	74	5 ,,
Mrs. Charlton	Bowdon	86	15	71	76	5 ,,
Mrs. G. Ross	Murcar	80	18	62	66	4 ,,
Mrs. A. Parnell	Blackheath	85	14	71	75	4 ,,
Mrs. J. Whittaker	Wigan	86	16	70	74	4 ,,
Miss R. Rooch	Brockenhurst Manor	85	13	72	76	4 ,,
Miss J. M. Kirkby	Sutton-on-Sea	85	17	68	72	4 ,,
Miss Gwen Bamber	Hesketh	86	13	73	76	3 ,,
Mrs. W. G. Tucker	Blackheath	85	13	72	75	3 ,,
Miss M. Wright	Lancaster	84	12	72	75	3 ,,
Mrs. F. Monkhouse	Oakdale	85	12	73	76	3 ,,
Miss J. Mansell	Chislehurst	85	16	69	72	3 ,,
Mrs. W. B. Wilson	Bowdon	84	11	73	76	3 ,,
Mrs. P. M. Richardson	Chislehurst	79	10	69	72	3 ,,
Mrs. Firth	Trentham	81	8	73	76	3 ,,
Mrs. L. H. Jones	Trentham	79	5	74	77	3 ,,
Miss M. J. Fletcher	Chorley	82	8	74	77	3 ,,
Miss K. McCarthy	Leamington and County	81	10	71	74	3 ,,
Mrs. Fitzgerald	Sale	78	6	72	75	3 ,,

CLASS II (Handicaps over 18)

Mrs. O. M. Nutt	Sutton-on-Sea	95	36	59	72	13 below
Mrs. H. Thorpe	Cooden Beach	87	23	64	76	12 ,,
Miss E. J. March	Boyce Hill	92	28	64	76	12 ,,
Miss S. Carter	West Bowling	93	31	62	73	11 ,,
Mrs. M. Barker	Hasel	87	22	65	76	11 ,,
Mrs. C. A. Pascall	Fulwell	94	33	61	72	11 ,,
Miss K. Fowler	Grimsby and District	98	34	64	75	11 ,,
Mrs. Cherry	Knowle Park	86	21	65	75	10 ,,
Miss J. I. Smith	Lancaster	84	19	65	75	10 ,,
Miss Nolesar	Moor Park	94	26	68	77	9 ,,
Miss A. M. Bodley	Moor Park (West Course)	99	35	64	73	9 ,,
Mrs. Harris	Alderley Edge	95	30	65	74	9 ,,
Mrs. A. Grant	Cleethorpes	99	36	63	72	9 ,,
Miss L. Forrest	Kingston Hill	94	30	64	73	9 ,,
Mrs. L. Hereford	Llandrindod Wells	96	31	65	73	8 ,,
Miss R. R. Bowie	Kirkintilloch	92	30	62	70	8 ,,
Mrs. A. J. Gray	Fairfield	100	36	64	72	8 ,,
Mrs. E. Lax	Sandmoor	103	36	67	75	8 ,,
Mrs. M. Clayton	Stockport	96	27	69	76	7 ,,
Mrs. E. H. Pike	Beeston Fields	102	36	66	73	7 ,,
Mrs. Habishaw	Bramhall	88	19	69	76	7 ,,
Mrs. D. Davies	Gerrards Cross	88	19	69	76	7 ,,
Miss P. M. Morris	Circencester	88	19	69	76	7 ,,
Miss Kevis	Shirley Park	106	36	70	77	7 ,,
Mrs. Godbey	North Oxford	97	31	66	73	7 ,,
Miss D. Malthoff	Thorpe Hall	97	30	67	74	7 ,,
Mrs. Baxter	Nuneaton	91	28	63	70	7 ,,
Mrs. B. Ashcroft	Trenton	104	36	68	75	7 ,,
Mrs. E. J. Hutchinson	Murcar	84	24	60	66	6 ,,
Mrs. M. J. Williamson	Blackheath	88	19	69	75	6 ,,

THE "EVE" CLUB COMPETITION

Langholm, who hold the Challenge Cup for the greatest number of cards, relative to their membership, returned in "Eve" spoon competitions during 1930, held two days' competitions for the prizes presented to that club by BRITANNIA AND EVE. The winners were Miss M. D. Bell (1st) and Miss N. Younger (2nd), with net scores of 151 and 157 respectively for 36 holes.

Thonock, who, as second, were also sent two prizes for competition amongst their club members, decided the award over three medal rounds under handicap. The winners were Miss H. Shadlock with the fine scores of 77 plus 68 plus 74, and Miss Clixby (77 plus 71 plus 72.)

Photographs of the Langholm and Thonock winners are on pages 120 and 112 respectively.

Leading results for June

Club.	Membership.	No. of cards.	Percentage.	Club.	Membership.	No. of cards.	Percentage.
Langholm	68	63	92·64	Whittington Barracks	182	1	1.22
Thonock	80	63	78·75	Langley Park	90	1	1·11
Ryde	67	45	67·28	Cleveland	104	2	1·00
Cowes	67	27	43·54	West Bowling	100	1	1·00
Trentham	100	13	13·00	Brocton Hall	100	1	1·00
Bowdon	46	2	4·34	Prenton	110	1	·91
Clacton-on-Sea	70	2	2·85	Walmley	120	1	·83
Chislehurst	119	3	2·55	Cooden Beach	120	1	·83
Hockley	80	2	2·50	Blackpool (North Shore)	130	1	·77
La Moye	45	1	2·22	Chorley	131	1	·76
Gay Hill	90	2	2·22	Leamington and County	131	1	·76
Prestbury and Upton	144	3	2·08	Thorpe Hall	130	1	·76
Evesham	50	1	2·00	Hesketh	140	1	·71
Oakdale	112	2	1·78	Sale	150	1	·67
Wilmslow	135	1	1·74	Baberton	150	1	·67
Alderley Edge	60	1	1·66	North Hants	150	1	·67
Ashton-on-Mersey	61	1	1·64	Wollaton Park	175	1	·57
Bramall Park	129	2	1·55	Aberdeen	180	1	·55
Nuneaton	66	1	1·51	Bramhall	190	1	·53
Beeston Fields	132	2	1·51	Frilford Heath	200	1	·50
Llandrindod Wells	68	1	1·47	Sutton-on-Sea	130	2	·50
Gerrards Cross	70	1	1·43	Birkdale	168	1	·37
Lancaster	161	2	1·24	Fulwell	300	1	·33

Positions of the leading Clubs for the Yearly Challenge Cup

	Percentage		Percentage
Langholm	55·87	Trentham	6·50
Ryde	52·37	La Moye	4·81
Thonock	43·56	Bowdon	3·98
Cowes	25·53		

SHOTS OF THE MONTH: Holes in One.

BRITANNIA AND EVE congratulates the following players on holing out in one:—

Miss Peak	Stockport Golf Course
Miss V. Young	1st hole at Cardiff
Miss Molly Beveridge	8th at Peterhead
Mrs. Mitchell	at Beeston Fields
Mrs. Forsyth	9th hole at Penwortham
Miss Hilary Jenkins	6th at Port Talbot
Mrs. H. W. Walker	11th at Mullion
Mrs. C. Stepney	9th on an Essex Course
Miss R. S. Starr	18th at Folkestone

All entries for EVE'S *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* BRITANNIA AND EVE *for the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* BRITANNIA AND EVE, **346, Strand, W.C.2.** *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"EVE" GOLF COUPON **AUGUST**

Name {*Mrs.* *Miss* ....

Address ....

....

For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of ....*of which I am a member*

Kotex comfort
lasts!
. . . dainty
at all times

Sanitary protection must offer, first of all, real and lasting comfort. Then it must be safe, secure, dainty . . . in fact all that Kotex offers.

Kotex comfort is due to a delicate, lasting softness, the softness that comes from correct absorbency. The Kotex Soluble Sanitary Pad absorbs away from the surface, it absorbs five times more than surgical cotton . . . this has been tested. Either side is equally efficient, so that Kotex can be worn without any embarrassment. No wonder millions of women prefer Kotex to any other . . . they insist on a pad that is adjusted to their needs, that deodorizes, that, above all, is easily disposable . . . they specify Kotex, even if other brands are offered that appear cheaper. Only Kotex can give Kotex protection.

Write to the Kotex nurse at Room C, 78, Salusbury Road, London, N.W. 6, for information vital to you—and a copy of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

Made in Canada

KOTEX

SPECIALLY TREATED FOR DEODORIZATION

MATERNITY FROCKS

Treasure Cot are now showing many delightful models for Summer Wear. Each Frock is fitted with a simple adjustment which can be expanded by the wearer as required.

Model M.433.
Smart Maternity Frock in many pretty designs of printed voile on light or dark backgrounds.

50/-

In printed artificial silk or printed delaine - **3 Gns.**
Plain crêpe-de-chine - **4 Gns.**
Printed crêpe-de-chine **4½ Gns.**

Customers may order by post with confidence.

THESE CATALOGUES ARE INVALUABLE TO MOTHERS & EXPECTANT MOTHERS

Choose those you require.
Sent Free in Plain Envelope.

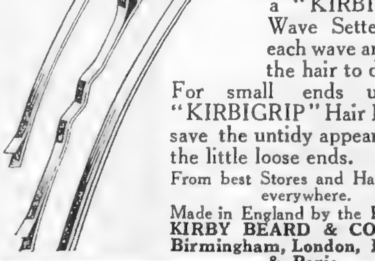
- **M—MATERNITY WEAR** (Frocks, Coats, Belts, Corsets, etc.).
- **A—EVERYTHING FOR THE EVENT** (Layettes, Cots, Baths, Baskets, Accouchement Requisites).
- **B—EVERYTHING BABY NEEDS** (from 3 months to 3 years). (Cribs, High Chairs, Play Pens, Clothes, Hats, etc.).
- **D—EVERYTHING CHILDREN NEED** (3 to about 12 years).
- **P—BABY CARRIAGES** (Pram Rugs, Sun Canopies, etc.).
- **X—CHILPRUFE FOR CHILDREN.**

Agents for Harringtons Squares.

TREASURE COT
COMPANY, LIMITED
(Telephone: Gerrard 4951)
Specialists in Everything for Mothers, Babies & Children
(Dept. S.V.19), 103, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1.
(Nearly opposite Bourne and Hollingsworth's.)

Flynn's

A EUGENE WAVE



"KIRBIGRIP"
WAVE SETTERS & HAIRPINS

will keep your waves set. After your shampoo just place a "KIRBIGRIP" Wave Setter along each wave and allow the hair to dry.

For small ends use the "KIRBIGRIP" Hair Pins and save the untidy appearance of the little loose ends.

From best Stores and Hairdressers everywhere.

Made in England by the Patentees,
KIRBY BEARD & CO., LTD.,
Birmingham, London, Redditch & Paris.

Cheap Day

(Continued from page 67.)

"Hullo, darling."

"Hullo, darling—*aren't* we both punctual? I got a lift from somebody at the Rivers' party."

Really Veronica looked wonderful. Clever of her, on so little.

"What will you have, V.? A Martini?"

"Just orange-juice, please."

"How healthy!" said Joan. "All right, I'll do the same. I got here early because Tom let me have the Rolls. I *did* want you to see her, V. She's so lovely."

"Who? Oh, the Rolls. I say, Joan, Tom's doing pretty well, isn't he?"

"Oh—we rub along."

"Rubbing along," Veronica reflected, was a pastime mysteriously peculiar to people with incomes who were afraid you wanted to borrow.

They drank their orange-juice.

"I say, Joan, you know Lennard Seidler, don't you? I really think he must be mad. I met him this afternoon at Susie's wedding and I wanted him to drive me on to the Rivers'. Do you know what he did? He was rather tight, I suppose. He asked me to let him off for a pound!"

"Crazy," said Joan, drinking orange-juice. "And rather rude."

"No, no, he was just in a hurry. That was all. But it seemed to me such a poor proposition economically."

"You didn't take it, of course."

"Good God, no," said Veronica. "But it was definitely a temptation."

"*Darling*——"

"I mean it, Joan. In my walk of life—not yours, darling, I know—but in my walk of life a pound always will be a temptation."

"Shall we go in to dinner?" Joan asked hurriedly.

As Veronica walked behind her into the white-panelled grillroom she saw with enormous pleasure that Joan had a hole in the heel of her stocking.

"I haven't too long, Joan," she said over the menu. "My train leaves at eight-twenty."

"Can't you get a later one?"

"Not a good one, no, with my cheap ticket. You see——"

"Oysters, I think," Joan cried. "And Bortsch. And then *canard à la presse* with orange salad. And we must have some burgundy."

Really it was going to be very expensive entertaining Veronica, if one had to rush out one's order every time to stop her saying again how hard-up she was. She had ordered exactly what Tom would have ordered. Before she was married the meals she had shared with Veronica had been "Dutch"; now, without a word on either side, there persisted the tacit understanding that she paid. Oh, well, she could afford it. But it would be good for V. to pay just once.

"I MUST go, Joan. It's after eight. But there was just one thing I wanted to ask you——"

"Oh, we'll have the bill. Waiter, the bill, please."

"*The* bill," Veronica thought. "Not *your* bill? *We'll* have the bill? Of all the utter stinginess!"

The waiter brought the bill. Why was Joan pushing the plate towards her like this?

"Two-seven-six," said Joan. "That's one-three-nine each. And well worth it."

Just for a moment Veronica appreciated the impulse of a murderer. Only there wasn't a knife left on the table—just their two coffee-cups and spoons.

Even if this finished all hopes of the thirty pounds it would be worth doing. She powdered her face carefully and pushed her hat at a better angle from her forehead.

"Sorry, Joan, I don't dine Dutch with wives of millionaires," she said.

"Really, V.——"

"You are even meaner than your husband," pursued Veronica. "And that's saying something. Why, if I were you in your position I could have the most marvellous time helping all my old friends. I'd be ashamed to sit smugly in my fox fur suggesting that somebody younger and poorer than myself shared the bill. I must admit I'm disgusted with you, Joan, and now I am going."

Joan's face was all egg-like with surprise. Secure on the wings of her anger, Veronica rose and ran from the restaurant, up the small dark flight of stairs and out on to the Haymarket pavement. The clock at the top of the street said fourteen minutes past eight. Only six minutes to catch the 8.20! "Taxi!" cried Veronica.

The commissionaire slammed the door on the hem of her coat; she jerked at it and fell sideways into the corner of the seat. Six minutes. Must do it. Marvellous dinner! Thank goodness she had said that to Joan. Dutch, indeed! Oh, another block! Must do it. Funny day, really—the bank and Lennard and the wedding and Joan. Probably Joan wouldn't speak to her again. Never mind. A cheap day, too—Lennard's pound had paid her fare and lunch. Dear old Lennard! She would write to him about the thirty. Oh, but she *couldn't* lose this train! Hurry—hurry—hurry! Swirling round corners like a mad thing, brakes jarring, windows rattling—bravo, taxi-driver! she would do it yet. Curse the policeman whose arm held them back! Curse him—take that arm *down*! Don't you understand? It's the last train I can get on this ticket. The *last* train!

Two minutes gone—three—four—and now they were halted on the flank of a traffic jam outside the station, buses and cabs and cars bulging out into Grosvenor Square. Better run for it—no, they were moving—here, thank goodness—now, close to the pavement—standing up with the door opened, ready to jump. A shilling on the meter. She opened her purse. There, alone and aloof, folded neatly about one last sixpence, lay Lennard's pound note. Hell! she would have to ask for change. And there were only two minutes. Where had the rest of the silver gone? Two bob for the taxi to the Rivers', one-and-six for a carnation to put in her coat—there *must* be more than that left. Nothing.

"Change for a pound, *quick*!" There was Milroy Smith cutting it every bit as fine, jumping like a stag and running across the pavement.

"Sorry, lady—no change. I've got twopence on me."

One minute only. A barricade of porters and luggage. Lennard's pound. Suddenly recklessness seized her. "After all," she thought gravely, "I am not the kind who takes money from men." It would be tidier. She was mad. She *must* catch that train. This was ghastly. This was rather fun. "Here you are, then," she said. "And it's the biggest tip you'll ever get. But I've had a cheap day."

She did not see his face or hear him say "Gawd!" She had turned and was running madly towards the platform where the eight-twenty waited. Rather fun. Silly—but fun. It was a gesture. Out of my way, you lout! She was through the barrier and on to the platform. Now could she find Milroy Smith? The guard blew his whistle. Not here. Not here. She stopped suddenly at the door of a first class carriage and wrenched it open as the train began to move.

"Good evening, Veronica Shaw. You're even later than I am. Aren't these cheap fares a nuisance?"

"I'm sorry, Milroy, you will have to pay my excess. I've sixpence in the world. I gave my last pound to my taxi-driver. He'd no change. So afraid of missing it." She sank panting on to the comfortable green cushions.

The thin, discerning face of Milroy Smith curved with a smile.

"Oh, foolish woman! Still, I suppose you can afford it."

"*Afford it?*" Heaven-sent opportunity! Now, *perhaps* . . . who knew? At least they had an hour's journey before them—an hour's tête-à-tête. There was no need for her to broach the subject just yet.

END

BY APPOINTMENT
COLOGNE
4711
4711
Powder

Cool and fit from tee to tea . . . . .

A thrilling afternoon, a round strenuously fought . . . and no regrets. Thanks to the fragrant stimulus of "4711" you are as fresh and cool at Tea as you were on the first Tee. A touch of this excellent and genuine Eau de Cologne in the palms of the hands when you start out and a few drops on your handkerchief, will keep you alert, cool and keen throughout the round.

Sportswomen appreciate the stimulating qualities of genuine "4711"—they know how wonderfully soothing it is as a gentle massage to tired muscles, how refreshing in the foot bath, how effectively it acts as a tonic to skin and nerves.

The well-known Blue and Gold Label identifies the full range of dainty "4711" Eau de Cologne Toiletries as well as a delightful series of other fragrant Beauty Preparations of "4711" repute.

"4711" Eau de Cologne	"4711" Eau de Cologne Face Powder
In various sizes from the small watch shape for the handbag at 2/6 to the large wicker bottle at 52/6. Plain or sprinkler top.	*In twelve shades exactly graded for every complexion Price per box* 1/-

No 4711

Genuine Eau de Cologne

Blue & Gold Label

Gar: E.C. 4b

HOTELS.

ANTWERP—HOTEL DE LONDRES

THE MOST MODERN AND THE BEST CLIENTELE.

LE TOUQUET—HOTEL BRISTOL

(British)

Near Sea. Lift. 100 Rooms, 50 Bathrooms. No Taxes. Greatly reduced inclusive rates.

Shelley CHINA

THE FASHIONABLE CHINA

Write for a Copy of the Silver Book with coloured Illustrations to SHELLEY POTTERIES LTD., DEPT. "B," LONGTON, STAFFS.

A Woman of Parts

(*Continued from page 20*)

reading-lamp in a distant corner. . . Charles dead.

Never to annoy her by his innumerable irritating tricks—like that "dut" of tongue on the backs of his front teeth when he disapproved, that bringing together of his finger-tips as he delivered judgment.

Lynette lying there realised how trivial and petty the causes of their scenes had been.

Busts-up appeared with a tray.

"Just a morsel, ma'am—for baby's sake," coaxed Busts-up. "Just one drop to keep your strength up."

Lynette longed to scream.

When Osbert Burritt called, the footman showed him into the dining-room and reported to Mrs. Rouse. Busts-up, knowing that Mr. Burritt and her master had been friends, welcomed the opportunity of putting all further responsibility for her mistress on to his shoulders. But she had been scarcely two minutes in the dining-room before the rest of the listening household heard her hurrying upstairs.

"Ma'am." ejaculated Busts-up at the drawing-room door, "'e's saved! The master. Picked up. A motor yacht. Landed somewhere in Scotland late last night. Some outlandish place. The news had only just come through. Mr. Burritt 'as called an'——"

Osbert appeared behind her.

"Thanks, Mrs. Rouse," said he, smiling. "Let me break the happy news. It's been known an hour at least. I got it on the tape at the club."

Lynette stood up. The door was shut behind Mrs. Rouse.

"I was heart-broken when you didn't turn up," said Osbert, looking intensely melancholy. "Then I heard and, of course, I understood. You were perfectly right—but then, you always are. To have gone away then would have been unthinkable. I'm not pretending I thought so at the time. I was furious. I saw red. I thought I'd lost you, and losing you means——"

He took a step towards her, but Lynette shook her head and said sharply:

"No closer, please. If all this has done nothing else it's taught me two things. And one's to see through *you*. Heartbroken, were you? You saw red, did you? What other lies have you come here to tell me?"

She went to the door and held it open.

"You'd better go," she said, staring at him. "If you're wise you'll never come back. If you do I'll tell Charles everything—everything. Even if it means his suspecting me of what's never happened—hating me, leaving me—whatever it means, I'll tell him exactly the kind of friend you've been. A swine you've been—a low-down swine, and I hate you and hate myself for ever having been such a blind fool as to think I cared a rap for you. You're too unworthy for Charles to—to kick!"

"Lynette, you must be mad!"

A sound on the landing made her turn her head. Charles stood there, staring at her.

"Charlie!" she whispered and at a movement of his arms ran to him.

"We landed in Sutherlandshire and motored to Tongue, where I luckily got a lift in an aeroplane," he said very swiftly, as her arms shot round his neck.

Over her bent head she heard him say:

"I'll see you to-morrow, Burritt. For the moment you're safe—if you get out fast enough."

Osbert wisely left the house and England and postponed to-morrow by insisting upon Nicol starting for Santander that same night.

"I *did* suspect the fellow," confessed Charles, having led Lynette back into the drawing-room. "I was swine enough to—to wonder about you. Lynette, it's been worth it all—even that ghastly swim alone in the fog and the icy water—utterly despairing I was—to hear you tell that cur off. I—I've never been happier in my life."

There were tears in the eyes of Busts-up that night as Lynette and Charles stood, hand in hand, smiling down on the sleeping baby.

END

Britannia & Eve's

Scottish Foursomes at Gullane

(*Continued from page 116*)

Miss Montgomery was runner-up in the first EVE Foursomes that were played, which was at Turnberry in 1924, when she was partnered by Mrs. John Auld, and won the Scottish Championship the following week. Since 1929 Miss Walker has been her partner, and "third time lucky" has certainly proved true. Naturally, as the lower handicap, Miss Montgomery bore the brunt of the fighting, but Miss Walker had many inspired moments, notably out of bunkers and on the green.

Miss Enid Wilson never quite found her best game. It was too much to expect that anybody should go straight on after winning the Open Championship to keep up outstanding form all through the next week, and when they went out they were giving five to Mrs. Bowhill and Miss Robertson-Durham, who know Gullane from A to Z and back again. That same pair, however, were beaten by Mrs. Hudson and Miss Cotgrave, who were one of the surprises of the meeting. They started life on the waiting list.

They narrowly escaped defeat in the first round from the original holders of the Scottish Cups, Miss Irvine and Miss Robertson, whom they beat at the 20th hole, but after that went steadily on until they arrived in the final. Miss Cotgrave, of course, won the Spring Medal Foursomes this year with Miss Rudgard to partner her. It was a very different proposition playing with Mrs. Hudson, who is just as short as Miss Rudgard is long, and has only been at the game a year. But Miss Cotgrave is a first-rate foursome player. It should be remembered that she and Miss Hartill won the Autumn Foursomes in 1924, and she certainly both captained the side and played her own shots supremely well at Gullane, and Mrs. Hudson was steadiness itself. In the final nothing was certain until the last hole, the English pair, who were receiving five strokes, were one up after the 16th, and only beaten on the last green. The Scottish pair kept their heads down and their courage up in a way which was above praise.

Britannia & Eve Day at Langholm

Players and officials of the Langholm Club, winners of the Challenge Cup for the year's average in our Club Competition. The winners of the prizes presented by "Britannia & Eve" are Miss M. D. Bell and Miss M. Younger.

"Britannia & Eve's"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES (10th YEAR)

Ranelagh, October 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, 1931

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES (7th YEAR)

Roehampton, October 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th, 1931

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.
ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Friday, September 11th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by post card. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 12th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

Vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list.

Reduction of handicap should be notified at once to Miss Helme.

Pairs who have reached any BRITANNIA AND EVE Foursomes final during 1930 or 1931, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, be put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Both Foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅜ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss Helme of the change.*

The Directors of BRITANNIA AND EVE reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1931 — No entrance fee

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, BRITANNIA AND EVE Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Friday, September 11th.

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES—
Ranelagh, October 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th
ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES—
Roehampton, October 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th
(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ....*of*..............................*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap..............................

Home Address..............................*Telephone No*..............

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* ....*of*..............................*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap..............................

Home Address..............................*Telephone No*..............

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

Woollands

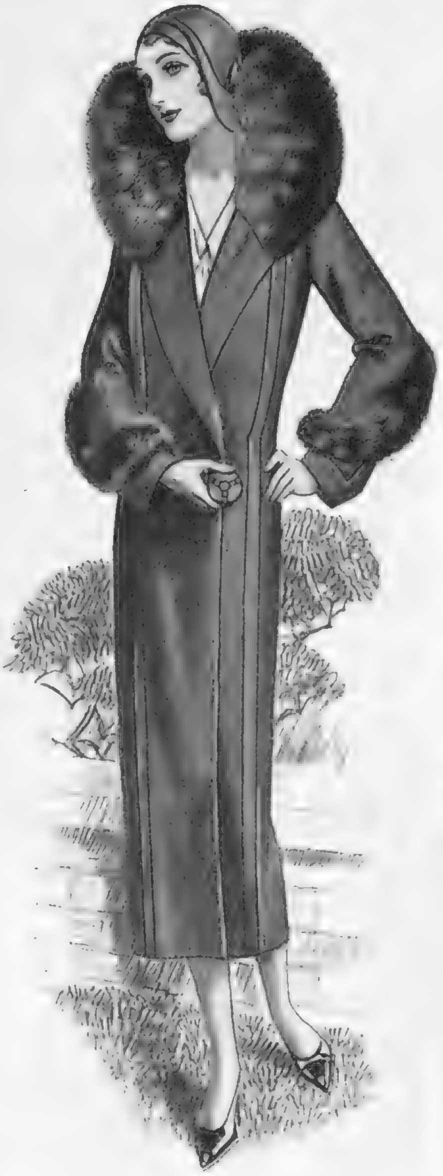
KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

Display of Early Autumn Fashions in all departments TO-DAY & DAILY including the best selections of

Tweeds for the North

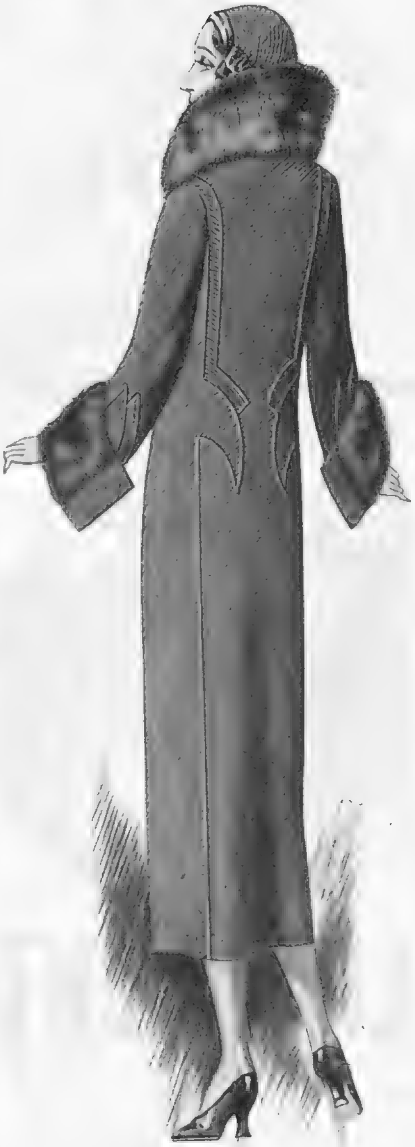
and

Hats for the Moors



N.14.—A practical **Coat** for autumn wear in diagonal velour. The large, handsome collar and cuffs are of brown hair seal. In brown, fawn, black, and navy. Medium and large sizes.

PRICE 7½ Gns.



N.12.—For medium and large figures. The perfect, new, self-mixture **Tweed Coat,** correctly designed for giving the slender line to large figures. The large collar and cuffs are of good quality musquash. In brown, fawn, blue, and grey.

PRICE 9½ Gns.

SPORTS HOSE

Ladies' fancy Balbriggan wool **Sports Hose** in fashionable colours. All sizes. **Price 6/11.** Also fancy "Celfect" cotton **Hose,** in a large range of fashionable colours. All sizes. **Price 4/11.** *(British.)*

SPORTS COATS

T.127.—**Suede Coat,** made from soft, reliable skins, well tailored, in a good range of colours. Waist length. **Price 5 Gns.**

SPORTS WAISTCOATS

T.108.—Smart cut **Sleeveless Waistcoat,** in all-suede, lined art. silk in a good range of colours. **Price 59/6**

WOOLLAND BROS. LTD. *KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1*

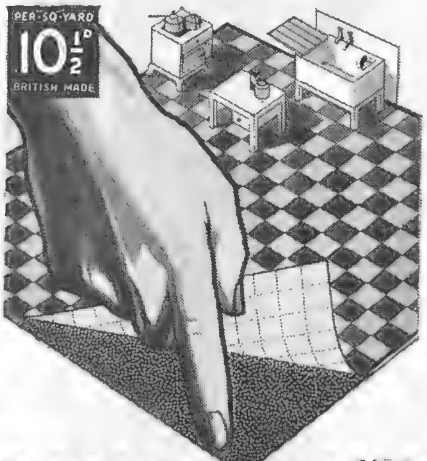
Delicious Fruit Pudding

Stewed fruit is all very well in its way, but a fruit pudding—ah! that's different! Sweet, tender, suet crust, steeped in the rich juice of fresh fruit—appetising, nourishing, satisfying. And the pudding is no trouble to make, thanks to "Atora," the good Beef Suet. Just pour from the packet into the flour, that's all.

Hugon's
'ATORA'
The Good BEEF SUET

Sold in 1-lb., ½-lb., ¼-lb. and small packets.
Send postcard for our free Recipe Booklet.
HUGON & CO., Ltd., 156 Openshaw, Manchester.
401 The Originators of Refined Beef Suet.

SHREDDED BEEF SUET
HUGON'S
ATORA



LINOVENT
• THE PERFECT UNDERLAY

THERE'S LINOVENT under the floorcoverings and no water can get through.
It acts as a "cushion," preventing boardmarks and giving a luxurious soft tread.
Put Linovent under your existing floorcoverings *NOW* and enjoy the amazing difference.
Supplied by all Furnishing Houses, Stores, etc.

IT'S WATERPROOF
• *Write for a Free Sample.*
ENGERT & ROLFE, Ltd.
(Dept. No. 3), POPLAR, LONDON, E.14
M.C.I

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE
RED, WHITE & BLUE
For BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER
In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE

HALFORD'S CURRY POWDER
MAKES DELIGHTFUL & DIGESTIBLE DISHES.

CORNS

SOFT CORNS
CALLOUSES
BUNIONS

For instant, assured relief from pain -apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads!

These world-famous, medicated, healing pads remove corns by removing their cause - shoe pressure. Safe, antiseptic, waferthin and waterproof. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are easily applied and adhere firmly. Sizes for Hard and Soft Corns, Callouses and Bunions.
Price, per packet, 1/3

Call or write for free sample and Booklet on "Care of the Feet"—Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service, 93 Regent Street, London, W. 1.
(Depots and Agents throughout the Country.)

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

The Snake Charmers

(*Continued from page* 69)

like a rope, its body writhing and striking back at him as a whip. Then, quite suddenly, he was sitting in the middle of the circle, the snake hanging from his tongue. He tore it off, and pushed it into its bag, snatched two more snakes from another bag and put them under the burnous of the boy, who shut his eyes and lay prone on the earth.

"That is to warm them," Achmed whispered to us. "They are snakes from the Sahara, frozen here, and can do nothing till they are warmed."

The boy lay perfectly still; he might have been dead. The drums throbbed violently deeply, monotonously, and the snake charmer watched intently till the head of a snake appeared at the neck of the boy's burnous. Then the man snatched it away and began to dance again, winding it round his own neck, holding its head in his mouth, spitting at it to rouse it. He rushed round the circle, looking at the boy. It was some time before the second snake crawled from the lad's cloak. He snatched it at once, thrust its body down his own open shirt, and rushed round and round, holding the two snakes by their heads close in front of his face. He worked himself into a kind of mad frenzy; his red head handkerchief came loose, and his coarse black hair streamed in the wind as he rushed about. The snakes flicked at him with their long forked tongues. Then suddenly he stood perfectly still, and shut his eyes. The snakes struck at once. In an instant they were hanging from his eyelids. He took his hands from them, and they hung there, lashing at him like whips. For quite two moments he stood still with the snakes fixed to his eyelids, then he tore them off, grasping them just under their heads, and the boy put them into bags and proceeded to go round with his shell.

"Is it over?" we asked Achmed.

"I think he *may* do his famous trick. Would you like to see it?" And he nodded to the snake charmer as we assented.

THE music began again, with a soft thrum, very hypnotic, very insistent. The fourth bag was placed close to the brazier and then opened by the man, who took three much smaller snakes out of it. The charmer took all snakes in one hand, and began to walk round the circle. He separated one snake from the other two, holding it close to his face, and the others at arm's length away. The snake bit his tongue till it bled, and the man began to run round so quickly that one could scarcely follow him. Suddenly, with a loud cry, he put the snake's head in his mouth, bit it off, spitting it out, and pausing for a second near the brazier. The boy gave him a live coal in a pair of tongs. He rolled it about in his mouth, then spat it out and resumed his dance. The music became wilder, the man more excited. He bit off the head of the second snake, cleansing his mouth afterwards with another red hot coal.

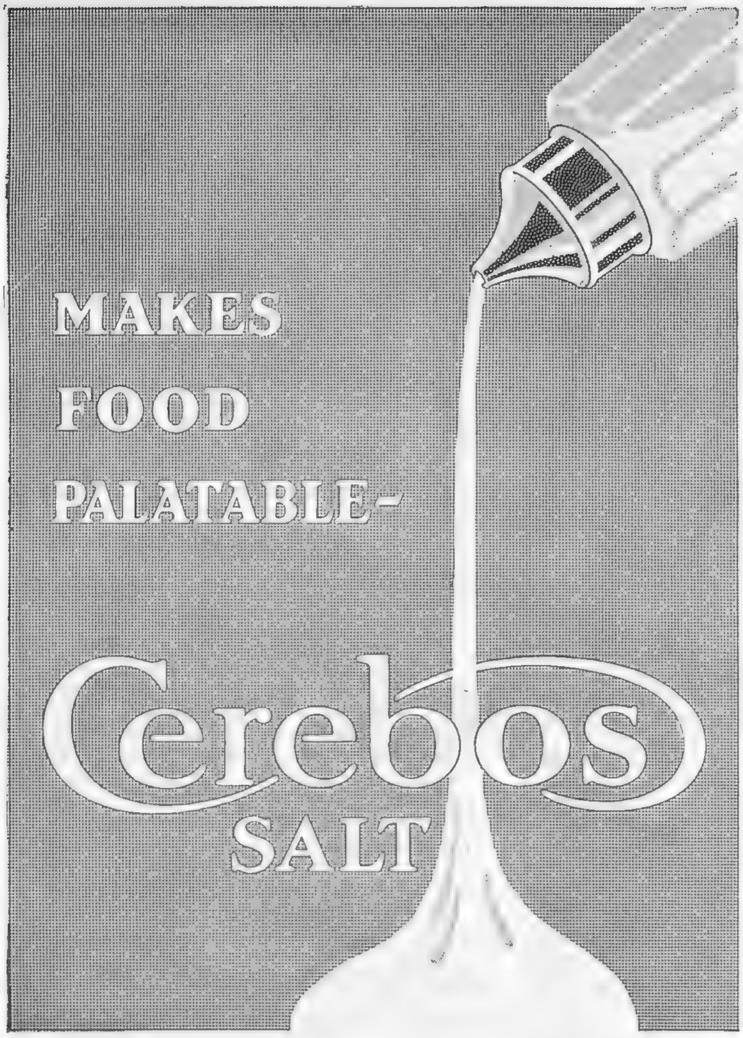
The man was tearing round in a perfect frenzy by this time; the snake writhed in his hands, trying to escape. He threw it again and again into the air, caught it, let it attach itself to his cheeks, his lips, his eyelids; finally he threw it very high up and caught it in his mouth, and we all watched the disappearance of that snake down his open throat.

Immediately he sank down on the ground, and the boy laid his burnous over him. . . . There was breathless excitement for a couple of minutes, when the boy pulled the burnous off again. The man was apparently asleep, breathing quite quietly, and there was no sign of the snake. After the burnous had been off him a few moments he woke up, warmed his hands at the brazier and shook out his clothes to show no snake was there.

"What happened to it?" we asked.

But Achmed shook his head. "Even I—his friend—do not know what he does with the third snake. He will not tell me."

END



East Coast Types

No. 5 The Deck-chair Man

NORFOLK

CROMER

with its lofty cliffs and fine sands attracts increasing numbers yearly. There is all that is newest and best in tennis court construction and the noted Royal Cromer Golf links.

SHERINGHAM

shares with Cromer the advantages of the coast's cliff-line and firm sands. Popular for family parties. Golf course commanding a fine view of the coast.

HUNSTANTON

an up-to-date resort on the top of a great chalk cliff which provides an attractive promenade. Two first class golf courses. Sandringham Hotel owned by the L N E R.

MUNDESLEY

a quiet resort with a sandy beach and an eighteen-hole golf course.

Free Book "**EASTERN COUNTIES,**" from L N E R Stations, Offices and Agencies, or from Passenger Manager, L N E R, Liverpool Street Stn., E.C.2; York, or Waverley Stn., Edinburgh, or Traffic Supt., L N E R, Aberdeen.

TRAVEL CHEAPLY BY L·N·E·R TO THE DRIER SIDE

"Oh sweetness of content!"

· Granville ·

PLAYER'S

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

With or Without
Cork Tips

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

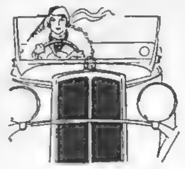
N.C.C.27.

FEAR AND DREAD . . .
gone for always

Time was when personal hygiene was a matter of chance . . . with the possibility of accidents and embarrassments ever present.

But to the woman who uses SU-CAN, fear and dread are a thing of the past. She goes through the day in confidence and security . . . wears just what she likes . . . the sheerest of frocks, the filmiest of gowns. She plays tennis, golf, rides, motors, dances . . . in fact, pursues her usual round with little or no inconvenience.

SU-CAN, the all-British soluble hygiene, is softer, more comfortable and more effective. Patent loops hold it securely in position, while the Waterproof back—a unique SU-CAN feature—enables you to wear the towel twice as long.



If you value comfort and security — never travel without SU-CAN. Holidays and week-ends, too, are times when you appreciate this purest-of-all hygiene. Remember —you have no disposal problem to worry about with SU-CAN.

PRICES, in cartons of twelve, 11d., 1/2, 1/6 and 2/-. Also in 6d. packets containing 6—11d. size, 5—1/2 size and 4—1/6 size. Unlooped SU-CAN, in cartons of twelve, 1/-.

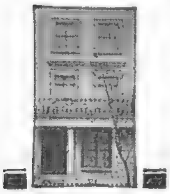
SU-CAN
SOLUBLE TOWELS

PLEASE WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE TOWEL TO MISS V. S. HAYNES, 168 OLD STREET, LONDON . . . E.C.1

HAIRS *Superfluous Hair*

Not a Depilatory

Not Electrolysis



Can you look your best with a growth of Hair? Or feel your best? CONSULT HELEN LAWRENCE.

My method is perfect, it is painless, harmless, and permanent in its effect. At first Treatment, all hairs are removed—a definite cure started. If you cannot call I will send you the Home Treatment, with instructions and advice.

Home Treatment	12/6
Post and Packing for abroad extra	2/6
Personal Treatment at Kensington	10/6
Trial Size	2/-

Hours 10—5. *Saturdays* 10—1.
Telephone: *Western* 4518.

Helen Lawrence
81, EARLS COURT RD.
Kensington, LONDON, W.8

NAIL-BITING CURED

Free yourself (or a child) of this objectionable health-endangering habit. Send stamp for free particulars posted under plain cover.
Filtex Treatment (B.E.), 205, Park Road, London, N.8.

Our Literary *Competition* Circle

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of The Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These Competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry) which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 346, *Strand, W.C.*2.

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED AND TWELFTH SERIES.

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than the first post Saturday, August* 15*th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best sonnet.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best triolet concerning a fair bather.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—August 15

HUNDRED AND THIRTEENTH SERIES.

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than the first post, Saturday, August* 29*th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short story.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best verse of four lines only.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—August 29

Results of 106*th Series.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

Awarded to "Una."

Hon. mention:—B. Gibbs, Elsa Brabant Parker, "J. A. B.," Gertrude Pitt, Ruth Dobson, Edith M. Walker, Nancy Pollok, Marjorie Crosbie, "A. C. S.," J. H. G. Gibbs, D. Gathorne Binney, "S. C. S.," Ena D. Reynolds, Mabel Asher, Kitty Gallagher, Blanche Jones, May W. Harrison, A. M. Waters, F. A. Edinborough, Doris Seth-Smith, G. G.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best verse in which the last words of the lines are: "came," "name," "feast," "least," "cared," "shared," "send," "end."

Awarded to "A. C. S."

Hon. mention:—"Hannah May," Nettie Cole, B. Paul, B. Porter, H. Broadberry Seaman, Ena D. Reynolds, M. Scott Morris, F. A. Edinborough, "J. A. B.," "Anne da Rua," E. Sefi, Mabel Asher, May Belben, B. Gibbs, H. M. Hancock, "Miri," E. Heaver, A. M. Waters.

Results of 107*th Series*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

Awarded to May W. Harrison.

Hon. mention.—Effie Dundas, M. E. Young, "A. C. S.," H. Broadberry Seaman, Mabel Asher, Catherine Lawrence, Avril Reynolds, Ruth Dobson, G. M. Hudson, Marjorie Crosbie, May Belben, F. Peel, S. C. Straker, Irene Doxford, J. E. Boyd, Blanche Jones, "Miri," Lettie Cole, Gertrude Pitt, B. Richardson, Ena D. Reynolds, F. A. Edinborough, D. Gathorne Binney.

The winning entry:

GREEN LEAVES.

Dear God, as I have loved on earth Thy stately trees
With rugged trunks and sheltering leaves
Where oft a bird in Springtime weaves
Her nest; fair trees, which on the gleaming emerald sward
Mosaics lay of light and shade; and have adored
Thy daisied fields, Thy waving mead;—
All precious books to him who reads
The Beauty which in Nature dwells—the verdant moss,
The countless shapes of fair green leaves, more than the dross
Of worldly pomp, so let me know
That in Thy Heaven, as here below,
Thou growest flowers, green leaves, and stately trees.

MAY W. HARRISON.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best short story.

Awarded to S. C. Straker.

Hon. mention:—Mary Mack, Trixie Ford, Avril Reynolds, B. Paul, Lettie Cole, G. M. Hudson, Gordon Morris, Joan Tarrant, E. M. Kerr.

Books

(*Continued from page* 51)

fully, completely and at once. They are perfect exhibition pieces, which means that they possess certain triumphant virtues and lack certain other virtues not always easy to define. Mr. Garnett's novel is (in the sense in which I have used the expression) an exhibition piece. It is something on no account to be missed. It will stand comparison with everything else in sight.

IT is claimed for Leonid Leonov, author of *The Thief* (Secker, 7s. 6d.), that he recalls Dostoievsky, but he seems to me to resemble the master only in the length of his story. It is a very long novel dealing with the underworld of Moscow; it should be moving or at least lurid, but it is on the whole merely rather dull. For this the translator perhaps deserves some of the blame. He never succeeds in making us forget for an instant that we are reading a translation. A certain stiffness of language also mars *Who Goes Home?* (Benn, 7s. 6d.), a novel by the well-known Parliamentary Lobby correspondent, Mr. A. P. Nicholson. This story of the most influential set in town is planned on a big scale. Perhaps life in that set is unreal. Mr. Nicholson never quite manages to make it sound true. Miss Sackville-West, employing her irreverent pencil in caricature, shows the great world to be ridiculous; and this, though amusing, is probably not quite true either. Mr. Belloc, in many novels, has attacked the Great Ones with a ferocity that draws sympathy to his victims. If Stendhal had not done the thing perfectly, one would wonder whether it were possible.

END

Let "RANEE" *read your character from your* Handwriting

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting: (2) your name and address in full: (3) the day and month of your birth: (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

CARRY ON!

Don't be a martyr to headaches and other pains during your difficult days. Relieve the pain with Genasprin, the *safe* brand of aspirin, which is prescribed for women by doctors all over the world. Genasprin works quickly, surely, safely—and leaves no after-effects whatever.

AT THE SEASIDE. *"I find Genasprin tablets excellent for banishing headaches especially at the seaside or change of air, also for Neuralgia and Nerve Pains," writes Mrs. Barton.*

MIDDLE AGE. *Mrs. Burnham writes "I have derived much benefit from Genasprin Tablets during middle age for Headaches, Nerve pains and loss of sleep."*

GENASPRIN

Brings Quick and Certain Relief in

SLEEPLESSNESS
RHEUMATISM
FEVERISHNESS
INFLUENZA
NERVINESS
HEADACHE
COLDS & CHILLS
NEURALGIA
TOOTHACHE
WOMEN'S PAINS

Bottles of 35 PURE Tablets 2/- From all Chemists

The SAFE Brand of Aspirin

Good health

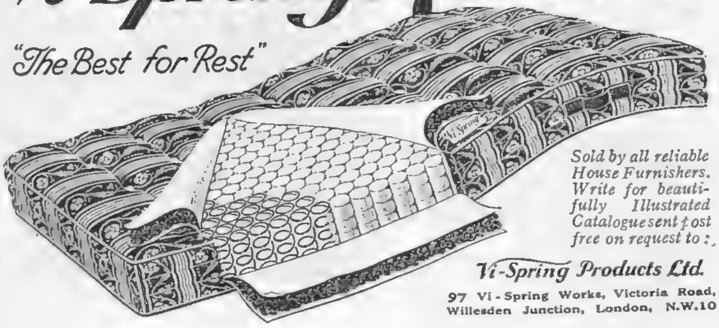
It's largely a question of how well you sleep

You'll sleep more restfully and healthfully on a "Vi-Spring." Cushioned in its luxurious comfort you lie in perfect relaxation, enjoying sleep which thoroughly rests the mind and body and fits you for the exertions of the day before you.

Year in, year out, the Vi-Spring Overlay Mattress gives unvarying comfort. Its hundreds of small springs never lose their soft resiliency. When purchasing look for the registered name "Vi-Spring," and be sure you get "The Best for Rest" Mattress.

Vi-Spring Mattress

"The Best for Rest"



Sold by all reliable House Furnishers. Write for beautifully Illustrated Catalogue sent post free on request to :

Vi-Spring Products Ltd.
97 Vi-Spring Works, Victoria Road,
Willesden Junction, London, N.W.10

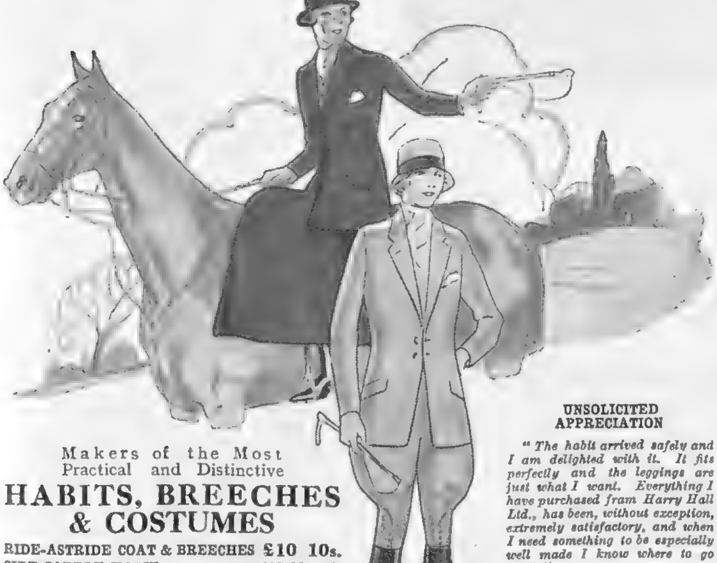
Highest Awards:
12 Gold Medals

Established over
35 years

HARRY HALL LTD

Governing Director, HARRY HALL

"THE" Riding Habit, Breeches & Costume Specialists



Makers of the Most Practical and Distinctive

HABITS, BREECHES & COSTUMES

RIDE-ASTRIDE COAT & BREECHES	£10 10s.
SIDE SADDLE HABIT - -	£12 12s. 0d.
RIDING BREECHES - - -	£2 2s. 0d.
JODHPURES - - - -	£2 10s. 0d.

All riding Accessories, including Riding Hats, Boots, Shirts, Gloves, etc.

Special Quotations for Juveniles.

Town and Country Costumes and Coats from £6 6s.0d.

"HALLZONE" CLOTHES are distinctively Tailored from Finest Quality Materials, are of irreproachable Cut, Fit and Style, and of unequalled Value.

UNSOLICITED APPRECIATION

"The habit arrived safely and I am delighted with it. It fits perfectly and the leggings are just what I want. Everything I have purchased from Harry Hall Ltd., has been, without exception, extremely satisfactory, and when I need something to be especially well made I know where to go or it."

Miss E.M.O.

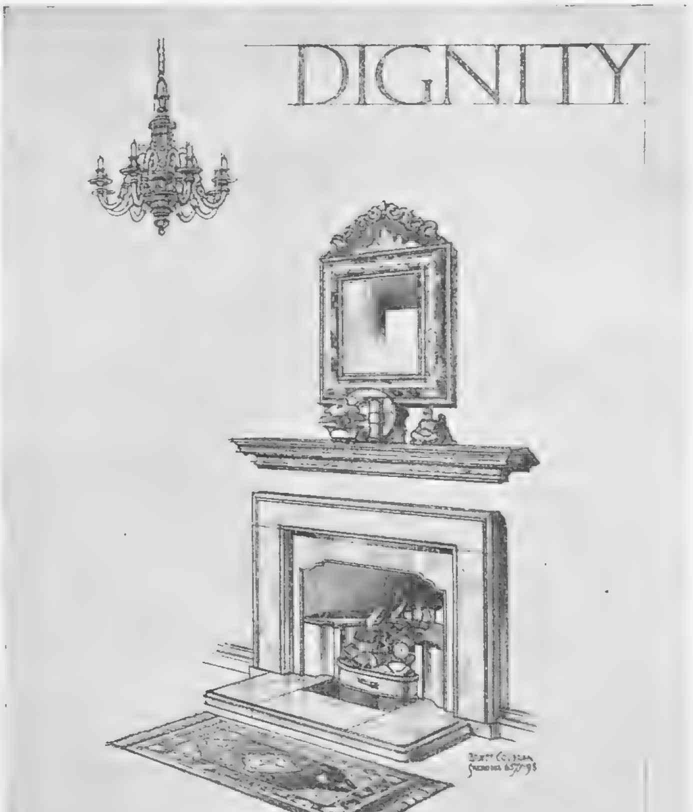
Patterns and Simple Self-Measurement Form—Post Free.

VISITORS to LONDON CAN ORDER and FIT SAME DAY or leave Record Measures.

LADIES' SALON 181, OXFORD ST., W.1 *(Near Oxford Circus Tube)*

Gentlemen's Departments (For CIVIL, SPORTING and HUNTING WEAR) 181, OXFORD ST., W.1 149, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2

Overcoats and Suits from 6 Gns. Dinner Suits from 8 Gns. Plus 4 Suits from 6 Gns.



DIGNITY

THE "HEAPED" FIRE

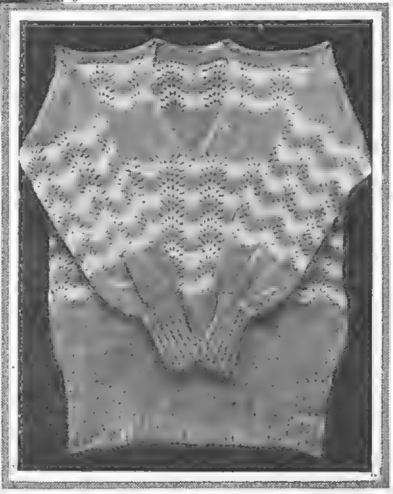
BRATT COLBRAN & COMPANY & THE HEAPED FIRE COMPANY LIMITED
10 MORTIMER STREET LONDON W.1

The Children's Salon *and Competition Circles*

Conducted by "LEVANA"

Marking the Tennis Court! A snap from Cairo sent in by Pamela Searight, M.C.S. 3189, and awarded an hon. mention

Saloners' Portrait Gallery. Doris Seth-Smith, G.C.S. 5625, and mother of our little Associate Diana



Jean C. H. Crawford's pretty jumper which won the June 1 Needlework prize

NEWS of the MONTH

ALEXANDRA Day seems capable of out manœuvring every obstacle to success. The rain held up until midday, by which time everybody had bought a rose, and the prevailing financial stringency we hear so much about never put in an appearance at all. In fact, it was quite the other way round at our depot. The Salon actually collected nearly £30 more than last year, the fine grand total in our fifty-one collecting boxes being no less than £95 19s. 7d. I call that nice round sum a very suitably worded vote of thanks to those energetic Saloners and other friends who worked so hard, literally from sunrise in several instances, to make success certain. Money talks! Still, I would like to add my own most hearty thanks as well.

* * *

The £5 Quarterly Prize for February, March, April is awarded as follows:—Gwendolen E. M. Moss, M.C.S. 3079, £2 10s.; Betty Weir, M.C.S. 3242, £2 10s. Next in order of merit:—Trixie Ford, G.C.S. 5739; Rena Recaldin, A.C.S. 1189; Dahlia Anson, G.C.S. 5806; Audrey Tresidder-Wills, M.C.S. 2642.

* * *

On August 4th the first party of Salon Cinderellas will arrive in Littlehampton under the auspices of our Holiday Fund. I am most grateful for all the help which has been so generously given by the Salon Fairy Godmothers to this excellent scheme. A list of subscribers will be published next month; meanwhile I should like particularly to thank Jean Dewar for not only sending away a Cinderella on her own account, but also for influencing her company of Guides to accept the same responsibility again this year.

Competition Results

Award of Prizes, May 18

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Illustration to Any Well-known Poem. Prize 10s. Awarded to G. E. M. Moss, G.C.S. 5843. Hon. Mention: Romola Erskine, G.C.S. 5774; Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4356; Margaret Smith, G.C.S. 5771.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Florence McCoy, G.C.S. 5845. Hon. Mention: Mary L. C. Roberts, G.C.S. 5603; Amy R. Russell, G.C.S. 5743; Lillias G. Wilson, G.C.S. 5775.

Needlework Competition.—Anything in Colour. Prize 10s. Divided between Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583, and Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316. Hon. Mention: Jean C. H. Crawford, G.C.S. 4242; Theodora Fuller, G.C.S. 4998; Trixie Ford, G.C.S. 5739.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Divided between Pamela Searight, M.C.S. 3189, and Yvonne Earle, M.C.S. 2719. Hon. Mention: J. Waterhouse, M.C.S. 3065; Bobbie Webber, M.C.S. 3237; E. Vere-Hodge, M.C.S. 3234.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Ian F. Rose, M.C.S. 2728. Hon. Mention: Joan Hibbit, M.C.S. 3132; Ursula Ball, M.C.S. 3252; Helen Dixon, M.C.S. 3254; Margaret Stacey, M.C.S. 3214; Stella Jaye, M.C.S. 3244.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s Awarded to Barbara Stallibrass, A.C.S. 1408. Hon. Mention: Peter Recaldin, A.C.S. 1227.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Jean Menzies, A.C.S. 1332. Hon. Mention: Barbara Stallibrass, A.C.S. 1408; Alison Ackroyd, A.C.S. 3042.

Needlework Competition.—A Doll's Dress. Prize 5s. Awarded to Peggy Dewsbury, A.C.S. 1283.

Handicraft Competition

First Prize, 15s. Awarded to Honor Fielding, M.C.S 3166. Second Prize, 7s. 6d. Awarded to Aileen S. Piper, M.C.S. 3085. Hon. Mention: S. E. Stallibrass, G.C.S. 5783; Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583; Amy Read Russell, G.C.S. 5743.

Award of Prizes, June 1

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Iris Scully, G.C.S. 5837. Hon. Mention: G. E. M. Moss, G.C.S. 5843; H. C. D. Crawley, G.C.S. 5620; Constance A. Crawley, G.C.S. 5747.

Literature Competition.—A Lyric. Prize 10s. Awarded to Joan Wyatt, G.C.S. 5730. Hon. Mention: Annie M. Waters, G.C.S. 5761; Doris Seth-Smith, G.C.S. 5625.

Needlework Competition.—Anything in Wool. Prize 10s. Awarded to Jean C. H. Crawford, G.C.S. 4242. Hon. Mention: Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316; A. Hale, G.C.S. 5765; Amy R. Russell, G.C.S. 5743.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Poster for a Watering Place. Prize 10s. Divided between Betty Metchim, M.C.S. 3058, and Ursula A. C. Moss, M.C.S. 3080. Hon. Mention: Meg. Vere-Hodge, M.C.S. 3233.

Literature Competition.—Describe an Imaginary Town Named Eastminster. Prize 10s. Divided between Olwen Lawton, M.C.S. 3060, and Mary Dawson, M.C.S. 3224. Hon. Mention: Patricia Appleyard, M.C.S. 3162 Avril Reynolds, M.C.S. 3202.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Something taken from BRITANNIA AND EVE and Coloured. Prize 5s. Awarded to Rena Recaldin, A.C.S. 1189.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 5s. Awarded to Stella Bull, A.C.S. 1083. Hon. Mention: B. J. Heaver, A.C.S. 1354.

Snapshot Competition

First Prize, 10s. Awarded to Isabelle Patrick-Wilson, G.C.S. 5779. Second Prize, 5s. Awarded to H. Stainton, G.C.S. 5781. Hon. Mention: Pamela Searight, M.C.S. 3189; Olive Dwyer, M.C.S. 3150.

FUTURE COMPETITIONS (August—September)

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, August 17th. Design for Poster Advertising a Holiday Resort. No. II. Closing date, September 1st. A Still Life Study. No. III. Closing date, September 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date August 17th. Six Titles for Short Stories. No. II. Closing date, September 1st. A Sonnet. No. III. Closing date, September 15th. A Lyric.

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, August 17th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, September 1st. Anything in Wool. No. III Closing date, September 15th. A Piece of Plain Needlework.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, August 17th. A Still Life Study. No. II. Closing date, September 1st. An Illustration to Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew. No. III. Closing date, September 15th. An Out-of-Doors Sketch.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. 1. Closing date, August 17th. Review a Recent Novel. No. II. Closing date, September 1st. A Lyric. No. III. Closing date, September 15th. A Short Story.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 10s. Closing date, September 15th. Anything White.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, August 17th. Draw or Paint a Group of Books on a Table. No. II. Closing date, September 1st. A Vase of Flowers. No. III. Closing date, September 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, August 17th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, September 1st. A Short Poem. No. III. Closing date, September 15th. Write what you know of Lady Macbeth, Brer Rabbit, or Christopher Robin.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 5s. No. I. Closing date, September 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

Open to all: Age taken specially into account

Snapshot Competition.

Closing date, September 1st. First Prize, 10s. Second Prize, 5s. A Landscape Study.

Founded by "The Gentlewoman" in 1890

For Girls, Boys and Grown-ups interested in Art, Literature, Needlework, Photography, Handicraft, etc.

Patrons:

H.R.H. The Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood, H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, etc.

No Age Limit.

Money Prizes.

Salon Rose Sellers photographed in the midst of their strenuous campaign on Alexandra Day. Their up-at-dawn tactics resulted in a collection of £95 : 19 : 7—almost our record total

Alison Ackroyd, M.C.S. 3042. She and her sister Clare are regular and talented entrants in our Literature Competitions

Competition Rules.

1. *The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature, and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.*

2. *The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.*

3. *No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.*

4. *Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.*

5. *Prizes must be applied for.*

6. *Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2.*

CORRESPONDENCE AND CRITICISMS

(*May* 18)

G. E. M. Moss.—An excellent pictorial effect, the drama cleverly intensified by the well-composed sky. The tower is of unnecessarily squat construction, and without any of the usual architectural points at the upper rim, is a little too like a gasometer. The grouping of the figures and general composition is first rate, but the scheme, as a whole, too dark for illustration.

Constance A. Crawley.—A less decorative treatment of the tree would fit in better with the rest; the leaves are seen too individually, instead of *en masse*. To illustrate this poem effectively it would be better to show the blacksmith as a dominant figure of the group, i.e., standing; commanding the situation, as it were.

Yvonne Earle.—Exquisite detail, and beautifully delicate as a general effect. The weak point is the initial letter, which isn't too happily placed in relation to the decoration, and is itself a bit insignificant. An "S" of a more robust shape, occupying a square, rather than this oblong, would overcome the difficulty.

Betty Robson.—The fur collar is very skilfully handled; the face is not quite so happy. If this method is employed, impeccable draughtsmanship seems more than usually necessary, and with this amount of emphasis the shadow beneath the nose should have been intensified.

Dorothy Guillaume.—A very charming study, truthful in proportion, and the attitude full of natural grace and feeling. Use a softer pencil, which will help you to a more responsive effect in emphasis of light and shade. Most promising work.

Veronica Price Harris.—Colour rather exaggerated, and lacking your usual perception of the more delicate nuances. Otherwise interesting, particularly the flowers, where modelling and colour are deftly handled.

Margaret Smith.—From the comic angle this is a complete success. The famous characters are admirably realised, and the whole thing is excellent illustration. Drawing, of course, could be stronger, without losing the primitive effect which so increases the humour. Very good.

Diana Seth-Smith.—As this is chiefly an exercise in perspective, I have judged it from that angle. Another time try to get a more interesting arrangement, which will add to the pleasure of study. You are making sound progress.

Betty Halsall.—I imagine this is from a copy, and as such seems accurately transcribed. It is better all-round practice, however, to draw things at first hand. Try a softer pencil another time.

Peter Recaldin.—Remember that parallel lines receding from you would meet if extended to the horizon. Try to get this explained to you in reference to the object drawn. Otherwise very well tackled.

Penelope Burra.—Nice free work, with good appreciation of colour. Don't neglect good composition, essential to an interesting result. You should do well, presently.

Elizabeth Vere-Hodge.—A clever bit of decoration as far as pattern goes. Colour is over emphasised and at its greatest strength is a bit blatant, although the sunset gradations are very well handled. A frame, and some lettering, thus indicating its poster intention, would greatly assist the scheme.

Iris Scully.—So glad to see you competing again after this very long interval. Old Kaspar is excellent, but the decorative background, particularly the vine leaf effect, leaves something to be desired; it is a bit too complicated. Without this, the figures tell the story admirably.

H. C. Dorothy Crawley.—With a little more expert technical equipment this ambitious and interesting design would be most effective. Look carefully if you can at some reproductions of the work of Puvis de Chavannes. I am sure they would greatly assist you. Keep this type of thing very flat.

Joyce Bidder.—Very effective, though rather sombre. A figure so much against the sky suggests the gigantic unless his elevation is accounted for. He is rather morose and the hips do not swing so much when walking. Charming atmosphere.

Romola Erskine.—Your impression echoes some of the magic of the poem, but it is rather poorly composed, too much on the picture line and distracted by the vista, but the allusive charm and suggestive colour are excellent.

Pamela Searight.—A capital suggestion against the light, full of space and freshly composed; an excellent pencil and colour note cleverly handled for fact and effect.

Sonia Carr.—Rather in the drawing copy manner of dominating all accessories, good feeling for pencil touch, though a better modulated outline would greatly help.

Zenobia Forster-Brown.—On the whole extremely good in go and feeling. The whites stifle much too low and knee curiously lumpy. Cloud edges too hard and woman's figure pale in relief, but general action and landscape excellent.

Sylvia Reed.—A good clean lino cut, excellently designed and worked. The wreath below the crest is a bit lost, but the crest, shield, mantling and scroll are capitally managed. Quite a success.

Ursula A. C. Moss.—With such a bird's-eye view of the interesting ship the horizon would be much higher, and the heavy clouds and streaky sea don't quite fit the effect. The galley is well made out, but its setting is rather mechanical.

J. Waterhouse.—The spirit of your dawn-light war epic is excellent, and, in spite of many crudities, is impressive. The hard edges of the shell holes make a too insistent pattern, and the vertical figures should tell darker in shadow, the reflections darker still. Very sincere and interesting work.

Nancie Berners Wilson.—With the light to the left the profile horse should be much more in shadow, and a downward curve to the herbage would better suggest wind. The clouds would be better away, and more solid modelling of horse and broken ground would help black and white.

Betty Weir.—A clever pencilling but, I feel sure, not accurate. In avoiding flattery you have tended to caricature and made the face too wide and rather boneless. Nice free work with many clever bits. The literature entry is well done, but to describe anything of this type is a very difficult matter. On the whole, you have succeeded amazingly!

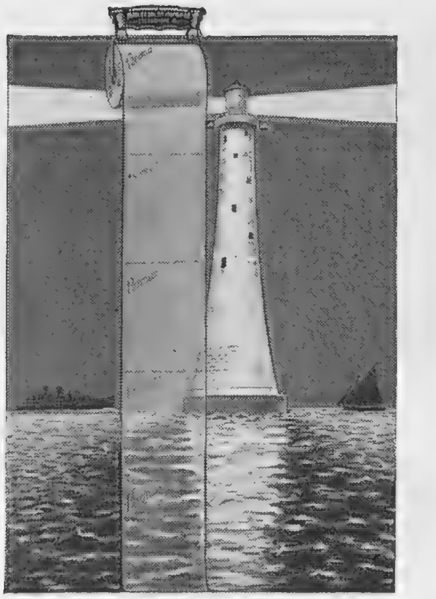
Meg Vere-Hodge.—Clever work, though your paper has given more texture than is desirable. The head has unusually small volume behind the ear and there are a few lights which need shadow relief, but in character and in method exceedingly good.

Kitty Earp.—Strong, free and well textured work, but very austere by lack of any suggestion of warmth in shadow or reflex. Better too cold than too warm, but this delightfully painted group is distinctly chilly, though brilliant in handling.

Daisy Higgins.—You will paint really well when you have tamed your paintbox to Nature's degree of colouring and can put down exactly what you see. Don't help Nature, let her help you. Lots of good signs in this sketch of a seeing eye.

(*Continued on page* 128.)

Seven's a lucky number, evidently. Isabelle Patrick-Wilson's jolly prize-winning snap in the June 1st Competition



The present Eddystone lighthouse, the fourth on that baneful rock, flashes its warning beam, visible in ordinary weather for seventeen miles, four times every minute. A stately granite column, this lighthouse, higher than any of its predecessors, is 133 feet high. Yet were it three times as high, a BRONCO roll unwound would be still higher, for its 800 sheets measure no less than 420 feet.

YOU SAVE MONEY

by buying

Bronco

The De Luxe Toilet Paper

The quality of BRONCO is unsurpassed by any other toilet paper. Its texture is of velvet softness. It is strong. It is antiseptic. It cannot injure the most tender skin.

Compare the 800 sheets of this wonderful paper with the 300 rough, coarse sheets in a so-called "cheap" toilet roll — obviously you save money by buying BRONCO.

You can get BRONCO from Stationers, Grocers, Stores, Chemists, etc.

Manufactured by

The British Patent Perforated Paper Co.,
Hackney Wick, London, E.9.

"Bronco"
The Perforated
TOILET PAPER
ECONOMY
HEALTH
COMFORT
NEATNESS

Mrs. SHACKLETON

has a great demand for any kind of Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Clothes, Furs, Jewellery, Linen, Oddments, Household Articles, Underwear, etc. Best prices possible given. All parcels answered by return. Ladies waited on.

ONLY ADDRESS

122, Richmond Road, Kingston-on-Thames.
Tel.: 0707 *Kingston. Banker's reference.*

Correspondence and Criticisms—contd.

Jean Crawford.—So many thanks for your very kind contribution to the Cot Fund. The little frock is lovely, and the pink decoration a most happy thought. Thank you so much.

Honor Fielding.—Both your entries show great care taken and are very successful. The collar and cuffs are a most dainty and interesting achievement.

Aileen S. Piper.—Your work is very good technically, and pretty in design, but with your skill I think you should endeavour to get to a higher level still. A study of fine examples would greatly assist you.

S. E. Stallibrass.—Very daintily done. These miniature effects are most attractive, and yours is a very successful entry. Scale excellent.

Frances M. Hudson.—Action excellent, although a bit exaggerated. The horse is somewhat of the "heroic" type, which isn't quite appropriate for the everyday looking young rider. Use a smooth paper for pen and ink work.

Doris V. Gray.—The landscape, or seascape, rather, is well composed, but the placing of the important figure leaves something to be desired. She is too much in the centre of the picture, and the dark scarf, if retained, must be made to take its place as part of the composition.

Mary Nourse.—There is some promising work in sea, sky, and hills, but the houses are quite out of tone. Truth can only be arrived at by constantly comparing one thing with another. Half close your eyes and determine the most striking point, and then relate everything to it.

Joan Colyer.—Very nice clean colour, and good technique. We prefer original work to copies in these competitions, but there is some good practice to be had out of such a model as this.

Dorothy Higgins.—More delicate colouring for the Chief Fairy would have been wiser, but as a whole this is a charmingly imagined piece of decoration, and promises very well. Get all the expert help and instruction possible, so that your handling can keep level with your ideas.

Barbara Stallibrass.—Very daintily and cleverly observed. The silver birch is a particularly happy study, but all have artistically preserved chief characterstics. Very good work for an Associate. There are one or two easily corrected slips in the little essay, but it is none the less a most vivid description of what must be a unique district. I was much interested.

Helen Dixon. — Very promising, original work. Not very strong technically, yet, but this will come. Send in regularly. If you keep your pen busy you ought to do very interesting work.

Patricia Appleyard.—An analysis of this type is excellent practice and, even if a little introspective, quite worth while. Do not, however, reserve such dissection for yourself alone. Put others under the microscope as well!

Olive Dockree.—Beware of the over-pretty! Otherwise charmingly done. You are very advanced for your years.

Ursula Ball.—A little more might have been made of the apt conclusion, but the amusing vein of the whole thing suggests genuine ore. Persevere in this direction. I think you have a flair for work in this *genre*.

S. Curtis.—A pathetic study. The writing everywhere strikes an honest note, and yet one feels the picture to be rather more dismal than necessary. Still, very well done, all through.

Georgina Saunders.—An uncertain technique tends to obscure the original outlook of the poem. The last verse is particularly good, and you have a very well expressed climax. Try to improve the opening.

Alison Ackroyd.—A very well expressed little paper. An even closer study, with some anecdotes from life, would have increased the interest of a very interesting subject. I particularly like the conclusion.

Pamela Carr. — Without any attempt at literary form this succeeds by virtue of its stark realism. It is perhaps the method best for this type of thing, but so rough and ready a manner must be indulged in with great caution.

Gladys M. Cumpstey.—The method is a bit prosaic for a story of this character. A plain straightforward style is only suitable to matter of that type. The diction must rise to the height of the plane in which the episode is cast. I hope this is clear!

Lily G. Pegg.—The sun is usually regarded as masculine. There is a pleasant lilt about the lines, but they are a bit reminiscent of much that has already been written. Work from first-hand observation as far as possible.

Beatrice Little.—The ending is a bit inconclusive, no reason being given to account for Leslie's excursion. It is necessary to satisfy the reader, however vaguely, upon this point. Otherwise charmingly put together.

Ursula Scott Morris.—Very well done. I am glad to see you tackling a subject of this type. If you can rid your mind of what you think you ought perhaps to say, from anyone else's point of view, you should do well. It would be a useful exercise, occasionally to make a fair copy in your own hand.

Zenobia Forster-Brown.—Is this a revised copy of something I have seen before? It is charming in form, but the purple and gold pools do not seem too consistent with the sombre sky.

M. Higgins.—"Along" would be better than "'way down," as there is nothing else in the verses to match this phrase. Otherwise very good, and well worth a little further polishing.

Enrolment Form

Please enrol me as a {*Graduate* / *Member* / *Associate*} *of The Children's Salon Competition Circle*
(Strike out words which do not apply.)

Full name ....

Address ....

....

Age, if under 20 ....

Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2, with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon.

Margaret Stacey.—Excellent in idea, but needing a better connecting thread, to link up the different figures. The various comments are all interesting, and the composition first rate.

Doris Seth-Smith.—A sympathetic little paper neatly put together. Doubtless right, but the strong man rises above all this, don't you think?

B. Richardson.—Rather severe. A lighter touch would be better. The last half is the better of the two—especially the end, which sums up the matter very neatly.

Jessie Wilkes.—A thoughtful little paper. The passion for intrigue with which occupants of thrones were hedged about in those times might have been insisted on a little more as accounting for the customs.

Lillias G. Wilson.—The last part needs a less naive handling. I am sure you can achieve this, without loss of the essential point. I hope you will compete regularly. Most promising work.

Stella Jaye.—The method is good, and you know how to command a situation in words. The plot is a trifle fantastic, but with more realistic touches, could be made acceptable. Too little is made of the actual circumstances of Tim's accident, as this is really the central motive.

Angel Verschoyle.—Beware of trying to get too much into a small space. This is too overcrowded with different trends of thought for the room at your command, and in spite of clever handling and some charming ideas, the effect is not so good as it should be, in consequence.

Kathleen L. Roff.—The lines are certainly very pretty, but the third of the last verse needs revision. The little prose picture is also very well expressed. Vary the length of your sentences rather more to increase the interest.

S. C. Macleod.—The last paragraph but one is a delicious little summary, and it would be better, I think, to leave off there, or to suggest the rest in a line. Sincere work, and splendid practice to tackle such a subject.

Dora Malfatti.—This begins well enough, but the end is far too tragic to be disposed of in such a brief space. Some explanation of what happened must be given. You cannot leave everything to assumption. The character studies are very well done.

Clare Ackroyd. — A most successful attempt, for your age, in a very difficult direction. Commendable ambition, you should do very well one day, if you persevere.

Stella Bull.—Don't let facts slip from your grasp in the interests of "pretty" writing. This cathedral has "towers," not domes. Otherwise very well written all through.

Jean Menzies.—Quite remarkable work for an Associate. I take it, it is the result, very largely, of the books you have read. Still, it has very distinct qualities, and my only advice is—go on exercising your talent.

Joan Hibbit.—Nothing to criticise. The economy with which you have managed to state and illustrate a piece of first rate observation is most praiseworthy. Give it a better title.

Muriel Malvern.—There is much to be said for this point of view, but there is a little confusion, in places, between the actual fare and the cooking. It is the latter which is so often attacked, not the former. As an essay, excellently put together, on the whole.

Mary L. C. Roberts.—A notable little bit of work. Perhaps the last verse should dot "i's" and cross "t's" a little more clearly. Still, a very original and interesting entry.

Avril Reynolds.—Unless such experiences can be co-ordinated they fail to achieve any point as literature, and are of interest only to dreamers who may see in such happenings matters of a significance not apparent to other people. The writer must always be in control of his situations. Here the reverse is the case!

G. M. Kaye.—This very arbitrary method of arranging the rhymes disturbs the theme; it would be better to rearrange the lines in a more conventional manner. Only one entry may be submitted for a single competition.

Virginia Foster-Brown.—A pretty little song, the first two verses of which are the best. The last line but one in the last verse could be improved. Have another shot at it!

Annie M. Walters.—You have a most acute sense of the charm of words and the *sound* of your work is most pleasing; but this is occasionally at the expense of sequence and facts.

Mary Dunlop.—Your first four sentences all begin with "I"! Such a lapse does not occur again, so that it looks like a slip. The peep into the past is very well suggested.

Joyce Dugdale.—For matter of such impassioned character a less halting rhythm seems essential. Avoid too many sentences being broken in half at the end of a line. This reads more like prose. Some excellent thinking, and interesting imagery.

Irene Walker.—Somewhat unequal. The last four lines in the last two verses are the best, but pay more attention to accurate rhyming. Twice, plurals are used to "go" with singulars!

Rena Recaldin.—The niche and figure are very small especially for the offerings which will have to be accommodated. The colouring as a whole is exceptionally pleasant and the whole thing a very solid achievement for your years. The literature entry is amusing in its way, but would score better if less extravagantly developed.

(*Continued on page* 130)

For the Sun Bather

Fashionable women use Larola because it is a sure protection against exposure to sun or wind. Larola enables you to tan without blistering and to keep a lovely, healthy, fine-textured skin beautifully soft and smooth. Use Larola regularly on face, arms and hands.

1/6 and 2/6 a bottle.

THE PERFECT FINISH TO THE LAROLA COMPLEXION
LAROLA ROSE BLOOM, Sifter box with puff, 1/- and 2/6 per box.

BEETHAM'S
Larola

BEETHAM'S Glycerine and Cucumber, 1/-, 1/9 and 2/6 per bottle.

From all Chemists and Stores, or Post Free in U.K. direct from:
M. BEETHAM AND SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND

STOPS

SEA SICKNESS

"Mothersill's" brings sure, positive relief to those who suffer from Seasickness. Famous travellers and physicians testify to its effectiveness on the world's roughest waters. The stomach disorders, dizziness, headaches and exhaustion usually experienced in travelling by Sea, Train, Motor or Air are quickly stopped and prevented.

For Sale by Chemists

Make your next trip in comfort with "Mothersill's"

E21

Mothersill's
SEASICK
Remedy
MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY
THE MOTHERSILL REMEDY
NEW YORK - MONTREAL
MOTHERSILL'S
SEASICK
REMEDY

The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
92 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4
Montreal New York Paris

CONLOWE

REGD

Before making your choice of underwear be sure to see the latest Conlowe models. A feature is made of Conlowe De-Luxe, which is an entirely new material and the finest of its kind ever produced.

Ask any Conlowe retailer to show you garments in the De-Luxe fabric.

The style shown is T5205, in Conlowe lightweight De-Luxe fabric with trousers and trimmings in contrast.

Conlowe Ltd., Congleton, the manufacturers, supply through the wholesale and shipping only, but will be pleased to put you in touch with a Conlowe retailer.

WHY REMAIN GREY ?

How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

It discloses the secret by which you can grow glossy, abundant, and silken hair, and—most important of all—preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of time.

Remarkable results follow this method.

Right from the first your hair becomes less and less grey.

No matter how long the greyness has existed, the lost colour is restored.

The Folly of Dyes.

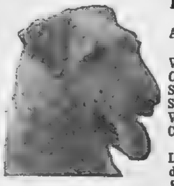
Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away and causes it to fall out

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to re-create, naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivorine covers of the book mentioned above.

BOOK OF HAIR-HEALTH AND BEAUTY FREE.

Should you be troubled with white, grey, greying, faded or otherwise discoloured hair, you should write today to the **Facktative Co. (Suite 1)**, 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, for a copy of their book describing how to cure grey or falling hair without the use of dyes or stains.

Just mention your address and a copy of this book will reach you by return, gratis and post free, in plain sealed envelope, free from observation.



Lt.-Col. Richardson's
Pedigree
AIREDALES. (For House protection).

WIRE FOX
CAIRNS
SEALYHAMS.
SCOTCH
WEST HIGHLAND
COCKERS, black also red.
} For Companions or Exhibition.

Largest selection on view daily:—Clock House, Byfleet, Surrey, or seen London. Export all parts.

Telephone: Byfleet 274.

DOG
MIXTURE
In Bottles
from 2/6

BENBOW'S

THE
FINEST TONIC
& PICK-ME-UP

2, BARTHOLEMEW CLOSE
LONDON: E.C.1.

LAUGH AS YOU READ.

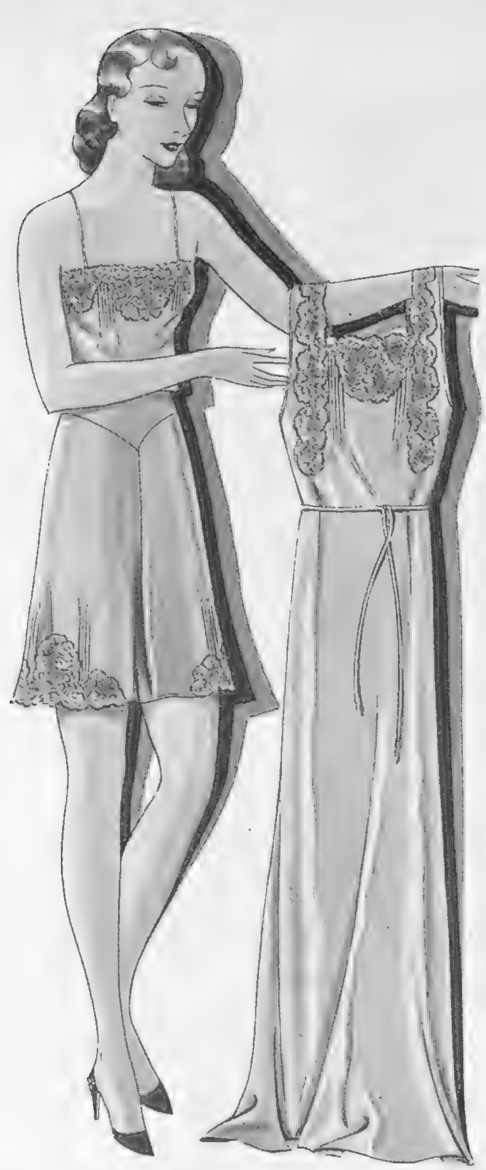
"ONE AT A TIME"

By R. S. HOOPER
(*Simple Simon*) Author of "And the Next."

"Mr. Hooper is no imitator or plagiarist. His gaiety is the genuine article and bubbles up naturally from its own source. In fact, the chief charm of his writing is its freshness and spontaneity . . . . irresponsibility of this kind is a young man's talent."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

6s. net.

JOHN LANE——The Bodley Head.



EAU. This Charming Lingerie Set is in all silk Crêpe de Chine, trimmed with good quality lace. It is made entirely by hand in our special workrooms. Colours Pink, Sky.

Nightdress	**39/11**
Knickers	**25/9**
Chemise	**21/9**

WALPOLES
WALPOLE BROTHERS (LONDON) LTD.
87-91, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1
175-176, Sloane Street, S.W.1 108-110, Kensington High Street, W.8

~~SUPERFLUOUS~~
"I am absolutely ~~HAIR~~ delighted with the result, which is, to my mind, perfectly wonderful. After having tried other things which were of no use whatever to me and only made me completely fed up, **I think this treatment of yours a perfect revelation** and I am ever so pleased with it." *This is an extract from a letter which, with many others, may be seen at my office.*

Gypsia
EAU PILOPHAGE
completely effaces Superfluous Hair. It is a carefully prepared formula which is easy to use, non-injurious, and permanently effective.

The home treatment costs only 24/6 (abroad 2/6 extra for postage) and will be forwarded by return of post upon receipt of remittance. Order at once, stating exact particulars and whether required for face or body.—**Madame Sueur (Dept. M.), 35, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W.1.**

Correspondence and Criticisms—contd.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—The "Don Juan" sketch is artistically suggested, but the attitudes are a little theatrical, indeed the whole effect is rather too much like a stage scene. The weak point in the story is the refusal of Alan to believe his mother. Very strong evidence to support this attitude must be provided, in the first place. The earlier part is a good deal better than the later developments.

Florence E. McCoy.—Many of the lines are very good, and if you can bring the feebler ones—such as the third in the first verse—to their level, this will be a charming effort. Promising work.

E. Venn Simpson.—"If You Have a Grievance" is, in many ways, the best of the series; there *is* a demand for this type of thing, I believe; the others would be more difficult to place.

Trixie Ford.—The little feeder is exceptionally dainty in design and well executed. The review improves greatly towards the finish; the opening is a little casually expressed, and does not, I think, state quite accurately what you really mean. The rest is good.

Amy Haydon.—A very pretty piece, good in execution, and charming in colouring. Very many thanks.

Peggy Dewsbury.—I was very interested to hear about the move—I knew the village you were in, very well, once. This piece of work is a creditable effort for an Associate, and I hope you will try to send in regularly to our competitions, now you are settled again.

Theodora Fuller.—A lovely little bit of needlework. Very skilful and appropriate. Very many thanks.

Olwen Lawton.—The end is a bit casually treated. The ruined costume is not brought in in quite the right manner considering the nature of the tragic happening. All the other detail is good.

Helen M. Lillie.—Keep this by you, and later look at it again. You will then see how greatly it can be improved by careful editing. In a big way very well handled. You have preserved the necessary tone admirably.

Diana V. Wilton.—The last seven lines are much the best. The main idea is charming, certainly, but until the end, operates in a rather far-fetched manner. Still, I appreciate the originality of the theme and treatment.

Arnold Parkin.—One of the best things you have sent in so far. Its extravagances are gay and amusing, and are neatly touched in; a little *first* hand observation along these lines should give an excellent result.

Mary A. Jones.—This animal story has distinct points all through and the end is cleverly handled. Quite an interesting entry. In the black and white study the foreground is much more satisfactory than the distance. Objects on the hill top need better drawing, and the horizon peters out somewhat curiously.

Margaret Recaldin.—I am delighted to see you competing again and hope you will now try to send in regularly. For your age this shows a remarkable grasp of form seen in outline.

D. H. S. Prince.—In the endeavour to realise both tone and colour in pencil, some of the big effect has been missed, but the study is otherwise most praiseworthy, the modelling being particularly good.

May W. Harrison.—Pleasant colour and composition and good proportion in the figure, although the attitude is a bit awkward, and the unseen right hand and left foot do not assist the effect. Still, a big stride forward on your earlier efforts in a similar direction.

Bobbie Webber.—More atmosphere in the background is desirable, and a less paper-like quality at edges would give better volume and relief. Fine, clean colour, and excellent draughtsmanship.

Mary Champion.—So many thanks for this. It will sell well, I feel sure, though I prefer all-white effects don't you?

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—Don't attempt so much in a small space. This is over-crammed with incident. You would need three times as much space to do justice to all this. Take a simpler theme or plot and see how much you can get out of it to interest and hold a reader.

Barbara J. Heaver.—The affair with the chief after the fire is too much in the nature of an anti-climax. As the story is to be so brief it would be better to end it with the cheering, and just a sentence or two indicating the return of Maritz to the camp.

Ian F. Rose.—Very well sustained—and charmingly expressed. I do not think much is gained by the modern, unorthodox, arrangement, but this is of course a minor point. I wish you could compete more regularly.

Jennifer Skinner.—Rather brief; so interesting a subject ought to have inspired your pen to further lengths! One feels this is too much of a fragment, although good as far as it goes.

Amy Read Russell.—You have indeed been industrious this time. Four entries! Well done! The bowl is very nicely handled indeed. You should do well at this sort of thing. The hat is hardly so successful. The literature entry is the best of the lot. It is interesting all through, although the prophecy at the finish is made with too brave a show of certainty. It is essential to deal with the future in wary language! . . . As an illustration the sketch is quite appropriate, but it is weak in perspective.

Mabel Sanders.—Both entries are well up to your own good standard, and the piece of needlework is particularly attractive. I am most grateful for both items.

Alida Wilton.—An appropriate little garment, but in actual workmanship a little below your best, I fancy. That's the nuisance of having established a reputation!!

Winsome Clemence.—The interest of a crossword clue lies in its being discovered to be entirely appropriate; many of yours answer this description, but some others—such as 78 across—fail in this respect. So glad to see you competing, and hope you will send in regularly.

Doris V. Gray.—Dainty in execution, but a little commonplace in composition, owing to the similarity between the tree's blossoms and those in foreground. A clear sky above the child would have greatly increased the interest.

The Children's Salon
COUPON

The Children's Salon

(*June* 1)

May W. Harrison.—A well-arranged pattern, but scarcely the most appropriate method of illustrating these lines. One feels that the more complete picture is demanded, even if very simply and economically stated. The lettering just right.

Effie Dundas.—It is an unnecessary handicap to work with pen and ink on a surface of this type. Choose a smooth paper another time. The grouping is distinctly good, but the different objects are out of scale. As the sun is decorative the other items should have followed suit. Excellent balance of black and white.

Dorothy Guillaume.—A clever scheme. The three separate "slogans" should be easier to read. With more experienced handling this would be most effective. Make a note of it for use, possibly, later on.

D. V. Gray.—Although odd methods are certainly favoured, in this instance, I think the title would be better at the top where the rather empty spaces of the sky do nothing to help the design. Plenty of clever suggestion, but closer study of facts necessary.

Dahlia Anson.—The effect is very good, considering how economically it is obtained. A distinctly clever design, and a very suitable colour scheme.

Peter Recaldin.—This is much stronger in perspective than your previous entry, and the pleasant proportions of the original well grasped. The method is rather arbitrary, but good artistic promise is shown.

Pamela Searight.—This design would have been greatly helped if it had been pasted on a sheet of paper and lettering indicated. The two pumps are rather near one another, but otherwise this is appropriately amusing.

Margaret Smith.—The mass of the castle should have been treated in simpler fashion. Against its dark background it would have been better to have kept it almost clear of detail, letting the outline tell the story. With a little help you would do very well, I am sure.

Rena Recaldin.—A brilliant little copy, considering your age, and remarkably well chosen to suit your special gift. Persevere, you have plenty of talent, and should put it to good use one day. The little poem has much quaint charm, but the last line is a rather weak climax.

Gwendolen E. M. Moss.—Admirably sincere work, a little dry in manner. Look for the colour of light a bit more, as it modifies all local colour; don't penetrate mysteries, and work at a good distance. You have real talent.

Isabelle Patrick-Wilson.—Considerable individuality of style, rather carved and solid, and as decoration empty of a supporting background and border. With flatter line your grotesque curves would gain point. The beginning of a personal method worth developing.

Joyce Bidder.—Very quaint, strong and clever, not quite as crisp in handling as might be, but excellent in penetrated colour. You have tried yourself rather high with the perspective of so many circles, and, in one or two, got corners too sharp. Full of sound knowledge and force.

Iris Scully.—Your neo-primitive picture is clever and intriguing. The yellow note is rather cruel to the scheme. One can think of many meanings in your subject, which is capitally put together. Masculine garments not too well understood. Quite brilliant of its kind.

H. D. C. Cowley.—Remarkable memory sketches, full of fact and character and daintily put in. Rather a pen method; it might be useful to develop a pen and ink style or a pencil of greater force of tone. Delightfully seen.

Dolly Davies.—Capital personality and expression and very well planned, but rather niggled in technique, neither pen and tint nor full water-colour effect. You could make a very charming picture of this in either method, but a mixture worries the eye.

Betty Weir.—Very well put together. Figures fairly well drawn out but needing more anatomical knowledge. Blue sky gets into shadows however strong the reflexes from sunny surroundings, and the light and shade of sunshine is very clean cut. Many good qualities, worth doing better.

Ursula A. C. Moss.—If all were as good as the top of the standing figure this would be stunning. You would find poster colours good for this sort of work with applied lights and flat masses. The patchy sea, heavy sky, brown shadows and too golden sands jar visibility. But there is one bit of true artistry.

Jean C. H. Crawford.—Truly a beautiful effect—this clear cold green in conjunction with the white provides a most attractive contrast. My many thanks.

Trixie Ford.—An interesting metrical experiment successfully carried through until the final lines are reached. You must try to manage the entry of summer in a less abrupt fashion. The shoes are most fascinating to look at, but the space for toes seems a little limited. Still, most interesting and amusing!

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—I believe if you were to take yourself sternly in hand your verse would improve greatly. The earlier part shows this. Then you have grown tired—and the last lines indicate it. Your early Victorian scene is full of drama, cleverness and faults. In a very simple scheme for a patterned period there is no light and shade effect, though the tone effect is good. Help yourself more by reference to life; facts remain, though customs and costumes change, and study hands.

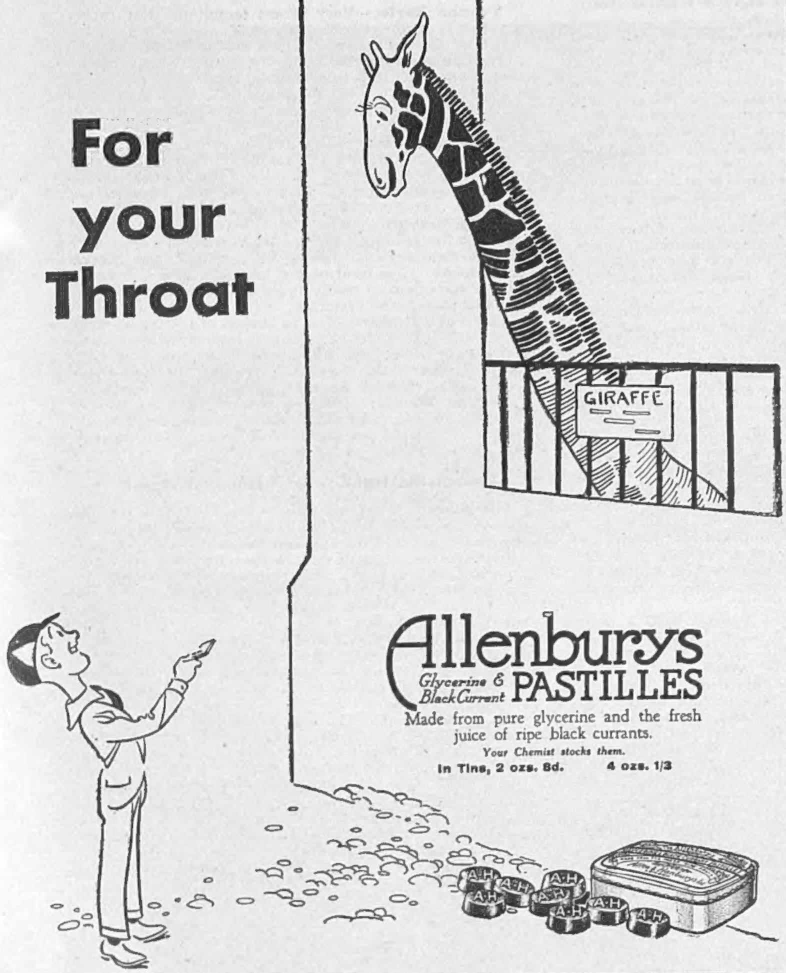
Irene Walker.—Unequal work. Some of the passages are expressive and picturesque enough, others tackle the subject in a somewhat hackneyed manner. Don't model your work too closely on what others have written. Be yourself, and you will do good worth while work.

G. M. Cumpstey.—A very neat effective effort. The reasoning, however, in the three lines beginning with "heap high," is rather curious. Tackle this again.

Amy G. Haydon.—Very clever colour, and most attractively handled. A charming entry. Thank you so much.

(*Continued on page* 132)

The Children's Salon
COUPON



For your Throat

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Current PASTILLES
Made from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of ripe black currants.
Your Chemist stocks them.
In Tins, 2 ozs. 8d. 4 ozs. 1/3

GOOD-BYE to any sort of little fish that *looks* like a sardine

PENEAU

a real good "buy"

French SARDINES *in olive oil*

FAMOUS FOR OVER ¾ OF A CENTURY · EST^D 1844.

Beauty is Priceless

but young and old can obtain it by using Dr. Dys's preparations.

FOR over 50 years smart Parisiennes have used Dr. Dys's wonderful products to retain their youthful appearance. **DR. DYS'S SACHETS** and **CREAMS** form the basis of a simple but effective beauty treatment which can be carried out in your own home with great success.

Send for Price List and Brochure "Plus que Belle," which will be sent post free on application to the sole agent

ROBERT SERVENTI, 23/25 MADDOX ST., W.1
Telephone: Mayfair 5854.
Obtainable from all leading Hairdressers and Stores or direct from the Sole Agent.

WEDNESDAY AUGUST
"THE 12TH"

STARTS FROM **KING'S CROSS**

RESTAURANT

A.M. **Weekdays**
10.0 "The Flying Scotsman"—Louis XVI Restaurant. Edinburgh (non-stop), Dundee, Aberdeen.
10.5 Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen.
11.15 "The Queen of Scots" Pullman. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee.
11.50 Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Inverness.
P.M.
1.15 Edinburgh, Glasgow.
A.M. **Sundays**
11.30 Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Perth
11.40 Edinburgh, Glasgow.

SLEEPERS (1st & 3rd Class)

P.M.
7*25 "The Highlandman." Edinburgh, Fort William (Breakfast car attached *en route*), Perth, Inverness.
7*40 "The Aberdonian." Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, Elgin, Lossiemouth.
10†25 "The Night Scotsman." Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, Perth.
10†35 Edinburgh, Glasgow. (North Berwick. First-class only, and on Friday nights only.)
A.M.
1§10 After-Theatre Sleeping and Breakfast Car Train. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, Perth, Inverness.

* *Nightly (except Saturdays)* † *Nightly* § *Daily (except Sunday mornings)*

Ask for Pocket Time-table and Tourist Programme at any L·N·E·R Station or Office, or of the Passenger Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.2, or L·N·E·R, York.

LONDON NON-STOP EDINBURGH ROUTE

L·N·E·R

Correspondence and Criticisms—Contd.

Doris Seth-Smith.—Some clever lines, but the repeated first one in each verse doesn't state the case quite so accurately as is intended, in relation with the rest.

Joyce Dugdale.—One of the best things you have done. Avoid unnecessary colloquialisms. " Maybe it's just," quite spoils this good effort. No need, of course, on the other hand, to be stilted !

Mary L. C. Roberts.—Don't slip into the archaic too often. Interesting as an experiment, occasionally, of course. Some very felicitous lines, but the big effect scarcely simple enough for the theme.

Annie Hale.—Your gifts are very much appreciated. Thank you so much. The coatee is charming in colour and very nicely made.

Muriel M. Malvern.—A considerable advance in handling is noticeable here, and the restrained method is admirable. The first short sentence, however, might be better.

Stella Bull.—Edit your work very carefully. This shows considerable promise, but needs some overhauling, particularly in lines three and four of the second stanza. It is essential to preserve form and accuracy of metre, but not at the expense of meaning.

Mary Dawson.—A most amusing and original interpretation of the subject. Cut out the brief comment at the end. It unnecessarily emphasises what is already quite explicit, and, artistically, is a blemish.

Joan Wyatt.—" To serve her " would be better in the last line, and the third line of the second verse is a little bit slapdash compared with the excellence of the rest. A most promising little effort.

Claribel Ireland.—Rather carelessly composed in places, but full of felicitous touches. The little place has a definite reality in these words. Very well imagined.

Florence E. McCoy.—The last two lines express an appropriate sentiment, which, however, would be better stated rather differently. I should work at them again for otherwise this is graceful, polished work.

Olwen Lawton.—Extremely well done. Some attention could have been paid to the suggestion lurking in the place's name, by the discovery the next morning on the hill top of ancient ecclesiastical ruins. It would have been a neat touch, among the many others which you *do* introduce !

Grace Vokes.—Unequal but promising. The observation is good, although not on very original lines. Still for your years this augurs well. Whenever you feel you have something to say make a point of jotting it down. I hope you will try to compete regularly.

Irene McCoy.—A bit extravagant, but you justify much of it with the graceful turn of your phrases. The dainty method of it doesn't quite come off in the second verse. You could, however, easily improve this, obviously.

Patricia Appleyard.—The little comment in the last paragraph is a delightful conclusion. Your work is rapidly becoming more mature as such remarks clearly show. Go on going ahead !

M. Higgins.—The last verse is much the best, being indeed very good ; this humorous treatment of the picturesque needs extra special care !

Avril Reynolds.—A well expressed little study, the last paragraph providing the necessary balance in a most effective manner. One of the best entries you have submitted, although minor faults, perhaps due to typescript, abound !

Catherine Baldwin.—You suffer from rather too much facility. The first and second verses are distinctly interesting. The final lines need further consideration. Edit your work carefully.

Annie M. Waters.—With still further revision, the last verse in particular has great possibilities. Verses 3, 4 and 5 are much the best. Don't write at too great a length on such topics — it leads, inevitably, to redundancy.

Amy Read Russell.—The little coatee is charming and I am most grateful for it. In the poem it would be better to avoid reference to that " laugh " for the second time in the last verse—" comes to talk with me," would get you over the difficulty, and improve the general effect. The sketch is, in its way, a brilliant little effort, the difficult medium being very well handled. I hope it is a direct effort from nature, not a copy ?

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—This decidedly marks an advance. These crisp sentences conveying just the right information are a great improvement. Sometimes a split infinitive helps the sense and may be indulged in. Yours on the second page doesn't achieve this justification.

B. J. Heaver.—Very well composed for your years. The lyrical feeling, without a rhyme to help it, is exceedingly well maintained, and there is form in addition. One day you should be able to improve this to very good effect.

Gwendoline R. Allen.—The method halts a little behind the charming idea. Of course, very difficult to do. The frame work is all here. Look at it again later, and in recasting it, if you do, avoid this " historic present " tense. It adds to the difficulties.

Jessie Wilkes.—This just fails, except in the last verse, to produce the necessary " snap." The failure to stick to the metre is partly responsible for this state of affairs. You ought to be able to surmount this difficulty.

Constance A. Crawley.—The conception is charming, particularly the regal figure and distant landscape. The trees, foreground and boy are not quite so happy; the long formal trunks of the first named, especially, need attention.

Veronica Price Harris.—A flatter treatment of the robe would have been more effective, leaving the explicit lines to suggest volume. Otherwise neatly handled, and a pretty scheme.

The Children's Salon

Yvonne Earle.—Very sound technique, but rather wanting in distinction as design. Your bird is a bit too much in the exact centre. Otherwise excellent.

Nancie Berners Wilson.—Delightfully witty as an idea, and as such of sound commercial value ! Execution lags behind a bit. This calls for colour, and better lettering is essential. General action and illustration excellent.

Mary A. Jones.—The pattern is amusing but rather confused. The intention of the right hand " S " curves is a bit difficult to pick up, and a less morbid colour scheme, considering the subject, advisable. The lettering would be better outside this design.

Betty Metchim.—The mount, with its background of sky, and foreground of sea and sand, makes a sufficiently fine picture without figures, etc., which only disturb this scheme. The treatment is most effective and with a simple statement of sandy shore as the *only* foreground the effect would be first rate.

Lily Vere-Hodge.—The treatment of the tree is most successful—excellent pattern and interestingly conventionalised. The cliffs and shore do not compose very happily, but with more care in this direction this would be a striking scheme.

Bobbie Webber.—The silhouette effect is cleverly handled, but the frame should have avoided taking on the same colour as the sky. This error does much to destroy the very real dignity of the design.

Criticisms held over from last month

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—The short paragraphs all more or less of the same length (this also applies to the sentences) give the effect of the information coming in jerks, rather than in smooth-running, well-connected phrases. Don't forget that variety in the length of paragraphs and sentences gives interest and pleasure to a reader even if he is unconscious of the cause. Otherwise quite well done.

Olwen Lawton.—Interesting enough all through as far as invention is concerned, but a little bit casual for so thrilling an idea. One feels the different little points, all good, might have been stressed rather more to increase the effect as a whole.

S. C. Macleod.—The big side of this trip seems a little neglected, and much more might have been made of the actual journey. This, from the point of view of a competition entry, is more important than the question of a substitute for Gloria while she was away, although this domestic item is a good " side-line."

Pamela Searight.—A title should have been shown and the usual shape adhered to. Note how shadows fall. Yours makes no allowance for the change of plane occasioned by ground and wall, i.e., between the horizontal and vertical. Method excellent, but better acquaintance with facts must be fought for.

Index to Advertisers AUGUST, 1931

All correspondence relating to the Advertisements in " Britannia & Eve " should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, Britannia & Eve, 346 Strand, W.C.2.

Page

A

Abdulla Cigarettes 4
Allenbury's Pastilles 131
" Atora " Beef Suet 122
Austin Motor Co., Ltd. 99

B

Benbow's 129
Bird's Custard .. .. Cover iv
Bratt Colbran & Co. and the Heaped Fire Co., Ltd. .. 125
Bronco 128
Burgoyne's South African Wines 103

C

Cancer Hospital, The 104
Cerebos Salt 123
Cointreau 102
Conlowe 129
Corot 1, 110, 111

D

Debenham & Freebody 3
Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd. .. 89

E

Eau de Cologne 4711 119
Engert & Rolfe, Ltd. (Linovent) 122

F

Facktative Co. 129
Filtex Treatment.. 124
Ford Motor Co., Ltd. 100
Forhans 96

G

Genaspirin 125
Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Co., Ltd. 108
Gypsia 130

Page

H

Halford's Curry Powder .. 122
Hall, Harry, Ltd. 125
" Heaped " Fire Co. Ltd., The, and Bratt Colbran & Co. .. 125
Heinz .. .. Cover ii & 97
Hotels :—
  Antwerp, Hotel de Londres .. 119
  Le Touquet, Hotel Bristol .. 119

Page

K

Kia-ora Lemon Squash 115
Kirby Beard & Co., Ltd.. .. 118
Kotex 118

L

Larola 129
Lawrence, Helen 124
L.N.E. Railway 123, 131
Linovent (Engert & Rolfe, Ltd.) 122

Page

M

Marshall & Snelgrove 113
Milton 102
Mothersill 129

O

Ovaltine 95

P

Peek Frean & Co., Ltd. (Vita-Weat) 107
Peneau 131
Players Navy Cut Cigarettes .. 123

R

Red, White & Blue 122
Ribana 93
Richardson, Lt.-Col. 129

S

Sanderson, Wm., & Son, Ltd. .. 104
Scholl's, Dr., Zino Pads.. .. 122
Serventi, R. 131
Shackleton, Mrs. 128
Shelley China 119
Shell Oil 105
Spain .. .. .. Cover iii
Su-Can 124

T

Tangee 94
Treasure Cot Co., Ltd. 118

V

Vi-Spring Mattress 125
Vita-Weat (Peek Frean & Co., Ltd.) 107
Vapex 112

W

Walpoles 130
Wincarnis Old English Wine Jelly 90
Woollands.. 121

Z

Zambrene, Ltd. 114

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Britannia & Eve

Published Monthly at 1/-	Three Months	Six Months	Twelve Months
Inland & Abroad	4/8	9/3	18/6
Canada	3/6	7/-	14/-

ORDER FORM

To the Publisher of
BRITANNIA & EVE.
346, Strand, London,
W.C.2.

Please send me BRITANNIA & EVE Monthly for............months commencing with the............issue, for which I enclose.............. ..

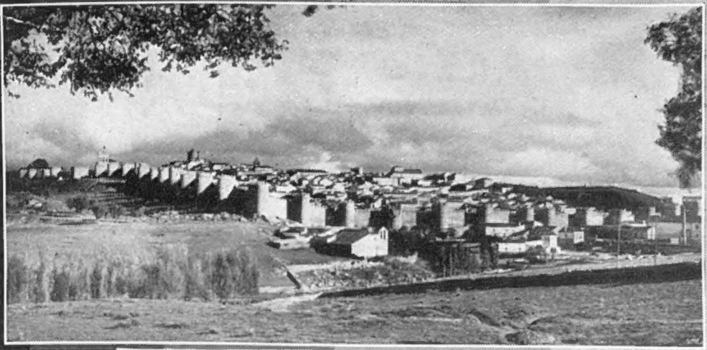
Name ....

Address ....

Date..................................1931

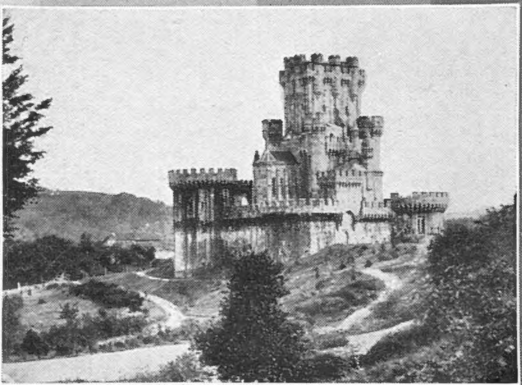
Printed by W. H. Smith and Son, Ltd., The Arden Press, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published monthly by the proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Advertisement Offices, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Entered as second class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879, Sec. 397. P.L. & R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates : Inland and abroad, 18s. 6d. per annum ; 9s. 3d. for six months, single copies 1s. 6d. ; and for Canada 14s. per annum ; 7s. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa : Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand : Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America : The International News Co., Ltd.

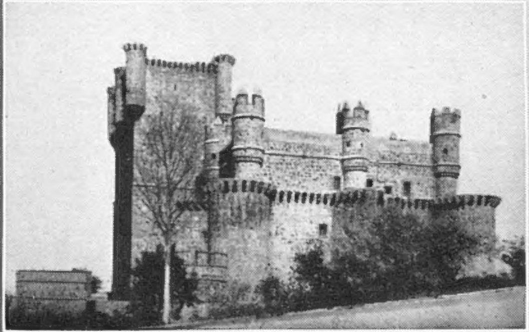
CASTLES OF SPAIN


Avila. General View.

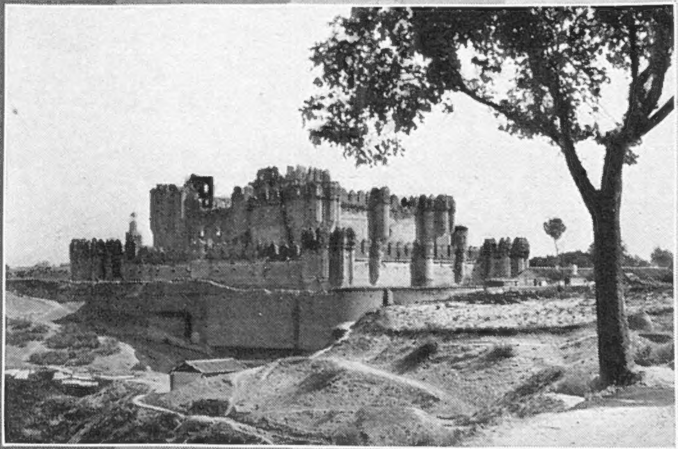
Alcázar of Segovia.

Castle of Mombeltrán.


Castle of Butrón.


Castle of Guadamur.

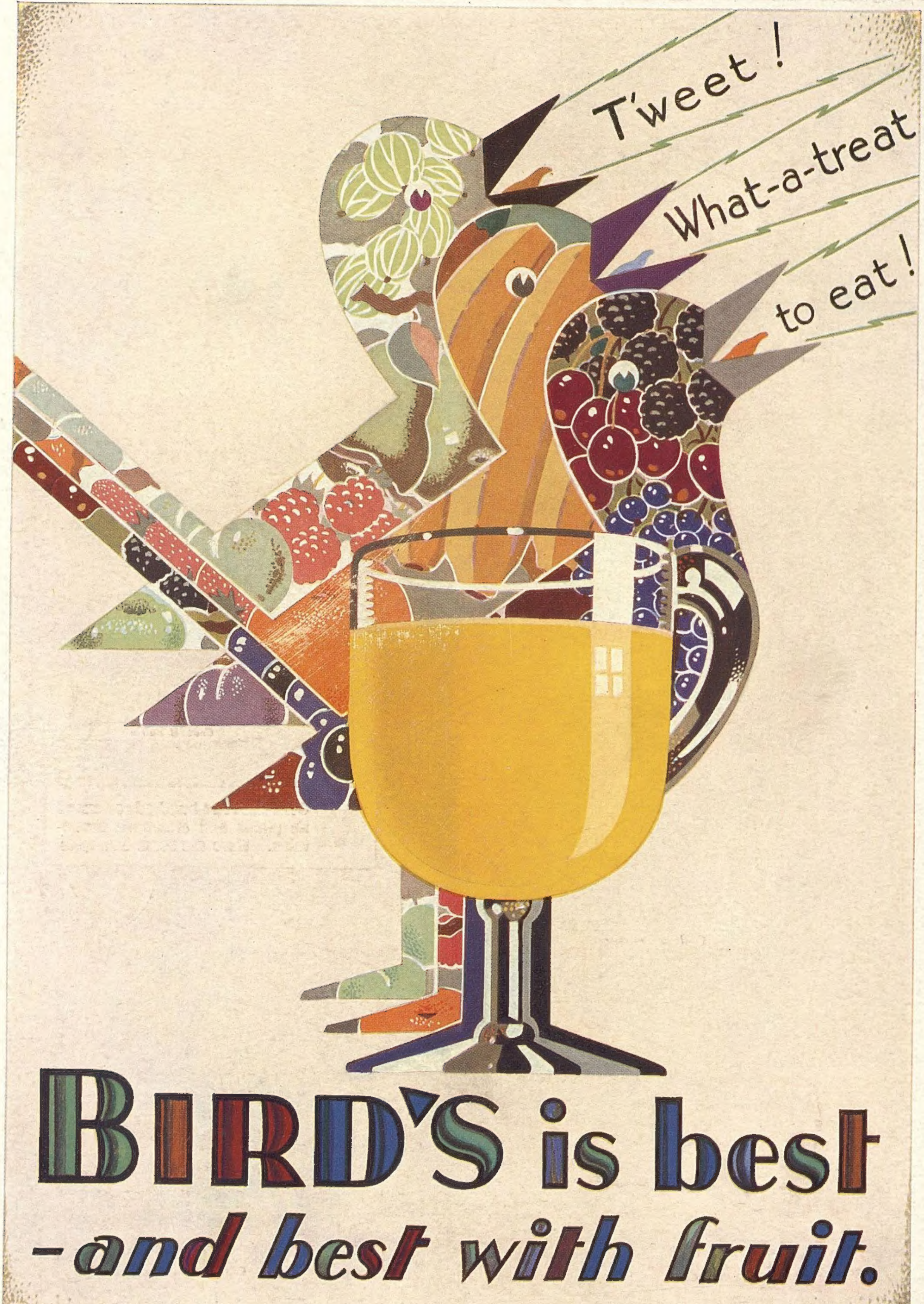
MORE than two hundred command its plains and crown its mountains. Here are some examples.


Castle of Coca.

Castle of Manzanares el Real.

VISIT SPAIN WHERE SUN IS SHINING AND LIFE IS SMILING.

For all information and literature apply to the offices of the National Board for Travel in Spain, at PARIS, 12, Boulevard de la Madeleine; NEW YORK, 695, Fifth Avenue; ROME, 9, Via Condotti; GIBRALTAR, 63-67, Main Street. At LONDON and other cities apply to Cook's and Wagons Lits, or The American Express or any other Travel Agency.


T'weet!
What-a-treat
to eat!
BIRD'S is best
-and best with fruit.